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LETTERS
AND
CORRESPONDENCE
OF THE LATE
EDWARD DENISON

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LETTERS AND OTHER WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

EDWARD DENISON.



EDWARD DENISON.

LETTERS AND OTHER WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

EDWARD DENISON,

M. P. FOR NEWARK.

EDITED BY

SIR BALDWYN LEIGHTON, BART.





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PUBLISHERS IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.
1875.
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NOTICE TO PEOPLE'S EDITION.

In consequence of the increasing interest shown in the subjects of these letters, and also partly in compliance with a request made by those who were competent to speak for what may be broadly denominated the 'People,' it has been determined to issue a 'People's Edition.' At the same time, as a desire was expressed in many quarters to see more of Edward Denison's writings, a further search was made, and has resulted in the production of several interesting letters which are added herewith.

Opinion and events travel so fast now-a-days, that some of the remarks in these writings, though bold and novel only five years ago, may seem trite and old to-day; therefore it may not be impertinent to the subject briefly to call attention to the progress or present position of some of the questions treated by Mr Denison under the two heads roughly sketched out in the original preface of Pauperism and Religion.

As regards the material welfare of the poorer classes, it is a fact that Pauperism, especially in London, has gradually and steadily diminished during the last five years, owing chiefly to a better administration. It has at length been realized that cure by thrift is better than deterioration by dole, which is the principle Edward Denison so stoutly contended for. Side by side with an improved Poor Law, the Charity Organization Society, with its more humane and distinguishing treatment, has extended itself all over London; and several of the ablest and earliest members of that association regard Edward Denison as the apostle and martyr of their cause. Meanwhile an Education Act, elastic in operation as regards

London and large towns, a Sanitary Act so long needed, and a Dwellings Act still before Parliament, have all followed in the steps, almost on the lines, foreshadowed by this young social pioneer, and bear witness to his practical sagacity.

As regards Religion, or the higher instincts of humanity, the facts accomplished have not been so palpable, but the issues imminent may be larger. In this country the minds of some of the ablest practical statesmen are turned to this subject as affected by the progress of modern thought. Legislation has been attempted, and there are not wanting political prophets who warn us that the next great questions in this country will be of a religious character. And if we look abroad we see more than one continental people, reckless of gradation and impatient of time, involving themselves in a death struggle with the powers of the Past. Whilst others, born in revolution or children of ideas, casting off old beliefs, are vainly seeking in science or materialism some present polestar or future foothold. On all sides is apparent, and most palpably in our art and literature, a seething spirit of expansion and truth—'yearning to mix itself with life,'—evolving newer forms and haply higher types: — some greater manhood, some higher womanhood, some nobler purposes and destinies. The Age is asking for more light and air:—we are suffocating with materialism and sham—we want more substance, more reality, more essence, not only in matters technically called religious, but in all that constitutes a higher existence.

No one can read these pages, or such an essay as the 'Relation of Religion to Morality,' without perceiving that the solution of such problems as these had deeply and practically exercised the mind of Edward Denison.

2, Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square,

July, 1875.

PREFACE.

In proposing to print even privately some of the letters of the late Edward Denison, although, perhaps, no apology may be necessary as regards his intimate associates, yet for those who knew him less, and whom possibly these papers may reach, some explanation and justification may appear proper.

That justification will, it is hoped, be partly found in the subject of the letters selected,—in that cause in which he laboured—the cause of poor Humanity. For several years before his death he had devoted himself almost exclusively to the subject of the condition of the poorer classes with an earnest energy that those who knew him can realize, but which the incisive language of his letters may evidence to others. It was not the superficial relief, nor the material welfare only, of the working-classes that engaged his attention. With his perceptive habit of mind, at once philosophic and practical, he looked far deeper into the root of things; the essential laws of economy; the less tangible, but not less powerful, incentive of Religion in its largest and most catholic sense; and, most of all, he sought the substitution of human sympathy for what a great writer has called the 'cash-nexus:'—these were the principles he had

securely grasped, and which he sought practically to apply. The aspect from which he regarded the condition of the people, their present degradation and possible elevation, may broadly be specified under the two subject-heads of Pauperism and Religion. Pauperism, as representing the ultimate requirement of the rich to aid the poor, and the condition—social, material, and moral—of that poor: Religion, and the development of our highest nature, with the present aspect of Christianity. These questions, not yet formularized by political parties, have, nevertheless, been long perceived by thinking men to be among the chief problems of our time, and the next, if not the present generation, might suddenly demand their solution. It may be twenty, or even fifty years before they become popular questions of the day, but it might be ten, or even two, for we travel fast now-a-days; opinion ripens rapidly, principles are quickly disseminated, and accepted or rejected by the touchstone of practical fact:—

> 'For all the past of time reveals
> A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
> Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.'

Therefore, apart from the association of the writer, whose short, romantic life, and almost tragical end, add a melancholy interest to these relics, their very subject will, perhaps, afford some justification and argument for their appearance in print.

But their chief value and connection (without which, indeed, they would hardly have seen the light) arises from the fact that they were written, not by a closet philanthropist or dilettante doctrinaire, but by a man who had engaged in the most practical solution of these questions *by work*. When Edward Denison writes about the demoralizing effect of indiscriminate charity, or a badly-administered Poor Law, he is himself wrestling with the evil in its most malignant

form in a pauperized and demoralized East End London parish. He is living down there among paupers and parish authorities, philanthropic clergymen, Poor Law Guardians, and others; now striving to move a health officer to put in force his sanitary powers, and cleanse a fever-stricken street; now working strenuously on a committee to prevent wholesale demoralization by private charity. And when he touches on the subject of the Church of the Future, or a lay exposition of the Bible, he is himself tentatively but successfully essaying to prove to a parcel of dock-labourers that Christianity was worthy their acceptance.

It is not for a moment contended that the views herein put forth are absolutely novel or perfectly matured; rather they may be found to be an expression of the thoughts of many who have laboured in the same field—an embodiment of aspirations that will find an echo and a response in many an earnest and an older mind, for the sum of life is not always to be measured by years. Moreover, is it too much to hope that the record and example of such a one—in whose presence responsibilities seemed heightened, by whose existence the world has been made richer—may not be without its effect in this generation, when old institutions are being tried by new standards, and all things are subjected to the crucible of Truth?

With such intention therefore, with a reference rather to the public than to the private side of his character, these letters are printed; and although anything approaching a memoir of his life would be beyond the scope of the undertaking, yet perhaps the following short summary may serve to explain his writings by their circumstance.

Edward Denison was born in 1840 at Salisbury, of which diocese his father was bishop; he was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford. At Eton, in the 'eight,' he over-

exerted himself training for a boat-race, and had an attack of congestion of the lungs in consequence, which seems to have laid the seeds of that illness which eventually proved fatal.

At Oxford, notwithstanding interruption in his reading caused by the state of his health, he took a second class in Law and History. During his under-graduate days, though not what might vulgarly be called a popular character, he made many lasting friendships. His was a disposition that naturally attracted friends, where others formed only acquaintances; frank, generous, and earnest, he instinctively sought congenial spirits, and few that had once known him ever failed to retain a warm affection for him. In evidence of which it may be mentioned, that when the news of his death reached England, it was at once determined among his friends and college associates to erect some memorial to him; that memorial has since taken the shape of a painted glass window (now in course of designing), which is intended to be placed in the north aisle of Christ Church Cathedral.

From the year 1862 to 1866 Edward Denison read Law and travelled in Italy, in the south of France, and in Madeira, visiting St Moritz in 1866, where he was much struck with the habits and conditions of the Swiss peasantry. It was first as an almoner of the Society for the Relief of Distress in the district of Stepney that he was brought into direct contact with the London poor, when perceiving, as he writes, the 'unsatisfactory results of giving relief by doles,' he determined to attempt some more thorough and drastic treatment.* In the autumn of 1867, the second year of the

* It may not be generally known that in 1869 was formed in London the 'Society for Organizing Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity,' which had its rise partly in the experience obtained during the East End distress, and with which the members of the Society for Relief of Distress, the true pioneers of the movement, are heartily co-operating. Edward Denison served upon some of the com-

great East End Distress, he resolved to establish himself at Stepney, and see with his own eyes, and take an actual share in, the terrible struggle that was being enacted there. It was impossible, as he describes, to do any adequate work without residing on the spot—the waste of energy in locomotion being itself an interruption to steady non-intermittent application, such as he had prescribed for himself. After the London season, then, of 1867, he took up his quarters in Philpot Street, Mile End Road, and remained there with only very occasional visits to friends for eight months. During that time he built and endowed a school, and himself taught in it, and gave lectures to workmen; but his letters will best describe the work he did there. As an instance, however, of the modest reserve which characterized all his doings, it may be mentioned, that even to some of his most intimate friends he hardly ever referred to this school undertaking. In 1868 he went over to Paris to study the working of the French system of Poor Law, and later to Edinburgh for a similar purpose. His description of the former will be found instructive and valuable.

In the autumn of that year, in prospect of the general election, he was induced to become a candidate for Newark, where the vicinity of Ossington, the residence of his uncle, the Speaker, made his family favourably known to the constituency. After a protracted but successful canvass, he was returned to Parliament in November, 1868; but the fatigues of the contest, and his unrelaxing attendance during the session following, seem further to have affected his health. Still keeping in view his former objects, he visited Jersey

mittees first formed, and took an active interest in the undertaking, which is now rapidly extending its operations over all the Metropolis, and gradually over all England. Also on November 20th, 1869, was issued that famous Poor Law Minute which is the first official recognition of private charity in England.

during 1869, and had an interview with Victor Hugo, with whose wild communistic theories and impracticable views he was much astonished; but he was forced to relinquish a projected visit with Sir Michael Beach to the United States in the autumn, by the sudden recurrence of alarming symptoms, and the alternatives of a winter at Cannes, or a voyage in a sailing ship to the antipodes, were offered to him. With the restless desire to pursue the purpose of his life, into which naturally colonization and emigration largely entered, he preferred the Melbourne voyage to the tamer existence of a French invalid town, and left England in October, 1869, never to return. The alternation of weather and the diet of a sailing ship were unfavourable to his state of health. Instead of improving he became gradually worse, and during the last weeks of this fatal voyage he was nearly confined to his cabin. On January 26, 1870, within a fortnight of the time he landed, Edward Denison died at Melbourne.

So much of his actual movements and doings may serve to explain his letters, and it has been thought that some extracts of his speeches at Newark might be interesting as illustrating the episode of his election, where he fully maintained the reputation of his family for resolution and brains. Regarding his political opinions, he was returned as a Liberal and a general supporter of Mr Gladstone, and using the term in a larger and broader sense than mere party, his views were unquestionably liberal; but in the present confused nomenclature of party it would be unfair to class him with any acknowledged section of politicians. He was neither a Whig nor a Radical. At Newark he was looked upon as a moderate candidate, and he declined to pledge himself to the ballot. He was also opposed to the resuscitation of the compound householder, having seen the evil of a class of persons, between the pauper and the ratepayer,

unconscious of rates. His address might have been approved by a moderate Conservative, and there was nothing he so much despised as the modern demagogue, nor so much dreaded as an ochlocracy. To the mob rule of the United States, and to the Imperial Communism of France, with all their essential corruptions, he was absolutely opposed. He might some day have formed one of that small, but earnest and influential, class of members to be found equally on both sides of the House of Commons, who, while fully acknowledging the necessity and convenience of party government, are themselves a standing rebuke to its extravagance—who are moved by conviction, not by interest or party, who not seldom become leaders and ministers, and who leaven the whole House with their spirit and their dignity.

As regards his character, his letters must speak for themselves. Eulogies are generally fulsome and seldom true. This much, however, may be allowable. In manner, the kindest and the gentlest; in speech, somewhat impetuous; endued with an unassuageable sense of Truth that led him to reject all formula, opinion, or even usage, that was not founded on some sound ascertainable principle; deeply imbued with a large noble disinterestedness, and an honesty of purpose but too rare in these latter days, and with it that subtle characteristic of genius—vital unrest;—it was not without cause that he had inspired his friends and his family with the promise of a great career,—it is not without cause that they will long remember and mourn over his untimely death.

'Thy leaf has perished in the green,
And while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done,
Is cold to all that might have been.'

52, Park Street, Grosvenor Square,
January 26, 1871.

SECOND PREFACE, ON PUBLICATION.

It has been urgently represented to the family of the late Mr Edward Denison that the public issue of his Letters, already printed for private circulation, would be of considerable use in strengthening the hands of those engaged in such work as he had devoted himself to and therein describes; and the demand for the Letters having now far exceeded the limits of private circulation, it has been determined, not without some diffidence, to commit them to publication. That decision has been arrived at upon this ultimate consideration, that however crude or immature any of the thoughts may seem to some, however much Edward Denison himself, with that innate reserve that ever accompanies worth, would have shrunk from 'public show,' and deprecated notoriety, yet as his whole life was a sacrifice of private to public considerations, so if the giving to the world these his thoughts were pronounced beneficial, it would be eminently characteristic of his own spirit to set what public advantage might accrue against whatever public criticism might follow. Therefore for him the Editor hereby accepts all such responsibility, with whatever blame or question it may bring.

Moreover, since the private issue of these Letters, a few months ago, public opinion has been fast ripening and converging upon the great question of Pauperism, or, what is

perhaps the more correct term, Pauperization, for that is the real question. The revolution in Poor Law Administration now imminent, which will save this country some millions of money yearly in hard cash, and a sum perfectly unreckonable in social economy and social happiness, cannot be put off for many years (nor, indeed, for many months), unless the intelligence of the most experienced and wisest is to be swamped by Ignorance, Indolence, Laissez Faire, and Anarchy. But in this our complex polity, the advent of such a consummation may be facilitated by anything which can convince or convert public opinion from the error of its ways: and since it has been found that the private circulation of this Brief Record has already done some service, it is not too much to hope that the publication will do still more. For it is not on the mere representation of personal friends or of dilettante readers, that the publication has been determined on: it is at the earnest solicitation of those engaged in the actual work, in the thick of the battle; not idle outsiders, but practical workers, who found their own thoughts re-echoed and their own hands strengthened in reading these pages. It was suggested that some additions might with advantage be made in this edition; and in this view an Appendix has been added, containing some things rejected before and some only discovered afterwards. It has also been urged that more particulars and personal episodes or traits might be inserted, but the minute, not to say gossipping, details which are deemed necessary to most Lives and Letters, would be quite foreign to the scope of this publication.

In the passages bearing upon Theology and Religion it is possible that *ex parte* extracts, and the freedom of his denunciations, may give a wrong impression of his mind: but it will be patent to all who can sympathize with the highest yearnings of Christian humanity, as it was palp-

able to all who knew him, that in Edward Denison there existed a deep reverence and conviction. It was the hollow mundane garb in which Christianity is too often presented; it was the doctrine of the modern Pharisee and the sceptical Sadducee, outward formality and inward disbelief, that he rejected: and in that rejection he only represented the passionate intelligence of his generation. If he set active charity above passive formality, that gospel charity which has been declared to be the law and the prophets—if he thought more of the spirit than of the letter, and showed his faith by his works—was he not preferring the living example of Christ to the dead system of the Pharisee?

The omission of all reference to newspapers was also advised by some of Mr Denison's intimate friends for fear of hostile criticism; and it would have been easy, by the striking out of a few words, to have avoided that danger. But, on the other hand, it ought to be acknowledged that, whatever may be the general reputation of some portion of the Press, its individual sense of Truth and Right is now and again found to overbear anything like private animosity, at least in its more intellectual section, and to assert its professed impartiality. And as Edward Denison is himself past beyond criticism, so perhaps may his words and deeds go forth beyond the power of praise or censure, unaffected by ephemeral critique, reaching far away down into the hearts of earnest thinkers and dumb doers,—coming like some message from the Dead, to help to solve these Problems of the Living.

LOTON PARK,
December, 1871.

LETTERS AND OTHER WRITINGS

OF THE LATE

EDWARD DENISON.

VIGIA-FUNCHAL, MADEIRA,
March 3, 1864.

'MOPING over your books.' Why is moping inseparably connected with books? Do you find living society so invariably to your taste? For my part I am never less moping than when I am reading. Of course, reading is not its own end and aim; its aim is the collection of the wisdom of the past to light the reader through the dark present, to teach him how to act his part in real life; and real life is not dinner-parties and small talk, nor even croquet and dancing. Life is doing the work God put you into his world to do; to cultivate yourself to the best of your power, in order that, by cultivation, your capacity for benefiting your fellow-creatures may be increased. Of course the two duties melt into and blend with each other; they should not be allowed to come to blows, though their interests must sometimes clash.

MILES' HOTEL, FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.
January 2, 1864.

Here we are in the year of grace 1864. I wish you thirty years more of this world, and then a comfortable passage to the next. I think it is no use living over seventy-five, or, if you have a weakness for round numbers, say eighty. I think I shall be content with twenty more, but I suppose when they are gone I shall still wish a few extras thrown in.

Meanwhile, it is advisable to pack up one's things and be ready for the start. Certainly death is seen often enough in Funchal. Four of my fellow-health-seekers have been disembodied since I left England; one of them an acquaintance, a member of Lady M. A.'s party. Poor Randolph! he had set his house in order, and gave us an example of death met with calm Christian cheerfulness and hope: if I could die like that to-morrow, what an inestimable blessing it would be!

VIGIA, FUNCHAL,
April 1, 1864.

My dear aunt's death afflicts me more than I can say —nobody knows what she was to me. I cannot grieve for her—she was the most nearly perfect of any one I ever knew, she lived habitually in the invisible world. Her life (always a blank, for she was left a widow at the age of 20) had long been a dreary waste, and the loss of her

mother and two sisters left her almost alone in the world. She was the loveliest character imaginable—always cheerful, always taking an interest in everything that went on, always sacrificing herself to such an extent that she almost seemed to wish what her companions did; and it was not from weakness or indecision, but from real humility and love of her neighbour.

There is one more tie to earth gone—not many, when they have arrived at twice my age, can reckon up so many dear ones lost to them for life as I can. Very few can have begun life with so many who were so much more than friends, so much more than kinsfolk generally are; there are yet a few left, a very few; and how long?

I beg your pardon for foisting my silly grief upon you; but you are lenient, you can sympathize with me. I used to think I had no feelings—they are very odd ones now; I go forth to my work and to my labour till the evening, I don't lose my appetite, I can talk and laugh with any one, and no one here suspects that I have sustained a loss, which I shall feel nearly every day till I am put under-ground.

TANGIER,
June 12, 1864.

My first hour in Africa supplied me with that sensation which I have always hoped to experience in each new country I have visited, and which has hitherto

eluded, like a mirage lake, my thirsting soul—I mean the sensation of perfect complete novelty. I came rather near it at Madeira, and I actually experienced it at Oratava, especially among the Cumbre at the base of the cone of the Peak. I experienced it again at Grand Canary. But on all these occasions there was something wanting: I could not say to myself, 'I have never seen anything at all like this.' Why I should have felt my longing so entirely satisfied by a walk round Tangier is a mystery to myself. I think, perhaps, the secret lies in the fact that in all other places, how strange soever the scenery, man was the same: here, man was the strangest item in the picture.

I can no more express what I felt, than why I felt it; I only know that this picture will ever remain indelibly printed on my mind.

September, 1864.

I quite agree with you, that every form of mortification, if properly used, has a beneficial effect upon the character; and I think I do find my present state useful to the edifying of the inner man.

* * * * * * *

This is the Sabbath day. Last week we were Presbyterians, and snuffled through our four psalms and snored under our two sermons in the kirk. To-day we are so rabidly Episcopalian, that rather than go to the kirk next

door, we assemble in the dining-room to hear the English Service read. I think on the whole I prefer the kirk. By going to it we at least testify to our common Christianity, our common faith (for it really is not so very different), and we do not forsake the assembling of ourselves together on the first day of the week.

I believe the Puritan and Calvinistic element of the Scotch Church is dying out, and that the time is approaching when some sort of a communion might be established between her and her English sister.

BEMERSYDE, ST BOSWELLS,
October 5, 1834.

I cannot say what a blessing I feel your sympathy to be; and how I regret that I have so little of your society; for I shrink from putting on paper thoughts that it would be delightful to discuss face to face.

I am concerned at your report of ——. Alas! I can imagine only too well how his mind is agitated; it has not yet found its anchorage, it is still tossing on the sea of doubt and inquiry. How often it seems as if those to whom the narrow way would be easy are tormented by the difficulty of finding it; while those who are in no doubt as to the way find it almost impossible to keep straight!

16, Chesham Place,
November 4, 1864.

I have not yet thoroughly examined any of the great questions on which it is my ambition some day to have a fixed opinion. But you are quite right in supposing that the statute lately passed by the College of Balliol does not, according to my present opinion, tend in the right direction. Not that I object to a Romanist being admitted to the benefits of an University education, but to his being educated indiscriminately with those holding other forms of belief. I would much prefer the allotment of one college in each University to the education of Romanists in their own principles (and so also of other denominations in theirs) to the broadcast distribution throughout the Universities of men professing all creeds, and its necessary consequence—the refusal of each and all of any doctrinal instruction of religion. I am quite aware that I am open to the charge of bigotry—indeed, I have not the smallest doubt that at Balliol I should be considered almost to have forfeited my right to be considered a reasoning animal, because I have not thrown off the faith in which I was educated. I freely acknowledge that my prejudice amounts to this—I will not make a larger admission than the case demands—it amounts to this,—that no education worthy of the name can be conducted on abstract moral principles; that instruction in a definite form of personal religion must constitute a part

of any education which desires to affect the entire human being. Now those who contend for the indiscriminate education of professors of every kind of belief, have the sense to see that if each were to be educated according to his own form of belief, their notable scheme would prove utterly impracticable: they therefore demand that no religious instruction shall be given at all. If the scheme is adopted, the last is certainly the only resource for those who are to work it. If all creeds are to congregate at Oxford on an equal footing, it is quite obvious that, as a mere matter of police, all reference to the subject on which the sections differ must be studiously avoided, and the machine of the University as completely secularized as that of a joint-stock company, or of Thwaites' parliament. There are some who think this would be a great gain—many who think the loss insufficient to justify a struggle for its prevention.

I don't quarrel with them or with you, if you range yourself among them, but I certainly do differ from you *toto cœlo*, and I consider the point of difference to be almost the most important that can be found in the whole field of opinion.

I make no apology for saying so much on this subject; I consider it, and those akin to it, to be far the most important questions this generation has before it, and I may acknowledge that they have taken nearly exclusive possession of my mind, which, poor thing, being of feeble

digestion and small muscular power, is not a little scared by the quantity and variety of the food offered to it, as well as by the violence of the exercise demanded from it.

Ruat cœlum, valeat veritas—but 'What is truth?' said jesting Pilate, and would not wait for an answer.

16, Chesham Place,
November 7, 1864.

As to dogma and doctrinal divinity, I shall take leave to retain my own opinions (which, by the way, I have never expressed to you or any one else): you cannot possibly mean all that your words would imply as to its uselessness, and if you did I could not agree with you. What is a dogma but the authoritative assertion of a truth? and if so, how can it be useless? You may say the definition begs the question, but what foundation except dogma have you for any truths other than mathematical? At all events, whatever be the province of authority in other matters of belief, Christianity is admitted to be founded on dogma, and no Christian can say that 'dogma or doctrinal matter' never did anybody any good: perhaps, however, the end of your sentence 'in this mortal world' may be meant to qualify what went before. I don't think the charge of selfishness will hold against spending a portion of time in the investigation of doctrinal truth. Charity begins at home; no one can really be of much use who has not made up his mind on those questions, at

least, which enter into the daily life and conversation of the men by whom he is surrounded. It may reasonably be required that the time spent on these investigations shall not be excessive (always, of course, putting out of the question those whose peculiar province it is to entertain them), nor interfere with other duties, if such duties can be shown to be more urgent. I am open to the charge of spending too much time on them now, because I ought to have gone through them and satisfied myself years ago; still it is never too late to mend, and I certainly throw the blame not on these subjects for taking up my time now, but on myself for having formerly wasted time which should have been devoted to them. I do not the least look upon this as a constant or even a very prolonged course of study, but merely as a piece of my education which I have neglected and which I am now repairing.

'No life pleasing to God which is not useful to man.' I fully and entirely concur even in your sense of it, which is, I suppose, that a life of active benevolence is alone pleasing to God. It might be reversed and put, 'No life which is pleasing to God can fail to be useful to man.' This truth has certainly been proved in the case of lives which were not actively useful. However, I agree that the common-sense meaning is the safest, only remarking that 'useful' is a very large term.

You were, I think, right in saying that my mind was ill-balanced. I think you are wrong in your surmise that

its bias is towards speculation rather than action; indeed, if I can venture to say that I know myself at all, the fact is quite otherwise. My mind is ill-balanced; not permanently overweighted on one side, but unsteadily see-sawing up and down: Reason's hand shakes, and she does not at present hold the scales evenly. The remedy I propose for this is to set her on a firm pedestal—I know of no such but Truth. You may say, like Pilate, What is truth? but I do not believe man is so abandoned by his Creator that he cannot arrive at that modicum of truth which is necessary to his well-being. I think different men may require different quantities of truth; some are capable of containing more than others, some take longer to absorb their portion than others do.

That is what I think—it may be nonsense, but every one must act on his convictions—no man may deliver his brother, or make agreement unto God for him.

You say 'no reading you like more than polemical divinity; a religious controversy has great attractions.' I confess I am rather at a loss to conceive your foundation for this statement. I am driven to suppose that you base it on the fact of my having read Gladstone's 'Church and State,' and on my being engaged with 'Hooker's Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity.' The only other book which I remember mentioning to you is 'Wilberforce on the Incarnation'—'Newman's Apology' I don't count, it is a book every one has read, and I read it not for the sake of the

contest with Kingsley, but merely to know how Newman came by his various opinions. Gladstone's book cannot surely be called polemical divinity. The relations of Church and State are rather legal than religious questions. It is a great subject looked at in a purely secular light. I am not ashamed to admit that I think it almost, if not quite, the most important question now moving throughout the Christian world; no man, however practical, need fear to be called theoretical for going into a matter which encounters him on all sides in the field of politics. Hooker treats almost the same subject, and, though his book was polemical once, no doubt its controversy is not very exciting at this distance of time. It is, moreover, a standard English classic which I should be very sorry to leave unread.

Now there only remains 'Wilberforce.' As you have not read the book you are at liberty to believe me or not when I say it is not controversial. It is indeed controversial in the sense that it enunciates a certain definite interpretation of a certain definite fact, and must therefore controvert some other interpretation of the same fact. But it is not written in the form of controversy, it is not directed against any person or persons in particular. It unfolds according to the lights of the author the doctrine of the Incarnation, the corner and key-stone of the Christian faith. If you blame me for wishing for more knowledge on so vital a point than my unaided reason

affords me, I am sorry for it, but my conscience acquits me.

In conclusion, I can truly say that nothing is so distasteful to me as religious controversy; even narrations of its proceedings in past ages irritate and vex me more than you would believe. You have mistaken a desire to strengthen the foundations of my own faith for a wish to overturn those of others. Now pray do not misunderstand my motive in making this long defence; I accept and am thankful for your advice, and I hope, however disagreeable you may find it necessary to make it, you will never shrink from giving it through fear of my taking it ill. But this time I felt that you had caught a Tartar, on this point I am girt with triple brass, and I was convinced you had miscalculated the direction of your blow.

Here endeth fytte ye first.

16, CHESHAM PLACE,
November 12, 1864.

I must plead guilty to a very great affection for Plato —absurdly slender as our acquaintance is. He is the first philosopher I was introduced to, and he had such an effect upon me, that to him I ascribe what I may really call my *conversion*—however you may object to the term. It seems to me he is particularly qualified for this sort of work, to bring one's soul out of the mire and clay, and set one's foot upon a rock, and order their doings. However,

I ground painfully through Aristotle's Ethics last winter, and I must admit his language to be more convincing to the reason; so that I fully allow the *summum bonum* to be an *energy* of the soul. But, leaving this ground for useful activity, I see in the history of the world, and above all in the temper and genius of this country and this present age, the absolute necessity of co-operation to the successful attainment of any end. This alone would suffice to make me seek out the communion and fellowship of those who are likely to be of use to me, or to be or become fellow-seekers of the same object.

Casual *liaisons* besides these there must and will be, but I do not observe that men go out of their way to gather them—that they take any particular course of action in order to form connections at best indifferent, at worst capable of dragging them down altogether. I am ready to dig in the vineyard, but I don't feel bound to imitate every vagary of my fellow-labourers. To this extent you are quite right in saying that I am disinclined to action, and to blame me *pro tanto*. It would be better, I grant, to share in relaxations as well as in work, but I don't feel strong enough for it: it is moral cowardice, I quite feel; but I also feel that in this restraint lies my only chance of safety, and I do say that no one is bound to peril higher interests for the sake of conformity in things indifferent. I presume no one struggles except for what he wishes to obtain, and a man who should

struggle out of mere mimicry, without wishing to obtain what he struggled for, would be very unprofitably employed.

16, Chesham Place,
November 19, 1864

I left off reading 'Newman's Apology' before I had got near the end, tired of the ceaseless changes of the writer's mind, and vexed with his morbid scruples—perhaps, too, having got a little out of harmony myself with the feelings of the author, whereas I began by being in harmony with them. I don't quite know whether to esteem it a blessing or a curse, but whenever an opinion to which I am a recent convert, or which I do not hold with the entire force of my intellect, is forced too strongly upon me, or driven home to its logical conclusion, or overpraised or extended beyond its proper limits, I recoil instinctively, and begin to gravitate towards the other extreme, sure to be in turn repelled by it also.

I began Newman strongly impressed with the office and Divinity of the Church (I mean *the Catholic Apostolic Church*, whatever that might prove to be); but Newman, by harping too much on that string, and showing of what vagaries the mind is capable when the rein is given to superstitious instinct, repelled me, and destroyed the interest I felt in him, and, partly, my bias towards the extreme views of Church authority which he represents.

CLIFF HOUSE, BOURNEMOUTH,
January 2, 1865.

The Bishop of Salisbury has been here for an hour this afternoon on his way to a consecration. He is very well, and looks healthier than he used to, thank God. He is worth half-a-dozen Bishops; he is no time-server; he is no hireling; he will never shrink from what he believes to be his duty. You must admire him, even though you differ theologically, for he is true to the backbone, and so gentle and charitable withal. I hope you saw his letter in vindication of his charge; except his avowal in terms of being a high-churchman, which I am not sure was judicious, I think it was a most touching and dignified paper.

BOURNEMOUTH,
September 18, 1865.

I must put in a word of rejoinder to your remark on the poor ambition which could be satisfied with colonial prizes. You forgot at the moment that Cæsar would rather be first in a borough than second in Rome. True, Cæsar did not stay in the borough, but then he had the means of playing for the higher stake. I think —— is right in his belief that with the reformed House of Commons, and in the present state of society, a very poor man has no chance at all, whatever his abilities, of becoming a cabinet minister, and that, even if he did attain to it,

his position would be a very uncomfortable one. If you honestly think this belief unfounded, then your estimate of a colonial ambition is right, I dare say. No one would prefer power in a colony to power in the metropolitan state. But if you offer me the alternative of an under-secretaryship in England, or a Prime Minister's post in Queensland, I have no hesitation in saying I take the latter. An under-secretary has no power, a cabinet minister has a great deal, and must have, whatever the state of the colony; and Queensland is not as yet nearly so bad as the others, and has a much larger proportion, I am told, of gentlemen settlers. However, it is no use talking in this vague way. I am very sorry —— is going, and if he could be content to do without power I should try and persuade him to stay in England.

November 4, 1865.

I saw nothing very striking at Stepney the other day. An iron mission church has been built in two storeys, of which the lower one serves as school, lecture-room, &c., and is now opened several evenings in the week for men and boys to read and play games in, such as chess, draughts, and the like. It is in a very small way at present, but it is a kind of thing which points to one of the most indispensable methods of reclaiming the poor from indolence and vice. The working-man's home in great towns is such that he cannot there give himself either to study

or recreation. He must have a club, and till every head of a family belongs to a club, there is not much hope of the poorer artisans improving their condition. Stepney is on the Whitechapel Road, and the Whitechapel Road is at the east end of Leadenhall Street, and Leadenhall Street is east of Cornhill, so it is a good way from fashionable, and even from business, London. I imagine that the evil condition of the population is rather owing to the total absence of residents of a better class—to the dead level of labour which prevails over that wide region, than to anything else. There is, I fancy, less absolute destitution and less crime than in the Newport Market region; but there is no one to give a push to struggling energy, to guide aspiring intelligence, or to break the fall of unavoidable misfortune.

I went yesterday with C. W. to Newport Market to see Mr W., and look over a house they are thinking of taking for the industrial school which is to be set up there. There is a probability of the Euston Road Industrial School being handed over to them, as the premises of this institution are wanted for the Metropolitan Railway. This is one of the very few industrial schools in London, whereas there should be one in connection with every union throughout the kingdom.

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
November 20, 1865.

Thank you for your two letters, especially the Queensland one, which with the Governor's speech I have sent to ——. For my own part I devoutly hope the Australian colonists will retain a proper pride of race, and keep out the inferior aliens by legislative means without being deceived by that spurious liberalism which seems to consider suicide a proof of a fine independent spirit. I am sure we have seen enough of the disasters attendant on mixed population both on equal and unequal terms.

Henry Taylor applauds the conduct of Governor Eyre in Jamaica, and says the cabinet applaud it too. However, it is but too clear from the Governor's own despatch that he has acted in a most arbitrary and illegal manner, while he has not yet shown sufficient cause for doing so. I don't know which disgusted me most, Colonel Hobbs' bloodthirsty report, or the affected purism of the extreme liberal papers, to listen to which one would think there really had been no outbreak and no massacre at all.

OSSINGTON, NEWARK,
December 1, 1865.

I had a bad day's hunting yesterday; to-day I am devoting to books and repose. Mr Laing, in his 'Notes of Travel,' or some such book, says emigration does nothing appreciable towards relieving the plethora of an over-

peopled country. Without going quite so far, one must needs acknowledge that, even when conducted on the grandest scale, it can do very little. It is true, that if the Dorsetshire peasantry knew how much better off they might be elsewhere, *and* could move elsewhere, they would not stay in Dorsetshire. But I am sure that with the most liberal government assistance, short of compulsory deportation, the water-cure (as Mr Laing calls transmarine emigration) could not be applied in sufficiently large measure to force on a really satisfactory rise in wages. The fact is that south of England labour is a bad article, from what causes I cannot attempt to say, and would never, in its present condition, be paid a high price for, were it never so scarce. Farmers, when they found they must pay high wages, would rather import workmen whose labour would be worth high wages. People who can afford to spend time and money and thought without looking for a return, must devote themselves to the task of raising the labourer to a state in which he will be able to give diligent and intelligent labour in return for high wages, which will then, and not till then, be his due.

I was very much struck, years ago, with Adam Smith's remark, 'That, notwithstanding all that had been said of human restlessness and fickleness, man was, of all kinds of luggage, the most difficult to move.' Every month shows me the truth of this assertion, and, while I should always encourage a working-man possessed of the means

and inclination to emigrate, as the surest method of raising himself in the social scale, I have little hopes of general good to the mother-country from the proceeding, because those who would be most benefited by moving are just those who cannot possibly be moved with any other prospect than that of starvation beyond seas, instead of starvation at home; an advantage which it would cost the country millions to confer on them, and for which the conferrees would not feel much gratitude. . . . I think most amelioration in the labourer's condition is to be looked for from greater mutual interpenetration of the various labour markets within the country itself, and freer interchange of the labourers. Thus the fluctuations in the value of labour in a given district would be reduced, and the labourer spared those periods of stagnation, during which his standard of necessaries becomes lowered, and after which much time is lost in regaining the position from which he had fallen. This reduction of the whole country into one open unfenced labour market would be of little use unless the labourer could be made more versatile than he is at present. But this is just what a really sound education ought to make him, less the creature of habit, less the slave of place and circumstance.

February 3, 1866.

Politics I am very much interested in now. Things

are turning out just as I have for years been expecting they would. I always refused to admit that I was either a Liberal or Conservative, in the vulgar acceptation of the term: I was so sure, I may say I knew, all the boundaries of parties would be broken up on Lord Palmerston's death. So far as Liberal designates one who believes in the gradual development of the Constitution and its indefinite perfectibility, in opposition to the old Tory notion of its having sprung full-grown, Pallas-like, from the will of the Deity, I am a Liberal. But I always admit the liability of the body politic to disease, and, after careful diagnosis, would treat the malady *secundum artem*. I don't see that I am bound as a Liberal to surrender the healthy body to be drenched with the nostrums of every reckless empiric who desires to ventilate his shallow theories. Mr ——, I see, is a true party man, who follows his party to the bitter end, and would think me worse than a Tory for saying this.

16, CHESHAM PLACE,
February 23, 1866.

I am not in the habit of looking to newspapers for religious instruction, as I have long been aware it is not to be found in them. The tone of the *Pall Mall* is, perhaps, more distinctly irreligious than that of most papers, and I think it as offensive in general as you do. The *tone* of the particular article you sent me to read is

as bad as any, but I must say the reasoning is perfectly just. The little story of the lady in the sinking ship, dismayed at being told she had nothing to rely on but God's mercy, is only too true to nature, and reminds me of another—of a sick man saying, 'he was *afraid* the Lord was taking him to himself.' It just reflects the usual tone, even among religious people, when they are brought face to face with the paradise they are so desperately afraid of going to. This sort of language is confined to the rich: its absence among the poor is one among the many proofs offered to every reflecting mind, that the poor are blessed indeed, and that theirs is the kingdom of heaven. You never hear the poor complain of the weather: if you remark upon it, they say, 'Well, it's as God sends it.' They take suffering and humiliation as their proper lot, and really look forward with hope and trust to the event from which the rich man recoils in horror.

March 6, 1866.

The Religious Tests Abolition Bill (Oxford) comes on the 21st. I expect a good debate on that. I couldn't say, to save my life, how I should vote on it. If you haven't read 'Ecce Homo,' do as soon as you can. I was so enchanted with it that I read it almost at a sitting. I feel sure it must have been written by a layman.

I hope we shall leave off talking any more nonsense

about the right of peoples to choose their own government. *People* don't like government at all: the instinct of *people* is anarchic. What country is there in which the mob wouldn't vote for having no government at all? What's sauce for Irish is sauce for Poles, sauce for Confederates, sauce for Hindoos, sauce for each who is in the grip of a stronger than himself.

Easter Monday, 1866.

'Ecce Homo *does* remind me of Robertson, but not always of the best points of Robertson—of his doctrinal looseness and his tendency to dwell on the intrinsic excellence of humanity, on the upward movement of manhood, rather than the downward condescension of Divinity. I have from the first maintained that the writer would ultimately be found to be anything but an orthodox Churchman, probably an Unitarian, though I am willing to suspend my judgment till the whole work is before us. My unfavourable opinion of his orthodoxy has been strengthened by a re-perusal of 'Wilberforce on the Incarnation,' which, with glorious old Hooker, forms the rock from which I hew my creed. I admire the intellectual and moral grandeur of 'Ecce Homo' beyond everything.

There is a frank, honest article this week in the *S*—— about the real position and duty of independent Liberals —one of those articles that, to my taste, have such a

different flavour from all other journalism, which makes me swallow a great deal of sentiment and mannerism which disfigures the paper.

June 4, 1866.

I am at this moment greatly delighted by a letter of Colenso's, which is going the round of the papers, in which he avows his opinion *that prayer to Christ is unscriptural!* Here we have the heresiarch unveiled. No pleas for free handling or impartial criticism of Scripture can be admitted for a man to whom, as denying the Incarnation, the whole compilation must appear a meaningless farrago of ancient scraps, chiefly or solely interesting as throwing light on previous states of society and phases of civilization. Even the *S*—— gives him up in a most curious article, which I hope you have read. The poor, dear writer, in his anxiety to save everybody, contradicts himself dreadfully, and seems to say it doesn't much matter what Church one belongs to, but that, anyhow, Colenso can't be said to belong to the Church of England.

Hotel Beaurivage, Ouchy,
September 22, 1866.

Our chief object in stopping there [Berne] was to visit the tomb of A. P. I fancy it is quite the show of the cemetery. When I first went there early in the

morning, the old woman at the gate at once took for granted I wished to see the monument of the young Engländerinn who had been struck by lightning. I think it is reasonable to lament those who die very young without having played their part out in this world—and all that is said about being removed to a better place and so forth, doesn't the least affect this regret, which arises from a feeling of discord and incompleteness in the whole career of which the first part has been so disproportionately short, and broken off with a ragged edge, instead of tapering more or less finely into the second.

The prospects of the world at large please me. I am pleased with the establishment of German unity (one may call it so: it's only a question of a few years), even at the expense of some pain to Austria; pleased at France having her teeth drawn; pleased with the satisfaction of Italian wishes, which should enable them to disband their army almost entirely, and to set their house in order, which I am confident they are well able to do; pleased with insurrections in Turkey, and the prospect they afford of an early obliteration from the map of Europe of that disgusting stain, the Ottoman Empire. You cannot expect a thorough democrat like me to join in your wish for an amiable tyrant in England. Let us by all means have a strong executive—let his hands be very strong, and quite untrammelled; but let us never for a moment cease to hold the axe over his head. We

are passing, almost unconsciously, through as great a crisis in our history as we have ever encountered, and when we have come to the end of it we shall be found with an indefinitely stronger executive much more directly under the control of the popular will. The Constitution will be destroyed! of course it will, if the Constitution means that precise state of things which exists to-day or existed yesterday or the day before. The Constitution is a miserable bugbear only appealed to by the politician, just as an advocate invokes the eternal principles of justice only when he hasn't a leg to stand on.

HOTEL BEAURIVAGE, OUCHY, NEAR LAUSANNE,
September 22, 1866.

I entirely take your view of travelling while it (travel) is in actual operation—no, I don't quite, either—for when I am left to travel my own way, I do enjoy it. Still I think that, on a whole tour, the present labour and annoyance preponderates over the present pleasure, and I would rest my defence of travel on the material it supplies for future Buddha-like contemplation. Joking apart, I really cannot sum up all the new ideas which I have certainly imbibed from this present tour, without counting all those suggestions which might or might not have occurred to me at home, but which have been probably, if not called into being, at least pointed and coloured by outward circumstances.

One great change of opinion I owe to Switzerland—at least I have nearly made up my mind on the subject. Two months ago I was an enemy of the Conscience Clause: not that I wished to make Dissenters forcibly into Churchmen, but I thought making religion an open question in a school would discredit it, and prevent the teaching effectually, not of one creed, but of any at all. Now every Commune in Switzerland is bound to maintain a secular school in which Protestants and Catholics are taught together, each getting their religious instruction from their respective pastors. Protestants and Catholics are nearly half and half in many of the Cantons, but I do not hear that the Catholics complain of a falling off from their communion. Of course its result, even here, where the system has long been at work, cannot be settled off-hand, and I shall inquire further: but the only priest I have spoken to on the subject seemed to have no objection to the 'Godless' school.

We were prevented going over the Furca by a storm while we were at Andermatt, which laid five feet of snow on the road; so we turned downhill and came here by Lucerne and Berne. We stayed two nights at this last place that we might visit the grave of A. P., who you know is buried there, under the very stone on which she was killed.

Berne is a glorious old place—fancy an oblong hill with steep, and in places precipitous sides; cover it with

the most fantastic confusion of towers, turrets, and gables; cut terraces along the sides and shade them with fine trees; take a river as big as the Tweed at Kelso, but of bright blue colour, and wind it round the town, leaving only a narrow neck to join it to the mainland; cover its high banks on the other side with villas and gardens and great walnut trees, and planes with brilliant green turf under them; and beyond all, look upon the white peaks of the Oberland fringing the whole southern horizon from east to west, and then you have some idea of the capital of this little republic.

Lausanne interests me—it is picturesque, with a fine old castle on the top of everything, a cathedral with a very handsome tower just by it, and a general mixture throughout of antique regard for the beautiful, and modern care for the useful. How I abhor that damnable and heretical position which decrees their separation! and how I hate the people who think with John Bright that a modern schoolboy is better educated than the greatest statesman of the Middle Ages! Thank God we are getting out of this way of thinking now, and begin to have some glimmering of the truth that ugliness and utility have nothing to do with each other, and that true fitness to the end of itself produces beauty. I have read in the *Journal de Genève* accounts of an International Congress of Workmen, held for the purpose of establishing an European 'solidarité' (to use an odious but con-

venient term) between the workers for wages, and so put a stop to the importations of Continental labourers by which our capitalists are beginning to meet strikes. This object was chiefly urged by the English deputies, but seems to have met with an indifferent reception from the Swiss members, and without any promise of practical assistance from the French. Though on this particular point the Congress will probably have been a failure, I cannot but regard the fact of its having assembled with pleasure and interest. There is no good putting one's head behind a stone—martial power has had its turn—money power has had its turn—labour power is now about to have its turn. The transfer of power from the noble lord in Rotten Row to the bald-headed man on the top of the 'bus has not ruined the country, nor deprived the august equestrian of any power which he has shown himself worthy of possessing and capable of wielding. The transfer of power from the bald-headed man on the top of the 'bus to the man in fustian on the pavement will not be attended with more disastrous consequences. Whether or no, the transfer is about to be effected, and it must therefore be for the good of the country that its rulers should be as well informed as possible. They can't learn in a better way than by mixing with their equals of foreign countries. The working-man of France, of Germany, of Switzerland, is the superior of his British brother in education, in knowledge of the world, and in administrative matters—

in short, in civic as apart from domestic virtues. They are not all either so bitter against capital as the English —perhaps because they have not been so oppressed by it —and so their influence on our fustian flesh and blood may very likely be calming and moderating.

OSSINGTON,
October 16, 1866.

If I am not going to be all the winter in town I must give up my post under the Society for the Relief of Distress. Indeed, I am not sure that I should not have done so in any case. I don't believe in these doles of bread and meat, and the time they occupy in distribution withholds me from more solid and permanent schemes of assistance. I should visit as before in that district on my own 'hook,' and apply what money I could scrape together myself, or beg from friends, in dealing thoroughly and radically with a small number of cases of aggravated distress. These bread and meat doles are only doing the work of poor-rates, and are perfectly useless; the chief use of this Society and of many others, in my view, consists in bringing a considerable number of persons belonging to the upper classes in actual contact with the misery of their fellow-citizens, and so convincing them of the necessity of social reform.

16, Chesham Place,
November 11, 1866.

I wish I had any town news to give you, but you know I live a very solitary life, and am not in the way of hearing the political and social gossip of the day. I imagine a Conservative Reform Bill is quite certain, and I expect rather a sweeping one as regards town franchise and disfranchisement, but I suppose there will be some wretched hocus pocus about the county constituencies that will make the success of the measure impossible. I gather this anticipation—including the fear about the counties—from conversation with A. and D., who may be supposed to reflect the ideas of Conservative social circles. There seem to be a great many people in town—grouse and partridges being over and Christmas *battues* hardly begun. What a butcher's calendar an Englishman is! What you say of —— does not at all surprise me. My feeling towards him is one of yearning regret more than anything else—desire to love a nature in itself loveable, and regret that it is so defaced as to make love impossible. He has really some fine qualities, and I think by nature a warm heart; but the cursed egotism of good society working upon metal untempered by any moral training has deeply corroded it, and I am afraid will destroy it altogether.

16, Chesham Place,
November 18, 1866.

I am reading 'Ecce Homo' over again, and I must say I differ *in toto* from —— about it. I agree with him in suspecting that the author really denies the Divinity, but I cannot go to the length of the dogma he laid down in a letter to me based on the text 'I receive not testimony from men,' to the effect that revelation was on no condition to be subjected to human, intellectual methods of analysis—that because the ultimate scope of the book was bad, therefore it could be the vehicle of no good to any one.

Not only every perfect gift, but every good gift cometh down from the Father of lights. Surely whatever is of the nature of good, however low its degree, must come from God? else is God not the only source of good in the universe. 'Ecce Homo' has done me good, whether the author believe in the Incarnation or no.

December, 1866.

—— is dead. Though her life for years past has been a sort of waiting for death, the dark angel came suddenly at last. How can I say that I am grieved that she is gone, except by way of reflection of the grief of others? I feel such a brute among her sorrowing children. I am sorry for them, but I feel outside it all; looking on as a spectator. Even with regard to ——, with whom I

really do try to sympathize, I find it a distinct effort. I wish you would tell me, without regard to my feelings, whether you think this is a sign of a hard heart. I have often thought that I am very hard-hearted. I feel sad—I feel a real desire to enter into the feelings of the mourners, but conscience tells me I am an infernal hypocrite so far as I pretend to share in the faintest degree the impassioned sentiments of those about me. In the present case any grief of mine, real or affected, could only be sympathetic. All the same I don't think my heart is right, and I told —— so years ago, I remember. She is the only person besides yourself who has given me a taste of the sweets of friendship as I understand the word. I think you may be able to believe my self-accusation well founded and yet not therefore hate me.

BOURNEMOUTH,
December 7, 1866.

You are not quite right as to my self-reliance. That is to say, I began my school life with much the same feelings that you describe. I do not pretend to say I was ever so sensitive as you; but I was shy and deeply conscious of general demerit, and receiving from my associates pretty consistent tokens that they shared my view, I was thrown more and more on my own fortitude for support against the shocks I was continually undergoing. This hardening process has been going on uninterruptedly

for a great many years, and now you are about right in saying that I don't care for the opinion of the world—I think I could do almost anything now without caring what all the drawing-rooms and clubs in London thought of it. Only my present thorough contempt of opinion is just re-action from excessive sensibility to it and especially to ridicule. In fact, I am just like a hand that has been so incessantly blistered that it is now covered all over with a good coat of hard skin.

BOURNEMOUTH,
December 17, 1866.

I am still pounding away English history and scraps of constitutional law—ever learning and never coming to a knowledge of the truth. Aristotle's Politics I am reading now with the help of a French translation. I am always interested, thank God, while I am actually engaged in these trifles, but as soon as I lift my eyes off I am full of despondency at the way my life is being frittered away. But I can't regularly put my back into my law studies and go in for practice; my health forbids it. I came here because I found it impossible to keep tolerably well in London. I have therefore given up my post in the Relief of Distress Society.

Emigration is no remedy for the ills of this country; emigration will not go on to any great extent for more than twenty years to come. When the mind of the

whole nation is seriously brought to bear upon its social problems remedies will be found. It is not natural or necessary that such a mass of misery should exist: there is no other country in the world where it does exist.

BOURNEMOUTH,
December 29, 1866.

What do you hear of political prospects? ——, who is an unmitigated old Tory, confesses the necessity of his party bringing in a wide bill, and does not object to household suffrage. You will be amused to hear that I am already beginning to think rather meanly of politics as they *are*, though politics as they might be really sum up the whole duty of man, and exhibit the 'fulfilling of the law.' Therefore great political questions seem to be as worthy of study as ever, only, unfortunately, the men who must act about them are so brutal and sordid that, when these children of the brain are started on their public career, the lover of truth and seeker after human improvement can only turn with loathing from the spectacle of weapons of celestial temper wielded by soulless gladiators for the meanest of ends. If even Pagan philosophers thousands of years ago could see that all legislation was nothing but a system of fences to separate one batch of human tigers from another, and that no fence could really be trusted to stand against the said tigers when their blood was up, it is perhaps time to see

if legislation may not be superseded by moral culture. No law can prevent theft, but no man who has been made a Christian indeed will steal.

This is the very view of the world which I have long secretly blamed —— for taking, but I think before long I shall entirely agree with him. Agree with him, that is, in thinking that we should devote our whole souls and bodies to instilling Christian virtue into the people, and let who will make what laws they please.

1867. (?)

I entirely agree in what you say of the Ritualists, with one reservation. I look upon the small matters of dress and posture as utterly undeserving of consideration; I dissent from the grosser conceptions of the Eucharist, if such be indeed entertained by them; I repudiate their view of the absolute duty of confession to man, while it seems contrary to all reason and common sense to deny that the practice must very often be of great use (to the weaker-minded I admit, but are they not the majority?); their excessive regard for times and seasons, and ordinances of man's devising, seems to me overstrained and ensnaring; but—here is my reservation—inasmuch as they assert the positive aspect of Christian truth, and almost alone carry out the stupendous doctrine of the Incarnation to its logical consequences; inasmuch as they do preach Christ crucified, and preach Him more than

others do to the poor; inasmuch as in a material age they assert the existence and claims of the supernatural, in a greedy, pleasure-loving age the place and profit of self-denial, they deserve in my humble opinion the most indulgent treatment at the hands of all who profess and call themselves Christians.

BOURNEMOUTH,
January 2, 1867.

I can fancy your taking great delight in the cultivation of your little nephew. I delight in children myself, and have, I think, quite Wordsworth's feeling about them. But if, in a sense, their 'exterior semblance' does belie 'their soul's immensity,' in how many ways do they yet display the insignia of man's royal origin. What faith there is in a little child!—nothing strikes me more than that: he has never been deceived by his father; why then should he not believe him implicitly? Has the Almighty deceived us, that we regard Him with such suspicion? Even if we were told to shut our eyes and open our mouth (which we are not), why should we hesitate to do it, any more than a little child hesitates at the bidding of his father?

I am glad you don't dislike Hooker. Few ladies read him, I should think; or, if they did, to most he would be useless. The truth must insinuate itself by whatever openings offer, and they are not the same in all.

The sort of satisfaction Hooker gives me passes my power to describe. I am tempted to consider him inspired. When we see an intensely holy, humble, prayerful man, armed not the less with the whole armoury of human knowledge, because his chief weapon is the sword of the Spirit—when we see such an one devoting himself earnestly to the search after truth, and manifestly guided into it in accordance to God's explicit promise, by what name shall we express that guidance which he appeals to, and which is demonstrated by its fruits, if not by the name of 'Inspiration'?

I fear you may have omitted to read Walton's life of our author, which is like all Walton's lives, touching and graceful in its simplicity beyond everything. At all events, look at the account of his marriage, in which worthy Isaac indulges in a little quiet pleasantry, telling how Hooker, grateful for the cure of a cold to his landlady in Watling Street, allowed her to persuade him that marriage would profit him. And he, not considering 'that the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light,' did give her such a commission as Eliezer was trusted with (you may read it in the Book of Genesis) when he went to choose a wife for Isaac. And how the wife she chose him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion, and for her conditions they were too like that wife's whom Solomon hath likened to a dripping house.

Chillingworth I have dipped into, and cannot but admire his trenchant merciless logic. But his work, it seems, is wholly destructive; and, however valuable as a weapon against Romanizers (and it is with that view that I wish to make him my own), provides no ground for one to stand on. I may wrong him, for really I have only dipped into him.

Liddon's (University) Sermons will delight you. If you'll let me, now, I ll send you a copy, for they are worth studying, and not merely reading through.

My *pièce de résistance* for the last month has been, and still is, Aristotle's Politics in an excellent French translation, which I use mainly, only getting up those passages which I particularly admire in the Greek. Thus, sitting at the feet of Aristotle, Pascal, and Hooker, remote from the strife of tongues, I have subsided almost into an indifference for politics. I know that the indifference is accidental and transitory, but I suspect that it, and not interest in politics, is the really sound condition. Even granting—what is utterly false—that most legislation is sincerely intended by the legislators for the good of the community, the question still arises, can man be really much benefited by laws? After all, a law is nothing but a bar set up to keep one batch of human tigers from tearing to pieces another batch equally savage, if for the moment at a disadvantage. Experience shows that though the bars do very well while the tigers

are well fed, and in a good humour, yet they snap like twigs whenever the passions of the animals are really roused. Perhaps this generation may see, even in England, some great illustration of the weakness of law. Is one not more likely to be rewarded in trying to tame the animals than in mewing them up in cages which are useless in the moment of danger, and within which the animal himself is as ferocious and dangerous as ever? Laws, of course, there must be; and so long as wealth and power are to be gained by their manufacture, there will be no lack of manufacturers. The question is, whether a man, casting about how he should do most good to his fellow-citizens, would decide that the machinery most suitable to his purpose is that which regulates their duties to each other as they are members of a State—as they are citizens—or that which regulates their duties to each other as they are men, as very members incorporate of that mystical body by which they partake the fulness of Him which filleth all in all. The one instrument is human, and, at best, of uncertain effect; the other is Divine, and absolutely certain. The dignity of political questions seems utterly to fade away when placed in this light, and one asks oneself whether the most incompetent schoolmaster, the most lukewarm priest, the humblest individual, who can turn another from evil, has not deserved better at the hands of his race than the wisest lawgiver, or the most far-seeing statesman? This

seems at once obvious and absurd. I leave the question open. I am only stating my honest hesitations. Meanwhile I am at this moment certainly of opinion that it is better to seek the moral improvement of men by schools and religious teaching than to perfect the organization while its subjects are uncared for.

January 5, 1867.

I am glad my view of the two paths doesn't strike you as wholly unreasonable. It seems to me quite a practical question for a man to ask himself at the beginning of life, 'What is my work?—of these two which sort shall I apprentice myself to? If one decides against politics one does not thereby condemn them, but only pronounce them less effectual instruments for the end than others.

BOURNEMOUTH,
January 25, 1867.

In offering you my warmest thanks for the liberality with which you have met my petition, it occurs to me that you may like to hear what the particular concern is which you are so generously promoting.

The school is attached to one of those missions planted by the Bishop of London, and supported chiefly by the fund known as the 'Bishop of London's Fund.'

It is the St Augustine's Mission district, lying within the parish of St Philip, Stepney; this last being an

ecclesiastical subdivision of the civil district known as the Hamlet of Mile End Old Town, which has itself been carved out of the old parish of Stepney. This fraction of a fraction of a parish contains some six thousand souls, about three-fourths of whom belong to the lowest grades of the class which live by wages; the other fourth consisting mainly of small shopkeepers only a step above their neighbours. There are no rich people in the district, and hardly any who can be called well-to-do, with the exception of a few publicans. It is this unbroken level of poverty, as you know, which is *the* blight over East London; which makes any temporary distress so severely felt, and any sustained effort to better its condition so difficult to bring to a successful issue. The lever has to be applied from a distance, and sympathy is not strong enough to bear the strain. It was as visitor for the Society for Relief of Distress that I first began my connection with this spot, which I shall not sever till some visible change is effected in its condition. The Mission clergyman, Rev. Thomas Dowle, is a sensible, energetic man, in whose hands the work of civilizing the people is making as much progress as can be expected. But most of his energy is taken up in serving tables, nor can any great advance be made while every nerve has to be strained to keep the people from absolute starvation. And this is what happens every winter—worse this winter than ever.

When a Metropolitan Rating Bill shall have been passed, and voluntary effort thus exempted from doing the duty of the State, we may hope then to achieve some real amelioration in the state of this wretched population.

A mixed school of boys and girls has for some years been conducted in the lower half of the iron chapel (which is built in two stories) by a mistress whose salary is paid, I believe, by Mr Dowle himself. It has been found, however, that the elder boys required male instruction and coercion, for want of which they mostly fell off into the streets again, just at the most critical period of their education.

Within the last month the chapel itself has been turned into a school for these boys under a certificated master, who began work, D. tells me, with a very fair attendance, and with every prospect of extending the sphere of his operations. It is in aid of this school, which depends entirely on what I can beg, borrow, or steal for it, that your generous contribution will be applied, and I have no fear lest you should have cause to consider that your benefaction has been misdirected.

BOURNEMOUTH,
January 26, 1867.

I am sorry to confess that I am one of those beings bereft of thought and feeling who do enjoy a hard frost. There is, indeed, one moment in the twenty-four hours

which is at such times one of bitterness and shame—that is the moment preceding the exit from bed into the inclement morning air. With this exception a great frost is a real pleasure to me. I like the bright sunshine that generally accompanies it, the silver landscape, and the ringing distinctness of sounds in the frozen air. Skating, too, is a great delight to me (though I am a very indifferent performer), and is only rivalled in my affections by a ride across country on a *very* good horse. So I am on such occasions in a much less favourable frame of mind for sympathizing with misery than you are. Still, I am so far conscious of it, that I think I would rather give up all the pleasures of frost than indulge them, poisoned, as they are, by the misery of so many of our brothers. But what a monstrous thing it is, that in the richest country in the world, large masses of the population should be condemned annually by a natural operation of nature to starvation and death. It is all very well to say, how can it be helped? Why, it was not so in our grandfathers' time. Behind us as they were in many ways, they were not met every winter with the spectacle of starving thousands. The fact is, we have accepted the marvellous prosperity which has in the last twenty years been granted us without reflecting on the conditions attached to it, and without nerving ourselves to the exertion and the sacrifices which their fulfilment demands. If Mr Hardy carries a Metropolitan Rating Bill, I for one shall

think he has deserved better of his country than either Palmerston or Russell.

BOURNEMOUTH,
January 27, 1867.

I wonder whether the article in this week's *Spectator*, headed 'Workmen on Church-going,' threw any light, in your view, as it did in mine, on the value of that article in our Creed which we have talked about. I suppose you think its insertion in the Creed odd, on account of its extreme obviousness as a deduction from the other Articles. But I must say there is no article of a living faith in which I see fewer tokens among us. If the Communion of Saints had been really believed in, and acted upon —say only for half a century—by well-educated—I will narrow the ground still more, and say by religious English people—could the state of things commented on in the *Spectator* ever have come into existence? My Radicalism, so far as I am a Radical, is built upon my creed. I have long been under the influence of the ideas expressed by the ex-scavenger Mr Solomon, that Christ was a liberal and a workman. I have no fears for the spread of Christianity among these men: these are they for whom it was sent, these are they of whom it is declared that 'theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' A Christianity taught by Pharisees, and illustrated by Sadducees, in purple and fine linen, has failed to reach their hearts—no

wonder. And then men say, forsooth, Christianity won't do now—it does not satisfy the instincts of humanity. It is not Christianity, but Christians, who are wanting. I supposed Baal satisfied the instincts of the humanity that clustered round Carmel, while the solitary prophet vindicated his creed before an apostate nation! But, somehow, Baal could not hold his ground. I am convinced that these days are pregnant with as much spiritual as temporal good for these down-trodden brothers of ours, whom we have elbowed out of our churches, as well as ignored in our laws.

You must not mind my vexing you with my little explosions now and then. But mind you, I feel a great deal more strongly than I have spoken, and, of course, as I feel thousands of others must feel too, for it is the spirit of the age.

BOURNEMOUTH,
February 7, 1867.

Of course Mr —— and you were talking of two wholly different things, as you justly observe, under the same name. All the mischief in the world springs from ambiguous language; if people would only use a word as a symbol for one thing, and always mentally substitute the definition for the thing defined (viz. the word), as old Pascal begs them to, a deal of argument would be saved. Of course I quite agree with your view of *education*,

while I sympathize with Mr ——'s doubts as to the value of *instruction*, especially if the subjects of it be instructed, as they often are, in useless or purely mischievous matter. The whole value of instruction depends upon its matter, while education *might* be perfect without so much as a slate or a hornbook—not, of course, in our stage of civilization, nor in our social circumstances; though even now you may often find grossly illiterate ignorant persons whose education has obviously been much better than that of many M.P.'s.

LONDON,
Easter Day, 1867.

I think you are quite justified in taking a gloomy view of the state of the world, and nothing but what I confess may properly be called my extravagant fatalism, keeps up in me a more hopeful sentiment. I confess that such articles as last Saturday's leader in the *P*—— only blow me into flame. Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn, the Lord shall have them in derision. Ah, why has the *P*—— deserted its feigned impartiality? Why, because it was a false impartiality, bred of universal repulsion from, instead of attraction to, all the warmest and best sympathies of our nature. It thought it saw a chance for its cynical philosophy as arbiter of the warring passions, and the sense of failure and of impotence

makes it more passionate than its would-be subjects. Its Gladstonian partisanship is as hollow as its former judicial coolness, and at the first opportunity it will turn again and rend him. It is the unclean spirit of Materialism—'Molti son gli animali cui s'ammoglie'—but it can never reach to the impartiality that moves in Charity, and turns on the poles of Truth. Would indeed that we could have some real Christianity taught! That, as you say, is our real want. Taught—but in the way that our Founder taught it, by living it. That is the only way: it can't be put in with a spoon. Those who would teach must live among those who are to be taught.

* * * * *

I am sure they will fight—am ready to lay any amount on the war, and on ultimate German success. I don't mean necessarily German assimilation of Luxemburg. I own to none of the charitable softening you admit towards 'Celui-ci.' I long to see the great Œon sink 'in blood.' That crowned impersonation of all the basest elements of society has too long imposed upon the world.

London,
May 2, 1867.

I only mean to write one line of thanks for your present of Mr C.'s book, so if I get verbose you may leave off reading with the certainty that you lose no news by doing so.

The question whether there will be war or not seems to me not to depend upon Luxemburg or its rights and wrongs. It depends upon the answer to the question—'Has the French nation by this time given up the view of its European position which it has cherished for two hundred years, or not?' If the peaceful rule of the Second Empire has convinced France that the happiness of a State depends entirely upon its own strength and good order, and not upon the disorder and weakness of others, then there need be no war. Otherwise, I can't see how it is to be avoided. The mere existence of North Germany degrades France from the European throne. No goodwill, no concessions, on Bismarck's part, can alter the fact, and those who believe with me that Napoleon has directly stimulated the vain, irritable, violent disposition of his people, will doubt if such a fact can be acquiesced in by them, until they have made physical experience of the hardness of kicking against the pricks.

16, Chesham Place,
May 27, 1867.

If you stay at the antipodes two years longer you will find England very much changed on your return. We live fast. Would anyone have dared last year to predict that a Conservative Government would carry this year a Household Suffrage Bill? The bill will certainly pass, and notwithstanding Dizzy's last move it must abolish

rate composition. I myself am pretty indifferent about suffrages. The vote is certainly the weakest of all manners of influencing your fellows, and the sooner our public is convinced of its impotence as an agent of good —however futile it may be in evil—the better. Still a crossing-sweeper has just as much right to a vote as I have, and if he thinks that by getting one he will put himself on an equality with me or you, the only way to convince him of his mistake is to send him to the school of that great mother of all wisdom—Experience. Let him vote, and see what comes of it. As the Creator, who willed only to be served by a free and deliberate homage, left in the free-will of every creature a possibility of disobedience and therefore of evil, so Society must, through pain and convulsion, seek and find its essential good, and cling to it when found for its own sake, and in despite of all incidental drawbacks whatsoever. I entirely repudiate Pope's dictum, 'that which is best administered is best.' No! that is the best government under which the greatest number consciously embrace or strive for what they believe to be their highest good.

You see Gathorne Hardy's Metropolitan Poor Bill has passed, and I hope may be the beginning of great improvement, though I confess I see but too clearly the dangers of excessive indulgence of paupers. However, if all the sick, insane, infirm, and children are separately provided for it will be much easier to impose harsh tests

and disagreeable conditions upon the admission of the able-bodied.

49, Philpot Street, E.
August, 1867.

I have no time now to say anything about what I am doing, which is nought, nor what I am going to do, which is, or may be, a great deal. I am hardly out of port yet, on a voyage which will lead me I know not whither—storms ahead probably, but I think I am sea-worthy and my compass swings true.

49, Philpot Street, Commercial Road, E.
August 7, 1867.

My opinion of the great sphere of usefulness to which I should find myself admitted by coming to live here is completely justified. All is yet in embryo—but it will grow. Just now I only teach in a night school, and do what in me lies in looking after the sick, keeping an eye upon nuisances and the like, seeing that the local authorities keep up to their work. I go to-morrow before the Board at the workhouse, to compel the removal to the infirmary of a man who ought to have been there already. I shall drive the sanitary inspector to put the Act against overcrowding in force, with regard to some houses in which there have been as many as eight and ten bodies occupying one room. It is not surprising that the street in which

this occurs has for months been full of smallpox, scarlet fever, and typhus. There have been some cases of that Irish malady, the spotted typhus. But it is pretty nearly confined, hereabouts, to that one street; and you see, by the papers, that the mortality in London is extraordinarily low. These are the sort of evils which, where there are no resident gentry, grow to a height almost incredible, and on which the remedial influence of the mere presence of a gentleman known to be on the alert is inestimable.

have the advantages of having known the parish doctor for some time; and what is better, he is an energetic kindly man, always ready to second any attempts to remedy abuses.

You see the mere giving of money (though a certain supply of it is indispensable) is really quite the most subordinate function that I propose to exercise.

49, Philpot Street, Commercial Road,
August 8, 1867.

Then there is to be—and this will be my great work, which, if it succeeds, will be the crown and glory of my labours—a meeting in the evenings, as often as they can be got together, of such of the grown men as I can collect. These I purpose to take through a complete course of elementary Bible teaching. Taking the Bible in my hand as the source, centre, and end, of everything, I shall develop the whole scheme of religion, following the Bible

narrative, and bringing in to my assistance any and every re-inforcement I can draw from what little I know of human nature, from natural religion, and from secular history. Perhaps this may seem to you a rash and presumptuous undertaking; and if I pretended to do anything like justice to the subject, so it would be. It will appear less formidable if you consider, not so much the feebleness of my light, as the blackness of their darkness whom I shall address. Nor am I so wholly unprepared as you probably think. I have long meditated the evolution of a lay exposition of Christianity — before 'Ecce Homo' was thought of—and I have only now to throw it into a connected form. Don't think I am going to turn heresiarch. I refer to no alteration in the matter presented to the people, only to the manner. Why don't the clergy go to the people as I propose to do? What is the use of telling people to come to church, when they know of no rational reason why they should; when, if they go, they find themselves among people using forms of words which have never been explained to them; ceremonies performed which, to them, are entirely without meaning; sermons preached which, as often as not, have no meaning, or when they have, a meaning intelligible only to those who have studied religion all their lives.

If John Baptist had stood up in a half-empty synagogue, and had said, 'I wish the publicans and harlots would come here, because then I would teach them to

repent,' how many would he have been likely to baptize? And if Christ had limited His teaching in the same way, what chance would there have been, think you, of founding Christianity?

I have said too much, and not nearly enough—enough, perhaps, to shock you, and not nearly enough to unfold my whole meaning.

49, PHILPOT STREET,
August 11, 1867.

I never read any speech with closer attention or more eager curiosity than I did Gladstone's on the representation of minorities, and I must say it is quite the most extraordinary oration or argument I ever read or heard. If I doubted before, I am now sure that there is literally nothing to be said against the scheme. The several objections which Gladstone started he answered all in the course of his remarks, so that I am thinking of having his utterance pinned up on my wall as a quiver from which to draw any number of arrows against the stupid or malignant votaries of the brainless Juggernaut.

Don't you agree with me about it? And does not a comparison of the original division in the House of Commons with that of Thursday justify any amount of cynicism with respect to our glorious Constitution? By the way, it would save a great deal of confusion if people would but remember that what is generally meant by that

formula, *i. e.* the King, Lords, and Commons government, perished at Naseby; and that consequently, whether glorious or not, it is as purely an object of speculation to us who live two hundred years after its decease as the Republic of Plato. Do read 'Niagara' in Macmillan. A good deal you may not agree with, but Carlyle is to me always delightful. I am going to-night for the first time in my life to deliver an extempore address to a roomful of people—a small room, certainly, and full of an audience intellectually beneath contempt. Still, considering that self-distrust (I do not mean humility, or anything like it, but a sort of wicked careless assumption that I cannot do anything) has been my bane through life hitherto, I take the fact of my having no misgivings now as an omen of my success.

49, PHILPOT STREET,
August 12, 1867.

Of these men I have got a class of nine or ten who are to come every Wednesday evening to be lectured on the Bible. I want to take them right through it, of course briefly setting out the whole scheme of God's Providence, its instruments and operation, as related in the Bible. I do not see how any one can be a rational Christian without a view of this kind, and it seems to me more likely to take the adult male mind than any other way I can think of—if indeed there be any other way, which I

don't observe the first Christians thought there was. I do not conceal from myself of course that appearances are deceitful, and that curiosity, stimulated by the novelty of being addressed by a young layman, will bring to the room some who will never be any the better for what they hear. Still it is surely something to lay the truth before them, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear.

A roomful of dock-labourers will meet twice a week after a hard day's work to hear me say what I can for the Gospel. How many men about town would do as much if an angel from heaven were the teacher?

49, PHILPOT STREET, E.
August 15.

I delivered my inaugural address last night to a much larger audience than I expected—between twenty-five and thirty—all working-men. I have reason to believe that I completely held their attention and kept sufficiently within the limits of their understanding, which reaches much farther than would be supposed by any one whose experience is derived from the agricultural labourer. I indulge them largely with quotations from Wordsworth, Tennyson, and even Pope, much of which it is of course impossible they can understand, but which they delight to hear. I suppose the rhythm and cadence tickles their ear, and somehow helps to lift their fancy to a higher level. I make it play the part of 'that blessed word "Mesopo-

tamia"' to the old woman. The scheme I follow and intend to pursue, is that of Pascal, which I remember to have told you is to me much the most satisfactory, and whose thoughts have in some degree, I think, tinctured my mind, though I don't believe I shall ever apprehend their full power.

I told you teaching small boys wasn't my *rôle*, but necessity is a grand instructress. My friend the mission clergyman has been laid up with rheumatism these two days, and I have been compelled to take sole charge of the night school. By the extreme measure of turning the Lord of Misrule (a clever carotty-headed little demon of mischief) out of the room, I secured comparative peace, with proportionate profit to the cause of progress, through the 'second reading book.' A night school is a good example of the evils of liberty and the absurdity of self-government. One can't punish these boys, for they come of their own accord, and may go if they please. One would think that as they come voluntarily, and even pay a penny a week for the privilege, they would desire to learn. But that is as absurd an assumption as the other one, that a man who is ready to bawl and even to fight for the franchise, will care a straw for it when in his possession. I am troubled with doubts as to the utility of any laws at all in what is called a free State. I see the enormous advantage of a good law which can be enforced against the will of those subject to it, and I

always understood the use of what is called a Constitution to be, that a people incorporated therein those principles and general rules of government which to their deliberate judgment most approved themselves, and having done so, put it out of their power to alter these rules, by anything short of such a convulsion as could not in the nature of men and things be of frequent occurrence. So there was a constant appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. This was certainly what kept England straight under the Plantagenets, and even later—though I doubt if it didn't go out like a good many other things when Dutch Bill came in. Now, at all events, it seems to me that we have quite got to an end of that state of things, and the moment an existing law don't square with the notions of the majority, down it goes. That may be a good thing—I don't say it isn't—only it suggests the doubt I hinted above; the old dilemma of the Caliph Omar with regard to the books of the Alexandria library, either they agree with our views and then they are superfluous, or they are opposed to them and therefore pernicious. I have read 'Niagara' you see to some purpose.

By the way, I was passing the Adelphi last Saturday, and I went in to take a last look at Kate Terry. That gave me the great pleasure it always does, but I came away unchanged in my opinion that Shakespeare cannot be acted. It was a good Claudio, a good Benedict, a good Beatrice; some of the others were very fair too. But then

Dogberry was a failure—delightful Dogberry!—I was vexed to the heart to see a bad Dogberry. And then the Friar—that beastly Friar! I declare I believe he left out that beautiful piece—.

'It so falls out that what we have
We prize not to the worth,' &c.

If he said it, he certainly spoke it abominably; and I think he made a short cut to the cue, 'So will it fare with Claudio.'

49, PHILPOT STREET,
August 28, 1867.

On Saturday I went to stay with T. M. at G. I dare say I have never mentioned his name to you, and indeed I have not long known it myself, for my friendship with him is one of those sudden seizures to which I have become almost accustomed now. Do you remember how surprised you were years ago when I told you I had hardly any friends? It was quite true—I did not deserve to have friends then. If I had had friends formerly they must have been bad ones, and would have been thorns in my side and smoke in my eyes now. Now in these last years, as I have been scrambling a little out of the mud, friends have been sent to help and encourage me. I met T. M. at K., where I went for the races—so one does sometimes gather figs of thistles!—and we became friends directly. He has a nice little house on a high hill near S.

—that does not sound cheerful; but it is delightful, at all events, in summer, quite Alpine and delicious fresh air; but it is so well fenced in with wood on the east that I don't think it would be disagreeably bleak in winter. The country round about is charming—to my taste, at all events,—great, high, broad-backed hills, bleak and bare no doubt; but then their lower sides are well wooded, and the valleys are a carpet of brilliant pasture dotted with fine trees, notably sycamores, which I love, intersected with trout streams, and inhabited by people, apparently well-to-do, who live in dear old 17th-century houses, with gables, and porches, and mullioned windows.

Saturday we drove over to Daylesford, the old place of the Hastings. You remember the touching account in Macaulay's Essay, of Warren Hastings' passionate desire to recover the old patrimony. Can one blame a covetousness of such a sort, and when in pursuit of its end it creates an empire, as it were parenthetically and by the way? Daylesford is in a lovely spot, on a low hill among higher hills timbered with magnificent sycamores, elms, and oaks. The house Palladian more than anything else, and among the best of its kind I have seen—terraced garden beautifully kept, and now a blaze of flowers. The last of the Hastings, an old woman, died not many years ago, since when it has belonged to a Mr M——, one of a good sort, who has vastly improved the place and rebuilt the village entirely, too sumptuously I think, but that is really so rare a fault that it is difficult to blame it.

Now about this East of London. What is so bad in it is, not what 'jumps at the eyes,' as the French say. No; this summer there is not so very much actual suffering for want of food, nor from sickness. What is so bad is the habitual condition of this mass of humanity—its uniform mean level, the absence of anything more civilizing than a grinding organ to raise the ideas beyond the daily bread and beer, the utter want of education, the complete indifference of religion, with the fruits of all this, viz. improvidence, dirt, and their secondaries, crime and disease. The people create their destitution and their disease. Probably there are hardly any of the most needy who, if they had been only moderately frugal and provident, could not have placed themselves in a position to tide over the occasional months of want of work or of sickness, which there always must be. And this occasional pressure is what works the ruin. The breadwinner falls sick, or is out of work, for a few months; the home is broken up; the hospital or the workhouse swallows up the family; the thread of life is broken—perhaps they have been removed to a distance from former employers—at any rate life has to be begun again right from the bottom. Is it wonderful that drink and crime levy a large conscription on these wretches, while the remnant subside into dirt and despondency?

I do not underrate the difficulty of laying by out of weekly earnings, but I say it can be done. A dock-labourer, while a young, strong, unmarried man, could lay

by half his weekly wages, and such men are almost sure of constant employment. I am sure I am not drawing the least upon my imagination when I say that a young man of twenty could, in five years, even as a dock-labourer (which is much the lowest employment and least well paid there is), save about twenty pounds. Is it unreasonable to suppose, that, from twenty to five-and-twenty, an average man might get through without any sickness? Then he would certainly do what I say. He earns 15*s.* a week: we shall be giving him plenty if we make him live on 11*s.* 6*d.*, putting by 3*s.* 6*d.* a week. We will allow him to be out of work at one time and another for two months in the year, so there will be only forty-four times 3*s.* 6*d.* saved, and out of this must be deducted his living for the eight weeks of enforced idleness. The forty-four times 3*s.* 6*d.* is 154*s.*; allow him 10*s.* a week out of this when idle, and he is still £3 14*s.* to the good at the end of the year. This is not exactly Utopia; it is within the reach of nearly every man if quite at the bottom of the tree; but if it were of anything like common occurrence, the destitution and disease of this city would be within quite manageable limits.

And this will take place. I may not live to see it, but it will be within two generations. For, unfortunately, this amount of change may be effected without the least improvement in the spiritual condition of the people. Good laws, energetically enforced, with compulsory educa-

tion, supplemented by gratuitous individual exertion (which will then have a much reduced field and much fairer prospects), will certainly succeed in giving the mass of the people so much light as will generally guide them into so much of industry and morality as is clearly conducive to their bodily ease and advancement in life.

There are hardly any residents in the East rich enough to give much money, or with enough leisure to give much time. This is the evil. Even the best disposed in the West don't like coming so far off, and, indeed, few have the time to spare, and when they do there is great waste of time and energy on the journey. My plan is the only really practicable one, and as I have both means, time, and inclination, I should be a thief and a murderer if I withheld what I so evidently owe. I can read law much better here than in the West, and still have much time to spare for my neighbours; so I shall stay here this winter at all events.

49, Philpot Street,
September 2, 1867.

I am warming to my work here. I gave them fifty minutes last night on the text, 'Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together,' and though I am confident they understood nearly all I said, it might perfectly well have been addressed, with some modification, to an educated audience. I presented Christianity as a society;

investigated the origin of societies, the family, the tribe, the nation, with the attendant expanded ideas of rights and duties; the common meal the bond of union; rising from the family dinner-table to the sacrificial rites of the national gods; drew parallels with trades' unions and benefit clubs, and told them flatly they would not be Christians till they were communicants. Pretty much a digest of 'Ecce Homo' and Merivale's 'Conversion of the Roman Empire.'

49, PHILPOT STREET,
September 3, 1867.

I do believe that in all the long rigmarole I sent you the other day I never thanked you for 'Liddon,' but indeed I have always so much to thank you for that the particular occasions for gratitude are merged in the permanent sense of the debt I owe you. One can only use the same sort of words in acknowledgment of a casual and trifling favour and of goodness such as yours, and the indiscriminating machine vexes one with its uselessness. I am very glad you do not think it would be foolish to run up a shed on a 30 years' lease—because I believe it can only be done on those terms.

I don't quite know to which part of my remarks your criticism is directed when you speak of the unfair and wrong inferences based on a misinterpretation of other people's position and feelings. I did not think that I had

reflected on anybody, but I dare say I was guilty of some exaggerations—not, however, I think, in my calculations that a healthy and industrious man could, even as things are, *generally* secure himself against extreme destitution. Sickness and accidents will always keep the ranks of the destitute pretty well filled.

In the district under the charge of the Bishop of London's Fund here, population six thousand or thereabouts, there have been seventy-six fever cases this year, of which exactly half are furnished by one miserable street of not above fifty houses; and in this street four of the cases ended in death. I am making a table of them to present to the sanitary inspector in hopes of making some impression, if possible, on the vestry. Having occasion yesterday to go to Devonshire Square, this side of Bishopsgate Street, I passed for the first time up Petticoat Lane and through Ragfair. You never saw such places: humanity swarms there in such quantity, of such quality, and in such streets, that I can only liken it to the trembling mass of maggots in a lump of carrion.

49, Philpot Street,
September 4, 1867.

It is really very wrong, and really unphilosophical and foolish, but I do at times feel possessed with such a bitter fury at my age and my contemporaries, that I think I must be an anachronism, a stray soul that was made to fit the

corners of a body in some past century, and somehow missed its shot, and had to wait an age or two for the next turn. Read Morley in the *Fortnightly*, September 1st :—'The Liberal Programme.' A great deal of it I agree with, but hear this Radical Triton, mark you his absolute '*shall*' —hark to his calm dismissal of civil and religious liberty —very good things in their way, but they've served their turn—behold, I make all things new, and liberty of any kind is not among the Radical novelties.

The humble lectures you inquire after progress entirely to the satisfaction of the lecturer, if of no one else. It involves me, necessarily, in much meditation on the scheme of God's providence, and leads me into much reading I should, perhaps, have otherwise neglected. I find no difficulty in expressing my views to my hearers ; and I don't pretend to say that there is anything remarkable in what I give them, except in this respect, that I am sure it is given them in a more palatable and common sense form than it is generally thrown into. I have done my introductory discourses, and now go straight through the Bible. I just hold the book in my hand—abbreviate in my own language the apparently less important and purely historical details—read at length any passage remarkable for its dramatic interest, its poetical beauty, or moral application —and make any observations on it which have occurred or been suggested to me; always taking advantage of any point which may illustrate the unity of design and con-

nected plan of the whole collection of writings, and especially the inalienable link between the two Testaments, as severally prospective and retrospective of the grand centre, the Incarnation. I don't think it makes any impression on the men. They like it certainly, or they would not come, and several of them have told me so, but it's merely a scratch to their itching ears, I think; however, that's their affair—no man may deliver his brother; he can but throw him a plank.

49, PHILPOT STREET,
September 12, 1867.

I send you those wretched notes, as you seem to wish for them; but I have been too idle to write them out decently for you, and you will find them very troublesome to read, and not worth anything when you have. I think I have scratched out all I did not deliver—in substance; but please remember that, even where the sequence is most connected, it was only written out to give the matter form and order in my mind, and that the language used was hardly in any case what I have set down. I say this because you would otherwise think I had been talking an unknown tongue to my hearers. The key to the whole is the position that Christianity is a mere development and completion of Judaism, and designed from the first so to be. Here I am in accord with Hooker, Pascal, Warburton, and, I believe, with all the soundest divines.

I quite understand and agree with your parallel of Hooker and the Duke of Argyll. It constitutes to me the great charm of the 'Reign of Law.' It is that obeisance before eternity and infinity, that perception of and striving after the grand Harmony of the Cosmos, and, as a consequence, that chastened humility of thought which is the acme of human wisdom. You will be rewarded in the fourth and fifth books of Hooker for your patience over the earlier ones, which are certainly hard reading.

49, PHILPOT STREET,
September 17, 1867.

I am very glad I sent you those wretched notes, for the sight of them ought really to enable you to make a more correct estimate of your humble servant's powers. I do find it so impossible in a letter to make all the qualifications and reservations which my really trimming reason imposes upon my inconsiderate tongue and pen. Now you have read my notes, you see that there is nothing in them with which you were not familiar; and I have a feeling that things I have said might have led you to expect some novelty. Now all my tirade against parsons, teaching, and so forth, are not meant to controvert the soundness of what they do teach, nor even exactly to charge them with omissions of what should be taught. I mean only that there is—so very often—a failure to set out strongly enough what a truly tremendous innovation

on the work-a-day world Christianity is—what an objective reality it has—what a steady nonconformity to the world's habits it demands of its votaries—how much more its essence consists in a frame of mind than a course of conduct (though the second must be a result of the first); and all these sort of topics which are as evident as the sunlight to any one who studies the Bible, but which, somehow, are quietly dropped out of sight in too much of the teaching of the day, or treated in such a perfunctory manner, with such an assumption that of course every one knows all about it, that it would be strange if the ignorant were thereby filled with that passionate impulse which used to issue in the cry, 'What shall we do to be saved?'

September 27, 1867.

The fact is, though I anticipated a great deal of leisure in my Eastern abode, I scarcely ever had less time that I could really do as I liked with than I have now. How wonderful is the elasticity of our nature! I have come to this, that a walk along Piccadilly is a most exhilarating and delightful treat. I don't enjoy it above once in ten days, but therefore with double zest.

49, Philpot Street,
October 9, 1867.

I am beginning sometimes not to care about my food, nor—which I think a worse sign—about my pipe. So I am

looking forward to Ossington, and shall go directly they are settled there. I have had a kind letter from —, who seems to find my practice in accordance with his theory respecting the functions of the laity in the Christian republic. Probably we should split soon enough in details, but I take his sympathy as it is—that of a real Christian, at all events.

In August there were four little boys at the night-school —now I have sixteen, while as many more, older boys and men, are under the schoolmaster in another room. That is only three nights a week; and on the other two nights (Saturday is always a *dies non* in the wilderness) I have three or four of my most advanced scholars in my own room for the sake of a rather more thorough instruction. You have no idea how difficult it is to give tolerable attention to each boy even when there are but a score, or less. Besides, they are of all degrees of progress, and many very unruly.

16, Chesham Place,
(1867 ?)

Very many thanks for the repetition of your most hospitable invitation. Whenever I may come, it will be with perfect confidence in the guaranty against *ennui* which the character of my host and hostess afford. There is only one real bore, and that is feigned amusement. 'For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery

of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.' . . .

I am really very grateful for the kindness and sympathy you have shown me; any difference which I maintain between my opinion and practice, as against your opinion and practice, is maintained simply because I am in the habit of taking the course which most commends itself to my own judgment without reference to any other person's opinion, and without the faintest implied disapproval of other courses, which I willingly admit *may be* better than mine, but which I am not justified in adopting till I am *convinced* that they *are* better. You must not therefore be angry with me for definitely declining to attach myself to the Church Union. I already belong to the best possible Union—that Body which is the blessed company of all faithful people—and I have no desire to entangle myself with an association most of whose members hold widely different views from mine on points which, though not the most essential from a Christian point of view, are those which most excite the attention of the Society. . .

I entirely agree with you in desiring that the Tabernacle and the public worship of GOD should be enriched and adorned to the full power of the worshippers. But then opinion will differ as to what is adornment and what is disfigurement. I have seen in Ritual churches much that to me appeared the latter. Then, again, there will be those who think that all the adornment should be

spiritual; that it is materializing the Deity and encouraging unworthy ideas about Him to encumber His worship with a mass of ceremony and a multitude of petty observances. I will confess I think there is much danger of this. However, what I am sure of is, that all worship, however expressed, proceeding from an honest and true heart, is accepted of Him.

49, PHILPOT STREET,
October 12, 1867.

I have also been able to save from dissolution a piece of voluntary lay work of the most valuable kind. A man of humble position and indifferent education, but of a sound moral nature and real Christian spirit, a letter-sorter in the Post Office, resident in the parish, had for two years kept on foot a ragged school of 60 or 70 children with a night-school twice a-week. Along with this he carried on a sort of missionary work in the immediate neighbourhood, and collected a small congregation on Sunday evenings for prayers and hymns, and an address from himself. There is not the least doubt that he has done an immensity of good with the very smallest means. How small those means were you may judge from the fact that the work was on the point of being stopped for want of £10.

In the same room, used for the postman's school, I have every Wednesday lectured a small class of men on the Bible. We have only done the Book of Genesis as

yet, but I am sure I may say my pupils have a much better knowledge of it and its bearings on life and thought than a great many of their betters. Of course my treatment has been horribly *broad*. I will make so bold as to say, that any clergyman who would endeavour in the same way to give life and present interest to the Scripture record, would at least get the working-men to listen to him. A few do so, I believe, but not one in five hundred, and, when they do, are condemned and shunned by their safe and stupid brothers. That is really all that is on the tapis, and if it is all done there will still be no appreciable change for the better in the parish. What I have done is absolutely *nil*. Then of course, though I have avoided making myself acquainted with misery I could not relieve as much as possible, there have been many cases of sickness and destitution forced under my notice which have consumed some 30 lbs. of meat weekly, and sundry dozens of wine, to say nothing of beef-tea, medicines, and brandy. But this is so unsatisfactory a business, from the vast and frightful gulf of misery it opens upon one, and the utter impossibility of filling it up, that I shut my eyes to it as much as I can. Still it has unavoidably occupied, much against my will, a great deal of my time.

This is the real trial of living here. It is to be hoped the topographical details of the parable of Lazarus and Dives are not strictly accurate, for even Abraham's bosom

could hardly compensate for the perpetual contemplation of human agony, however justly incurred.

PHILPOT STREET,
October 20, 1867.

It is too true that all one does is but a drop in the ocean, and if we expect results from our work we shall do nothing. Unreasoning work is the only refuge from rebellion or despair. From metaphysical flights or enthusiastic dreams one comes back exhausted to the apophthegm of the infidel Voltaire,—'Travaillons sans raisonner; c'est le seul moyen de rendre la vie supportable.' The writer may have been an infidel, but his sentence sums up a Christian's safest course as well as a sceptic's.

OSSINGTON,
October 25, 1867.

I will answer your questions about St Augustine's, Stepney. The Bible-class kept up pretty well—that is, some ten men came regularly, and we have gone through the Book of Genesis. With the way I handled that I am myself pretty well satisfied—I mean, I think I reached the understanding and excited the interest of my hearers; some of them expressed their satisfaction to myself. If you had been present at the whole course, your soul would not, I think, have been vexed by an undue display of ex-

treme orthodoxy. Rather would you have been disturbed by my persistence in reducing the giant actors of the Divine drama to our own stature, and showing that the supernatural element in their lives is infinitesimally small, while most of their sayings and doings would be perfectly natural to us now, if we realized with equal intensity of grasp our direct personal relation to the Maker and Ruler of all. When I spoke in that first lecture, and in my letters to you, of the close relation of Judaism to Christianity, I had an instructive, rather than rational, sense of that intimate solidarity of the two which is so remarkably expounded in the long article on the Talmud in the new number of the *Quarterly*. For my part, the more completely Christianity shall be shown to be, so to speak, a natural product of the human mind and heart—of course *exceptis excipiendis*—the more convinced I shall be of its Divine sanction.

As for Higg's school, it is as full as it can hold, and we are negotiating for enlargement of premises. The general effect on me of my present experience is a conviction of the complete inadequacy, and even evil, of the present system of voluntaryism, as much on account of the badness of the teaching, and altogether the sham of the thing, as from its actual want of extent. I comfort myself with the confident hope that we are even at the threshold of State secular education. Elementary mental training is but making the jar; it is no argument against the jar that you don't know what may get into it, unless you are

allowed also to fill and solder it up. People must have a very queer notion of human nature who fancy that a mind which has been taught to think will be a less fit receptacle of Divine truth than one which is incapable of thinking. I am inclined to say with the Roman emperor, when he was told the Christians were about to destroy a temple,—'Let the Gods defend themselves.' I feel it a blasphemy even to think that God's truth can suffer by the extension of man's truth.

November 2, 1867.

Not one person in a thousand would be able to decide what to do from day to day if they felt a boundless latitude of choice. But the fact is, that in 'circumstances,' as they are called, indicating the advantage, perhaps the necessity, of some one single act or succession of acts, and the consequent exclusion and impossibility of others, most people find a governing principle, by which, through a natural and beneficent chain of cause and effect, their lives are led on from day to day, and from year to year.

For myself, I do not recognize a perfect liberty to do anything that comes into my head. I thank God that from day to day it is becoming more and more impossible to allow any whims to lead aside my life from the road whose track constantly becomes more distinct and clear, and whose bounds on either side more impassable.

OSSINGTON,
November 14, 1867.

I am sorry you think I am always quarrelling with my tools, because I am myself deeply sensible of my disgraceful misuse and disuse of those that have been placed in my hands, and the dissatisfaction with everything, which you rightly impute to me, begins, I assure you, at home. I don't despise any form that envelopes, even though it may partly conceal and impede, a real truth of speculation or of action. As for Utopia—none feels more deeply than yourself, whatever you may write, that the striving for it, the aspiration after it, or at least the distant hope of it, alone makes this existence tolerable. I should be so very sorry if you thought I pleased myself in unpractical dreams and neglected humble means. I don't feel that I do—but one may always deceive oneself. The lines of George Herbert are continually in my mind—

> 'The cunning workman never doth refuse
> The meanest tool that he may chance to use.'

You need not refuse it if you can get no better; but you may feel that it is mean, and you may do all in your power to substitute a better for it. However, I am very glad you have told me what you think—even if the ship is not near the rocks, it is well to know where they lie. I am sure the constant peril I feel myself in is of giving up the fight—of acquiescing in things as they are, of thinking how comfortable I might make myself, how

well the cards play for me as it is. I believe that is the real danger.

49, Philpot Street,
December 9, 1867.

I want you to ask the Admiral whether he can make any suggestions which could be acted upon for facilitating the drafting of boys into the Navy. I don't mean the training ships, such as the *Chichester:* there you have to pay ever so much a year. I mean just this:—There is a boy or two in a family, out of work, fit for sea, and willing to go. But the parents don't know what has to be done or how to set about it. One of the difficulties is the register of birth, for want of which hundreds of boys are turned back.

It occurs to me that the establishment of little offices in the poorest parts of the town, where information could be given, and assistance in searching for registers, and perhaps also in part payment of the fees, would be a good thing. Perhaps, however, the demand is not sufficient to make this workable.

December 20, 1867.

I attended a meeting on Wednesday, at which were present most of the notables of the Mile End hamlet—including many Poor Law Guardians. We formed ourselves into a Committee of Supply for the whole Poor Law

Union — eighty-four thousand population, and are to meet to-morrow to draw out our plan of procedure. We are in hopes of getting our Committee to agree to some definite scheme of alliance with the Guardians, and some plan by which we may give them help in outdoor relief without additional pressure upon the ratepayers, while we make use of their machinery to protect ourselves against imposition. Any plan of this kind will require a mixture of candour and suspicion, of goodwill and vigilance in both parties, certainly difficult to maintain. But then our glorious Constitution requires it, and gets it somehow.

You see the real truth is, sensation writing and reckless alms are fast doing away the great work of the new Poor Law in bringing up the people to providence and self-restraint. We are falling back into the bad old ways of the times at the beginning of the peace. You will find all the men who really give themselves most trouble about the poor are the most alive to the terrible evils of the so-called charity which pours money into the haunts of misery and vice every winter. If we could but get one honest newspaper to write down promiscuous charity, and write up sweeping changes not so much in our Poor Law theory as in our Poor Law practice, something might be done.

49, Philpot Street,
December 24, 1867.

I have been busy and muddled and worried lately. Things are so bad down here, and giving money away only makes them worse. I am beginning seriously to believe that all bodily aid to the poor is a mistake, and that the real thing is to let things work themselves straight; whereas by giving alms you keep them permanently crooked.

Build school-houses, pay teachers, give prizes, frame workmen's clubs, help them to help themselves, lend them your brains; but give them no money, except what you sink in such undertakings as above. Meanwhile the state of things is very painful—not that it is much worse now than usual.

49, Philpot Street,
January 1, 1868.

I have been assisting this afternoon in cooking the prospectus of a new children's hospital down in Limehouse, of which you shall hear more anon. We had our penny reading in John's Place, which was a great success, but *Christmas-time* seems to suspend everything in these regions. Stoning raisins appeared a very general employment a week or two ago, and this is how I saw it done by a scrubby little girl seated on the floor with the raisins in her lap. She split the grape with a knife, held it

open with two nauseous thumbs, and extracted the stones with her teeth and tongue!

For the first time I have made a near approach to the society whose members are from time to time hung. A little boy with whom I am very intimate through Colenso and Robinson Crusoe, startled me by saying he knew Wiggins very well; the man, you know, who was hung for the Limehouse murder, of which every one now says he was innocent. He seems to have been a model of virtue!—didn't never even swear, and—oh! incredible refinement!—never got drunk of a Saturday night.

49, PHILPOT STREET,
January 2, 1868.

Before this reaches you, my letter of yesterday will have arrived, which is long and tiresome. My wits are getting blunted by the monotony and *ugliness* of this place. I can almost imagine—difficult as it is—the awful effect upon a human mind of never seeing anything but the meanest and vilest of men and man's works, and of complete exclusion from the sight of God and his works—a position in which the villager never is, and freedom from which ought to give him a higher moral starting-point than the Gibeonite of a large town. I am not sure that it does, but we would think it must, when one knows how deeply the thought and language of the wild-

est savages are impressed by the majesty of external nature.

OSSINGTON,
January 17, 1868.

I never intended my sojourn in the East to be more than temporary and experimental, knowing that I was not really free to turn my life into a channel which, if quite free, it might perhaps have taken. I have suffered from the curse, which so few in my position have the strength to shake off, the curse of indolent dilettantism, and failure to throw myself strongly and energetically into pursuits which I knew must before long be abandoned for others. The time of this change has now come, and I pray I may find strength to walk more steadily. The long and short of it is, I knew the Speaker would wish me to go into Parliament, which I am not at all reluctant to do, and he has now proposed that I should stand for Newark at the next election. This state of things of course compels some change in the direction of my occupations and general line of life; a change which will not admit of my staying in the East, or of giving up so much time to the matters which of late have occupied me. I am sensible that it might be a worthier course to throw up the more attractive game for the sake of interests undoubtedly higher than those of politics or society; but my weakness is made weaker by the belief,

I cannot shake off, that, to ordinary people, the right road is usually the one which lies straight before them, in the absence of any inward call so strong as to leave no substantial doubt on the mind.

49, PHILPOT STREET, COMMERCIAL ROAD,
January 22, 1868.

Our object—*i.e.* self, my rector, and some others—is to put a stop as much as possible to all benevolence, and, by writing, talking, holding meetings, &c., to get the thing made a matter of business, conducted on a large scale, under the direction of the Poor Law Board, and, as much as possible, through the agency of the Poor Law Guardians, and at the expense of the rates.

The first thing to be noted is, that, under the name of East-End distress, two wholly different evils are comprised, requiring wholly different treatment.

1. The distress among skilled artisans of the better sort, which prevails chiefly in Limehouse and Poplar, and which is temporary in its nature, requires peculiar treatment, and treatment which can never be supplied by the organization intended to meet the wants of ordinary pauperism.

This class of distress must be met by exceptional measures on a large scale, altogether outside the ordinary course of Poor Law Administration. The Poor Law

Board have sent Inspector Corbett, of Lancashire fame, into these parts: he has put five *ex officio* Guardians on the Poplar Board, and the result of his activity will probably be the evolution of some scheme for supplying temporary employment to those in need of it.

2. The other form of distress is that which has long been chronic in Bethnal Green, Whitechapel, and Stepney —aggravated, doubtless, by the general contraction of trade, by the high price of food, and more than all, by the wholesale distribution of money by way of alms these last three or four years. This last cause has more to answer for than any other, and no one is more alive to the fact than myself. At the same time this proximate cause is itself the effect of an ulterior cause, viz., the maladministration of the Poor Law. Not the break-down of the Poor Law, mark you, as is often said; but neglect of its provisions.

The Guardians, with short-sighted economy, knowing that the fewer the inmates of the workhouse the smaller their expenses, neglected to offer the workhouse when they ought to have offered it, and got into a way of giving small doles of out-door relief to those whom they knew they ought to have admitted. Once embarked on the system of giving out-door relief without the application either of workhouse or labour test, there was naturally no end to it. They had taken the lock off the door; they had no means of discriminating the applicants. These of

course became more and more numerous as it became evident that any one might get relief if he were lucky, deserving or undeserving. Then, having voluntarily pulled down the barrier which excluded only the unworthy, they were at length, in self-defence, compelled to put up another of some sort, and they put up one which excluded all alike, or at least let no one more than half in. They gave so little relief that it was a mere mockery. Then in comes public benevolence, says the Poor Law has broken down, and does its best to make a real breakdown of it. That, in my view, is the history of the matter. The remedy is to bring the Poor Law back to the spirit of its institution; organize a sufficiently elastic labour test, without which no out-door relief to be given. Make the few alterations which altered times demand, and impose every possible discouragement on private benevolence. Universal administration of Poor Law on these principles for one generation would almost extirpate pauperism. It is impossible in the limits of a letter even to state the case properly, but I think the above is true as far as it goes.

49, PHILPOT STREET,
January 26, 1868.

Thanks for your note received last night, and for your offer of an article. I don't know, though, why I should thank you for the latter—the public will be your debtor.

We have been very fortunate in having our views ably expounded in three successive numbers of the *Saturday Review*, which I have reason to believe converted *The Times*, and led to the very satisfactory leader on the subject one day last week, I think it was.

Still, no doubt, the general public wants a vast deal of educating in Poor Law Administration. The very able men who drew up the report of the Commission of Inquiry in '34, and formed the new Poor Law out of it, were far ahead of their day. The public always has looked askance at this Law, never has understood it, never has attempted to give it a fair trial, and has always been ready to cry out that it has failed. If you can get into print any advice on this behalf to the 'most thinking people,' your labour will be well bestowed.

49, PHILPOT STREET,
January 28, 1868.

After long intermission, I have again read a little of the *S*——, and it doesn't suit me. There is such a thing as playful satire, and there is such a thing as indignant satire; the one inflicts no wound, the other gives no quarter. The *S*—— does wound, without seeming to aim at correction. It misses the graceful touch of Horace by its splenetic humour, while transparent indifference and want of moral purpose forbid to wield the scathing scourge of a Juvenal.

I have given up Mr ——. I am never very much surprised at any aberrations of excessively clever men, who are always, I maintain, on the frontier of madness. When they have passed it they may be wiser than ever, for all I know, and their wisdom only non-apparent to us, owing to the weakness of our optics.

January 29, 1868.

You will have seen by to-day's paper that a great meeting at Poplar has been held, at which a distinct proposal was made to give the Thames shipwrights work on the terms now ruling in the Clyde and Tyne—a proposal which was met with shouts of indignant refusal by the noble artisans, who are so delicately constituted that they shrink from the workhouse while they show no shrinking from the receipt of any amount of private alms. This meeting will strengthen our hands very much.

49, Philpot Street,
January 31, 1868.

I can well believe the happiness you find in a life given to the benefaction of your fellow-creatures. It is surely the only pursuit that can make life endurable—the only source of unalloyed satisfaction. But the end may be compassed in many ways, and I look to Parliament only as a longer lever to work with. The problems of

the time are social, and to social problems must the mind of the Legislature be bent for some time to come. We are feeling the sort of discomfort which may afflict the crab whose shell has got too tight for him, and which he is about to split and cast off preparatory to clothing himself with a new one.

I am just now busy with the preliminaries of putting up a new ragged-school. Don't think I want you to give me anything, for I should send it back if you sent it me—your money is much better employed under your own eye. I am all for people concentrating their efforts each in some small field peculiarly accessible to himself or herself. In the first place, much more work is done with less waste, and the benefit to the doer is greater, owing to the personal exertion required. Still there will always be people whose duties forbid them to do this, and who must make others their agents.

49, PHILPOT STREET, COMMERCIAL ROAD, E.,
February 4, 1868.*

The lengthening days remind me that the winter is passing away, in the course of which you were to have my answer to the proposal you did me the honour to make of appointing me one of the trustees of your

* Letter to Miss Georgina Talbot as to Mr Denison becoming a trustee to the village of Talbot, Dorsetshire.

Bournemouth estate. That estate, as laid out by you, would offer matter of so much interest to me, and supply me with work and with opportunities so congenial to me, that I have had very great difficulty in bringing myself to decline the post.

I feel, however, that even as I am I should not have leisure enough to attend to the matter as I should wish, and as its importance deserves. And the tendency of events is constantly to increase the calls upon me in other directions. I am, as you know, immersed in schemes for the benefit of the London poor, and, unless things alter very much, I shall make that my chief business for some years to come if I live. Then, I shall shortly be coming into Parliament, which will of course make still further demands upon me. In short, I should not feel justified in undertaking a charge which I could not honestly carry out.

It has often occurred to me what an admirable opening the extensive subdivision of your property afforded for a trial of the principle of co-operation applied to land.

It has never yet that I know of been tried in England, and unless we have a revolution, it is not likely that there will be frequent openings for an experiment of this kind.

I think, from what I have observed, that your farms are too small to succeed on the ordinary English principle, which, in these days of high farming, demands from the

tenant a very large outlay of capital, and therefore tends to form large farms. If, however, a number of small holders form themselves into a company and work the land in common, I don't see why they should not reap the same benefits which flow from co-operation in other industrial pursuits.

This is a large question, and I am very ignorant on the subject, but I think it is worth your considering and consulting others upon. I hope your sister told you that I spent your five pounds in putting up a stove in the boys' school, which was sadly in need of it. I am now engaged in putting up a building for another school, and a room for a sort of working man's club. We have got the ground in the midst of people who are of the very lowest class, and among whom we have been at work some time, not without success, as is testified by a Sunday school of near one hundred, a day school of about half that number, and a congregation Sundays and Wednesdays for Divine service, which quite fills the miserable little room in which we have hitherto been confined. We want about 300*l.*, of which I have as yet got 200*l.* only. But I really have not the conscience to beg of you whose liberality is so largely exercised elsewhere—especially as your sister is so munificent to my other school.

I know, however, you like to hear about these things; *and I really* don't wish you to give me anything.

Excuse this long rigmarole, my dear Miss Talbot, and believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

EDWARD DENISON.

February 6, 1868.

I return your friend's letter with the remark that in the main I agree with him. It would, however, be essential to a right understanding on the question that we should define what we mean by 'civilization.' I should admit that a very large part of what is commonly called by that name has no connection with religion, and need not be produced by it.

You cite the Irish: I should be disposed to refuse the mass of the Irish peasantry the title of 'religious' in a real sense; and I deny that a superstitious respect for certain ceremonies is worthy the name of religion. Still, I think the Irish might be very religious indeed without being what an economist or a statesman would call very civilized. Their true spiritual and moral life might be very high without leading them to great eminence in the arts which enrich and adorn the physical and civil life. I think there will probably be seen in future great developments of this latter false civilization, which will no doubt make this earth an increasingly pleasant abode for increasing numbers, without in the least tending to the real elevation of human nature.

49, Philpot Street,
February 26, 1868. Ash-Wednesday.

. . . . I must echo your remark about visible nature as the mother of all beauty and poetry. That, I think with you, appeals with the greatest force of all to whatever is that Divine spark within us which we brought with us from 'that imperial palace whence we came,' and which, like the sacred fire from the Prytaneum of the mother-city to the Greek colonist, eternally witnesses to us our celestial origin.

Philpot Street,
March 8, 1868.

The very mild winter has given place to an extraordinarily warm and early spring. The lilacs are everywhere bursting into leaf, and I have seen some thorns in Victoria Park getting on their green dress. ——, you know, has turned Roman. There has been a deal of this going on. The odd thing is, they don't seem to have the pluck to change their communion in a quiet, rational, open way, but go off like deserters at night. I am told the very day —— was *received* he had done the service in an Anglican church. I can thoroughly sympathize with those who in these troublous days seek peace in the slavery of Romanism, but I do not see why they should do it as if they were ashamed of themselves.

Humanitarians and Ritualists between them are

making it very thorny walking for plain disciples of Christ.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER,
March 16, 1868.

I didn't read Seebohm's 'Oxford Reformers,' but I am sure I should sympathize with his views of Erasmus. Erasmus was a Trimmer, and I have a natural affinity to Trimmers. At the same time Froude is quite right—no Trimmer ever did any great work in the world—a good screaming bigot with his sling and his stone will always floor the greatest giants of reason, armed with all the newest devices of controversy. Look at Chillingworth—Tulloch's notice of him in the March *Contemporary:* look at Defoe in his last *Spectator;* but in fact every generation supplies a plentiful crop of illustrations. I have been excited by a hope held out by a new bookseller of procuring the political tracts of the Prince of Trimmers, the great Trimmer, Macaulay's idol, George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. Macaulay quite succeeded in grafting on me his admiration for his hero, and I have long sought in vain to get hold of his writings, which are few and scarce.

PARIS,
March 22, 1868.

At present I am disposed to admire Paris, and rather

to make an *amende* for previous ignorant disparagement. But I admit the justice of your criticism, and you know I like neither monotony nor Imperialism. I have been to two plays, one at the Palais Royal—'Vie Parisienne' —which I have pronounced an 'immondice,' pure and simple, without any redeeming point. Yet all Paris goes and laughs—wives and maidens and all—to a thing that cannot by any possibility be otherwise than disgusting.

L—— has given me a ticket for the Institut to witness the reception of a new academician, Abbé Gratry, on Thursday. During the past week I have spent five or six hours every day in walking about, and really have a very tolerable geographical notion of Paris now. . . . I got too near a fire up at Montmartre the other night, and was pressed into the service of bucket-handing. Fortunately, the fire was put out in an hour or two, or else I might have had to stay all night. It was badly managed —much worse than it would have been in London; great confusion, miserable little hand-engines, and a very bad supply of water. L—— has left me to-day an enormous quarto of French Poor Law Statistics, and a letter to the Directeur de l'Assistance Publique, so I must begin work this week. I hope A—— is enjoying the warm weather: as you say, we have had no March. I rambled all over the 'Bois' to-day. It is well enough for those who like Nature in crinoline and earrings. The

Prè Catalan (why is it so called) really disappointed me. It is a very moderate tea-garden sort of place.

49, Rue de Lille, Paris,
March 25, 1868.

I really cannot by any possibility keep you *au courant* of half my doings and thinkings here. You know my main object is the investigation of the French system of dealing with destitution. I brought very good letters, through which I have got access to M. Husson, the Directeur de l'Assistance Publique, who has furnished me with copies of the *règlements*, and also with a pass which will enable me to inspect all the Hôpitaux and Hospices in Paris. I expect also to benefit much by conversation with Jules Simon, to whom I present myself for the first time to-morrow evening. He is quite the leading public man on these questions. Then H.'s brother is the greatest acquisition to me. I dined with him last night, and on Friday he takes me to a *salon* in the Faubourg St Germain—Madam M——, an old lady who was a friend of Mdme Recamier, and now occupies the apartment once tenanted by that celebrated woman.

M. Lavergne has been kindness itself. Besides what he has done for me with the Poor-Law man, he has given me a ticket for the reception of a new academician at the Institute to-morrow, and in the evening is going to take me with him and present me to dear old Guizot. an

honour I really appreciate. I have had conversations with Lavergne and Pressensé and M. Monod. Everybody says that if you want to find an Imperialist at Paris you must use a very strong microscope. I was well aware that all the virtue and intellect of the capital was in opposition, but I did not realize how completely the present system rests on a thin plate of cold steel.

R. DE LILLE 49,
March 26, 1868.

What I have said shows that our English notion of supporting entirely people merely because they are out of work has no place here. In my humble opinion this is an advantage; and I agree with Husson's remark, that our system *crée le pauperisme*. On the other hand, I have reason to believe that nothing can be falser than the notions often paraded by would-be reformers in England as to the absence of misery in the great towns of France. The iron heel of this repressive Government keeps the worm from turning, and even almost from wriggling, but it does not follow the worm is comfortable. *It is said* there is a whole quarter of Paris at this moment all but starving.

M. Lavergne is going, to-night, to present me to the venerable Guizot. I shall be very proud of having shaken hands with the glorious old fellow.

RUE DE LILLE, PARIS,
March 28, 1868.

I was presented to Madame ——, whose *soirée* I attended last night. This was larger than the one at M. Guizot's. I went very early with ——, and we found only the ——'s and Barthélemy St Hilaire. Presently, M. G—— came in. I don't know how it began, but somehow St Hilaire got launched on the Roman Question and Catholicism generally, with its relations to the political world. I am sorry to say I think he talked great nonsense, and showed a complete want of appreciation for the spiritual vitality of Catholicism, together with a most brutal and thoroughly French view of Italy and things Italian. He was cheered to the echo by M. and G——. It was very interesting to me as a glimpse into the depths of continental revolutionary atheism—for they all disclaimed being '*Croyants.*'

No one, with eyes and ears, can doubt that the Bonapartist *régime* is even more profoundly unpopular now than it has ever been. It does not seem to me an answer to the alarmists to say that the cry of 'wolf' has been raised every year without anything coming of it. Nothing has come of it, because the arm of power was strong, and the will which guided it energetic. Does it follow that nothing should come of it, when the brain softens and the hand shakes? In spite of the gigantic building operations kept on hand, solely to give the people bread,

the official tables of M. Husson show an increase between 1861 and 1866 of fifteen thousand professed 'Indigents' in Paris.

PARIS,
March 30, 1868.

Thank you for the volume of poems. The Quest of the Sangreal is a glorious subject, and if Mr W—— has not altogether done it justice, neither has he disfigured it with unworthy ideas, nor in general given way unduly to the materialistic grossness which must in some degree attach to any mediæval legend. Parts of the poem are sublime. Of the smaller pieces, that called 'Nature' does not present an aspect of things which I love to dwell on. It suggests the despairing immobility of the old Epicurean creed, which freezes one into the ice of fixed Fate—of eternal, unconscious, aimless evolutions of matter—and shrouds one from the beams of

> 'The living will that shall endure
> When all that seems shall suffer shock.'

I had an interview with Jules Simon yesterday morning, which has entirely confirmed my anti-charitable views. Setting aside the sick, the very aged, and small children, for whom of course charity may exert itself as much as it pleases, there are only two things to be done for the poor: to remove obstacles which prevent the undertaking of works in themselves useful and remunerative—not to find

work for the work's sake, which is only disguised alms-giving—and to establish Bourses du Travail, institutions for the preservation of, and equilibrium in, the labour market.

RUE DE LILLE 49, PARIS,
April 1, 1868.

I see the reason why I disliked Paris so much before was, that I only knew the foreign town; that painted, bedizened, glaring, flaunting, intensely snobbish quarter, where the Imperial pandar spreads the banquet of folly to be battened on by the gilded vice of all Europe. The Faubourg St Germain pleases me. Its quiet streets, its well-supplied but unostentatious shops, the gentlemanlike 'hotels,' with their handsome *portes-cochères* and sunny courts; the well-appointed carriages and neat servants and well-bred horses that abound in the streets—all distinguish it favourably from the trumpery bazaar of the Rues de Rivoli and de la Paix. The very people are a different race apparently; certainly their air and habits and manners are quite different.

I don't think I have written since I went to Mdme ——'s *salon*. Her *salon* is quite of the *élite* of the Faubourg, in the way of the Orleanist and Liberal faction, though I fancy it does not embrace the Legitimists.

I saw there Barthélemy de St Hilaire, Quatrefages, a daughter of General Moreau, and Ernest Rénan. Le

vergne was there, and I made the acquaintance of another economist, M. Say, who has promised to get me a good place for a debate in the Corps Législatif when they resume their sittings. I have had an interview with M. Jules Simon, who has entirely confirmed me in my opposition to alms-giving; and as to the very narrow limits within which State assistance can be judiciously afforded to the poor. How little the *State out-door Relief to able-bodied 'Indigents'* comes to here you may judge from the fact that in 1868 it amounted to less than a million sterling, and was distributed to more than a million recipients—this is for the whole of France.

I have not yet seen the papers to-day, but they must contain the debate on Lord Stanley's Amendment (to Gladstone's Resolutions). It is hardly possible there can be a dissolution, and yet it is not likely Disraeli will go out. He will probably hang on till next January, when there must be a general election, and the cry for which will be the Irish Church. This will suit me very well as an advocate on principle of Free Church everywhere.

It is curious to see how studiously English advocates of Irish Dis-establishment labour to deny that it involves English Dis-establishment, while the Frenchman does not exist who fails to applaud the coming move in Ireland as involving a similar move in England. This marks well the opposite points from which the two nations approach a political problem. I feel that the English way tends

better to secure practical good results with less shock to the Social System; but in the region of speculation the French view is not merely better, but the true one.

49, Rue de Lille,
April 7, 1868.

I have as bad an opinion of the French as ever: and the present Government I believe to be as destructive of all individual and social virtue as any can be—unless Aristotle is all wrong—for no activity, virtuous or otherwise, of any kind, is tolerated. Still there is plenty for us to learn from them, if we choose, in minor matters.

Since the constitution of our Divorce Court so much has been said of our being as bad as any nation, that I had almost begun to believe it. But it's a lie. One cannot be mistaken about the whole tone of a literature, of the plays which all the respectable classes of a nation applaud, of the style and matter of conversation among women who are married and reputed respectable. The abominable depravity, which among us is confined to the *beau monde*, extends here, I am persuaded, into all classes, with the exception probably of the peasantry.

Rue de Lille, Paris,
Easter Day, 1868.

From him I went to his next-door neighbour, Jules

Simon, where I found a circle of politicians discussing the tactics and *personnel* of the *Courrier Français*. This is a paper professing Opposition principles, but really set up and paid for by the Government to act as decoy duck, and to pave the way for journalistic triumphs for the Ministry. Great complaints here of the irregularity with which English newspapers make their appearance. They said they only got their *Pall Mall* about three days out of the six. This at the '*foyer de la civilisation Européene*, under a Government so firmly established that its head has just proved in a pamphlet that every one in France is devoted to his dynasty, and yet so suspicious of its own stability that it fears for its overthrow by a paragraph in the *Pall Mall*.

H—— came over last Tuesday, and we have been doing Poor Law assiduously. We have inspected five hospices besides the great establishment where all the wheat is ground, and bread made for all the hospitals and hospices of Paris, which contain over seventeen thousand persons. I have no time to go into details. Enough that knowledge of the French 'Assistance,' like every other scrap of knowledge I ever picked up, only raises my opinion of Solomon's wisdom. 'Vanity of vanities!' said the Preacher; 'all is vanity!' And the Preacher was right. Whenever you hear any one praising up some man, or system, or institution, you may be quite sure that a thorough knowledge of him or it would entirely dis-

sipate the mirage of approbation which only ignorance has given rise to.

The French system is the favourite topic of our Poor Law reformers just now, and they credit it with all the properties which they wish to see ours in possession of. All I can say is, that every hour I see more clearly vast and radical vices which place it even beneath our own.

This is really not prejudice; for I came over fully prepared to find much worthy of imitation, and H——, who is a great admirer of French Imperialism, thinks as I do about the Poor Law. We talked for about an hour and a half yesterday with the head of the Bureau de Bienfaisance of the Vême arrondissement, one of the poorest, and have arranged to go the rounds with one of the medical visitors on Tuesday.

Rue de Lille 49,
21 April, 1868.

I cannot attempt to tell you a tithe of all I have seen and heard, and it is difficult to make a selection. As for Poor Law work, my researches have been so far satisfactory that I shall be able completely to refute the fallacy that the Parisian 'Assistance' affords a model for us in England. The difficulty of assigning the exact limits of any department here is enormous, because, the Government being everything and everywhere, it mixes everything up to suit its convenience. Thus nothing is

more certain than that the building works of Paris are out-door relief on a gigantic scale, and that their discontinuance or contraction (which must some day take place) will let loose in a moment a flood of destitution which it is awful to contemplate. The number of men employed in this way was given me by two independent and well-informed persons as certainly little short of 400,000. I have not found out anything about the subvention to the bakers; but the Fourneaux Economiques are even worse. In all the poor parts of Paris there is opened at each Asile de Secours one of these Fourneaux as soon as winter comes on. That is, the 'Assistance Publique' supplies an almost unlimited quantity of meat, bread, haricots, and such like, *gratuitously* to the Asile, which is worked by Sœurs de Charité. These cook the victuals, and then from 9 to 11 every morning any one who chooses (Rothschild if he liked) may come and buy food at 50 per cent. under the market price!

Can anything be more ruinously demoralizing? I have been the rounds with one of the medical visitors for the Bureau of the Vth arrondissement, and I have carefully inquired into the procedure with regard to the Enfants Assistés. The result is to show that the State does a huge business in Midwifery; that any woman who chooses—married or unmarried—can throw her child upon the State, and that most workmen with three children—no matter how good their wages—get some

help from the Bureau. Wages of 3 or 4 francs a day I found were not considered incompatible with '*misère*' such as to entitle to relief. As for medical aid, every one has recourse to the Bureau for it, and my guide confessed that great abuse was made of the privilege. To give you an idea—here is one of the cases I visited.

A woman in a smart room with lots of good furniture and ornaments, earning 2 francs a day as a *fleuriste*, and her husband $3\frac{1}{2}$ francs a day in a warehouse, attired in a smart mauve dress, and paying 20 francs a month for a child out at nurse, says she is *enceinte*, and wants the Bureau to send her the Sage-femme *gratuite*—and she will get it, what is more. But it is perhaps doubtful whether, if every direct and indirect method of assisting the poor in France were brought under one view, it would not be found that every one of them (even the most economically objectionable) is economically right on imperial premises, and even essential to the imperial system: this being to my mind the most conclusive evidence of the utter rottenness of that system. Thus, nothing can be worse than the way in which the abandonment of children in towns is encouraged. But then the Government by an artificial bounty on labour draws the people into the towns. It does not suit the Government that they should feel at all *gênés* when there, or that they should increase inconveniently fast: so it just says, 'If you will leave your children to me I will look after them.' Having got possession of

the children, it packs them off to wet nurses in the rural districts, among whose family the *enfant trouvé* of the town grows up, and so in a measure this piece of Government action tends to counteract the depletion of the country side promoted by its action in the town.

True, when it is all done, you are just where you would have been if nothing had been done—no, much worse—but the Grande Administration has flapped its wings and crowed on its dunghill, and what more can be desired?

I have spent several pleasant evenings at Madame de Peyronnet's and Madame Mohl's, and with the latter I am to dine next Friday to meet Rénan and a party of *libres-penseurs*. I had a little conversation the other evening with Laufrey, who is doing the Life of Napoleon I. He is a very pleasant talker, and wonderfully modest and undogmatic for a Frenchman.

Peace! Peace! is the cry; but he must be a flat who is taken in by it. The ministers of army and marine spent last year 1 *milliard de millions*—forty million pounds sterling!—and, as Lavergne said, one doesn't do that sort of thing without an object. Without a war, *le Bonaparte* is ruined—with a war, we shall see. Laufrey declares that nothing but the volunteer movement prevented his attacking us in 1860—or when was it?—the time of the French colonels, I mean. Now, of course, it is Prussia's *turn*.

It was a maire of a provincial arrondissement who said last night at Lavergne's that the Conseil Municipal were beginning to be pinched for the means of carrying on the building in Paris. As occupants cannot be found for the grand houses that are built, the subventions to the *entrepreneurs* have to be enormous, and then, as the public wishes to put a spoke in the administrative wheel, the juries allot extravagant compensation to the *expropriés*. For the construction of the Rue de Solferino it was necessary to take a corner off the Duc de Broglie's hotel. In return he is to have built for him a new façade looking on to the new street—his property being therefore really improved by the transaction—but the jury gave him 500,000 francs compensation!

The Rue Imperiale at Marseilles, connecting the old and new ports, cost 40,000,000; a hill having to be levelled on the way; and now it's done there is no one to live in the houses.

My tutor, La Rochelle, answers perfectly, and I get from him a great deal of information about the constitutional phases of the last half-century. Though the French can only be made fit for liberty by the practice of it, I do really believe they are yet far from capable of making a wise use of it. As Figaro said the other day, 'La liberté, pour nous, c'est le droit de pouvoir faire tout ce qui est défendu par la loi.'

It is quite curious to see how all the ephemeral con-

Psyche were hitherto my favourites—but I never saw anything within miles of this. For the first time I understood how man might really make a god of stone, and bow down to a graven image—and sure I am many a zealous Protestant worships idols, compared to which this stone is sublimity itself. Only I don't believe it was ever meant for a Venus. If it was, how comes it that both face and attitude are so entirely unlike any other representation of the goddess? I can't say what I feel about this statue—it is superhuman—no mortal model supplied its outlines.

I do more positively than ever assert my often affirmed opinion, that the difference between the really fine products of Greek sculpture and the things which moderns are pleased to call statues, is not one merely of degree: it is one of kind and nature.

After these six pages of rhodomontade I feel I ought to give a little news, or something amusing—only I can't, so good-bye.

La Source près d'Orleans,
May 9, 1868.

Yesterday was one of those delicious days that precede a thunderstorm, the air perfectly still, or, at least, only shaken by the throats of nightingales, and the deep insect hum which is more thrilling than any song of bird. The scent of flowers was almost overpowering, and of quite

peculiar character—just the smell I remember blowing off the shore of Cadiz when we came from the Canaries.

We drove into Orleans to look at the illuminations, which were pretty for illuminations, which are always stupid things; in short, the festival of Joan of Arc I should pronounce a nuisance if I were not indebted to it for being here at all, which is an intense delight. I walked from Olivet, and among those low stone cottages, the orchards, and gardens, I felt for the first time really in the France of my imagination.

Fragmentary Introduction to French Poor Law.

PARIS POOR.

It was then near five a.m.

'We walked to the great square in front of the Hôtel de Ville, and saw perhaps a thousand men in blue and white blouses assembled. "Every man who gets up this morning," says our guide, "and does not know where to find the day's work he wants, comes here; by six o'clock there will be as many as two thousand people, every one of whom is in want of a day's work," and this in spite of all that the Prefect of the Seine is at this moment doing.' —*Pall Mall Gazette*, June 13, 1868.

This significant paragraph occurs at the end of the account of one of the night rambles in Paris which the *Pall Mall* has been lately recording; and it affords a con-

venient text for some remarks upon the treatment of destitution which is at present followed in France. No one can hope to understand what that treatment is who does not bear in mind two things.

1. The fact that there never has been in France anything resembling what we call a Poor Law.

2. The peculiar circumstances under which the Second Empire came into being.

Napoleon III. only exists as the agent of Communism; that is his *raison d'être.*

The forces which bore him to power, and which have hitherto kept him there, are not of yesterday, and the taciturn despot merely symbolizes a phase of that Communistic idea which dominated the great Revolution, and which has ever since smouldered under its ashes.

There may be the appearance of pedantry in carrying back to Rousseau the reader who is desirous simply of inspecting the method of dealing with the destitute adopted by the French Government of to-day; but we are persuaded that no less comprehensive a survey would bring within the field of vision all the elements of the picture. Rousseau was the creator of the Revolution, and the true sons of '89 have always in every generation laboured to give effect to the ideal Communism, which is the beginning, the middle, and the end of Rousseau's earlier works.

This idea inspired the Constituante Declaration of rights, it led to the 'Requisitions' and the 'Maximum'

of the Comité de Salut Public. It triumphed on the famous 10th of August; it luxuriated in the Reign of Terror; it crystallized into the Directory, and was carved into Personality by the sword of Bonaparte.

The Empire fell, crushed under the weight of united Europe; and Jacques Bonhomme, worn out with fatigue, and drugged with the momentary ecstasy produced by the distribution of the confiscated lands among a population decimated by war, accepted provisionally the dictation of the foreign dragoon and the domestic bourgeois.

The government of the Restoration became possible.

The whole history of that government proves that it rested upon the necks of exhausted opponents, not of willing supporters, and that it was aware of the fact. The convulsion of 1830 demonstrates the continued vitality of the buried Titan, and the emission of a *king of the French*, with the restitution of universal suffrage, testified to the continued plastic power of the old subterranean forces.

Still the weight of the bourgeoise sufficed to prevent a complete upheaval of the inferior strata; and for eighteen years more only local vibrations sometimes reminded the observer that the soil was of volcanic origin.

In 1848 the revolutionary phenomena again displayed themselves on a grand scale. Again Individualism encountered Communism, and Communism was vanquished. Only apparently vanquished, however—for Individualism

in her terror had thrown herself into the arms of one who had resolved to make himself the only individual, and, for the purpose of annihilating all other individualities, to declare in favour of Communism.

It would be quite impossible, within these limits, to justify by reference to events and to documents the foregoing assertions.

They are only made with the purpose of indicating the point of view from which the writer's survey of French pauperism is taken.

The assumption, then, which underlies the foregoing remarks, and for which no proof is offered, is this—That the present French executive is the agent of the Proletariat, and that, instead of a special department of State being appointed to watch over the interests of the destitute, the whole machinery of government, in all departments, is applied to the prevention of destitution.

CALEDONIAN HOTEL, EDINBURGH,
June 26, 1868.

Our visit here has been a complete success. We have gained a great deal of experience and information. We have examined two workhouses, two industrial schools, one refuge, one night refuge, two of the great foundation schools of Edinburgh, which are called 'Hospitals' in the old fashion. We have grubbed about in most of the worst places in Edinburgh, and penetrated

into many 'interiors' among the squalid wynds and closes.

To-night, at 9 P.M., we are going round with a detective to see the shebeens, or unlicensed drinking-places, and the common lodging-houses. Last night we saw some of the worst places either of us had ever known devoted to human habitation; but our general sentence is that there is not any desperate or wide-spread destitution in Edinburgh, and that what there is will only be aggravated by the new building scheme.

LONDON,
July 31, 1868.

I have no time for a letter, but I must tell you that I am to go down to Newark on Monday to meet some of my constituents. I shall probably have to announce my programme, and justify it to an audience of very miscellaneous opinions. It is always said that the electoral public cannot understand measures, and that, therefore, you must swear by men. I am quite certain this is a mistake arising from observation of their indifference to the ordinary subjects of party warfare. How should they care about China wars, or Danish wars, or diplomatic complications, or about many other things of great intrinsic importance, but the bearings of which upon themselves they are unable to see without help—which is very seldom offered to them. A man who can neither read nor write, can understand well enough anything which

he sees it is his interest to understand, if he is supplied with the requisite information. I may be quite mistaken, or I may be right, but unworthy to do justice to the topics. I shall rather believe this last, than adopt an opinion which all my knowledge of the poor goes flatly to contradict.

CLINTON ARMS, NEWARK,
August 6, 1868.

I wish I knew how your brother was, for I feel you may be in anxiety about him, and my egotistic jargon about electors and party politics, and such like vilenesses, will in that case be doubly nauseous.

* * * * *

If I once go to the poll, they all tell me I shall head it, as the Duke's party will vote for me *en masse*, saving two or three individuals; the independent Liberals will all vote for me too. I feel rather like a wolf in sheep's clothing; but if everybody tells you you are the Moderate candidate, what are you to do? If I said I was a Radical, I should be understood to mean universal suffrage, ballot, annual parliaments, communism in land, and abolition of religion. That's what it means in Newark, I'm told.

Well, one lives and learns; perhaps by simply standing where I am I shall turn into a Tory. . . .

Really some of these electors disgust me. I don't think

it's my *métier*. I almost hope they won't have me, and then I'll take to literature. I believe abstract political speculation rather is my *métier*. Only very strong ambition can induce a man to lie and cringe enough for political success. You see I'm rather bilious. I've been all alone in an inn for three days.

Extracts from Speech at Newark.

'Having said so much about independence, you may still think I am a nondescript, and say, "Liberals we know, and Conservatives we know; but who are you?" I feel the terrible force of that denunciation. A nondescript is a being, I believe, who has not been described. I will hasten to describe myself. I have never denied I am a Liberal. I am a Liberal, and I glory in being a Liberal. All the ends which any true Liberal proposes to himself, those I aim at also. And in calling myself an Independent, I have only intended to show that I was not prepared to follow servilely any party leader. Not only that, because I do not think that the old party limits have been traced out with regard to a state of things which has now, to a great extent, passed away. There are new questions arising now almost every day. I think the policy of the future will be determined upon very different grounds from those which have influenced the structure and outline of existing parties; and in calling myself an Independent candidate, I certainly did intend,

and I do intend, to reserve my liberty of action as to the path I may take in important measures which certainly must in the future be introduced without reference to any old obsolete distinctions between man and man. . .

'I have said in my address that I was opposed to the ballot, and I have said that in my opposition to the ballot I was countenanced by a great many Liberals of the most advanced type, whose names are justly held in honour by all friends of progress: therefore I did not consider that, in declaring my antagonism to that institution, I should forfeit my claim to the support of Liberals. I think it an undesirable institution: I will state my reasons why. In the first place, I may say I am as anxious as any of you can possibly be that every voter should exercise his right to vote for Members of Parliament, or anybody else, perfectly free, without any let or hindrance; and I think that every employer who attempts to coerce those under him, deals a blow at the national life; and if I thought that the ballot would really put a stop to servility on the one side, and to organized tyranny on the other, I might be induced, without being persuaded out of my own opinion, to wish that it might have a trial. But I am persuaded that there never will be wanting persons who would find their account in giving information, as to the political opinions and political acts of any one, to any employer who may wish to have that information. That I think any one, who has any knowledge of human nature, may

feel quite sure about. That is my private opinion. I moreover confess that I do not believe that the bulk of the workmen in Great Britain do feel to want the ballot. I have reason to believe the great constituencies—in the east of London for one place—feel themselves strong enough to do without it. I say *you* are strong enough to do without the ballot. I should like to see the employer who dare make you suffer for it. I say you are able to act independently. Whatever there may have been in times past, it is certain now, when the Reform Bill has given such immense power to the class which is numerically the greatest, it is absurd to come to me and tell me you cannot vote as you like. Was it by secret voting that Hampden delivered his country from secret taxation? Was it by the ballot that the voters of Middlesex returned Wilkes to a corrupt Parliament that refused to admit him? Was it by the ballot you carried the Corn Laws, and satisfied the poor with bread? Were not you able to do it by the honest expression of your opinion in the face of day? Were you not able to do it by bringing others over to your own opinion, by argument and persuasion? I say you were: you all know you were. I confess I look to public opinion to play so great a part in the politics of the future, that I do fear lest the ballot should in any way weaken its force and weight. That is the ground upon which my private opinion is against the ballot. But of course I, as a Liberal, admit that it must be the

will of the greatest number which eventually must regulate the Government of the country, and I don't consider the ballot a fundamental question. I have this private opinion as to its weakening the force of public opinion: that is my objection. I don't consider it a fundamental question—but I think the objections to it are strong enough to make it reasonable that I should lay the burden of proof upon those who ask for it, and I should demand that the sense of the country should be overwhelmingly expressed in its favour before I consented to vote for it. If the sense of the country were so overwhelmingly expressed, I should still hesitate to consent that the ballot should be imposed upon all constituencies, whether they feel the need for it or not; because, as I consider it an evil, I could only consider it a relative good, where it was considered a less evil than the evil it was hoped to correct. Therefore, where the constituency did not feel they wanted the protection of the ballot, they ought not to be saddled with it. I should greatly prefer to consider the proposal made by Mr Cobden years ago. Mr Cobden was naturally not very warmly in favour of the ballot; but, taking the view I do about the propriety of bowing to public opinion, he thought if that opinion were expressed strongly on the subject this arrangement might be entered into—that it should be permitted to any constituency, by a two-thirds majority of the electors, to adopt the ballot for itself. I think it possible this

compromise might do all that is required. For myself, that is as far as I should be disposed to go in the matter of the ballot. . . .

'You have got a great deal more to do. You have got to reform the whole administrative organization of this country, and if you don't do it we shall fall into a state of confusion in this nineteenth century which will make us the laughing-stock of the civilized world. You have to give much greater power to your agents—the public officers of the Crown. You must sweep away Boards, and you must substitute individual men, and men invested with large power, with wide discretion, and weighted with heavy responsibility—men accountable directly to Parliament, and acting under the even pressure of an enlightened, powerful, vigilant public opinion. You must, I say, give that additional power to your agents, if you are to exact greater efficiency. But you cannot safely give that power, unless it is to be exercised under the pressure of that public opinion. Now you see why I attach such immense importance to the cultivation in every possible way of an all-powerful and, if possible, an all-wise public opinion. It is the only condition under which the Government of a community like ours—and, what is more, of an Empire like ours—can be carried on; because you have to remember this, that it is not only the United Kingdom that is to be governed, but it is the British Empire that is to be governed. Self-government

is all that we aim at, and it is all that I personally wish to see in the United Kingdom. We have been trained by centuries of political action, and we are pretty well able, I think, to take care of ourselves; though even here we should be none the worse for deferring rather more to authority created by ourselves, for our own good, than perhaps we do. But, whatever you may have in the United Kingdom, you cannot have that self-government in the dependencies. You know that you must trust to agents to manage your relations with the colonies and govern your great dependencies, such as India; and it will be absolutely necessary that great powers should be intrusted to them; and at the same time you must secure that the power shall not be abused. The only way you can secure that is by public opinion. Then, perhaps, if you have a Minister of Marine instead of a Board of Admiralty, the useful labours of a gentleman like your neighbour at Lincoln, Mr Seely, will not be rendered needless, but they will be made useful; they will be given some chance of success. At present I do not like to say they are useless, because I have admitted they are useful; but the fact is, no labour, however great, and no ingenuity, however acute, can possibly do away with the abuses of the Board of Admiralty. It has nobody to kick, and no conscience to appeal to. When you have arrayed all your figures, and fired all your artillery of argument, all you have done is to thrust a ghost; there is no responsi-

bility anywhere. There is also a great deal to be done with the army. The old jealousy of a standing army is a thing of antiquity. But it is quite certain that dislike of standing armies still possesses a descendant in the indifference with which Englishmen generally have regarded the management of the army. I think the public mind has not been so awake as it might have been to the enormous abuses connected with our military system, and the absolute necessity which exists for their reform. I say nothing of destroying the old red tape nests of jobbery which swarm throughout all departments of the army. I say we have to make the army a profession as eligible for the private as it is for the officer. When you have made it a profession which it is desirable to adopt, which it is honourable to follow, but which it is a disgrace to be dismissed from, you will have, by that fact alone, saved millions of money. I suppose no one who has not investigated blue-books bearing upon military questions has any idea of the saving which might be effected. In consequence of the army reform I have mentioned, you would be able to dispense, in the first place, with bounties; and in the next place, by taking proper means to afford instruction—intellectual and industrial—to the soldiers in their spare hours (and there are only too many spare hours in the soldier's life in the barracks), and make him fit to hold civil appointments, and by the mere fact of having fitted him for civil appointments, and by giving

him those civil appointments, when there was occasion, you would save enormously in pensions. Yes, you would; because you would put them into subordinate civil offices for which they are at present entirely unfitted. A soldier goes as a boy into the army—there he will be knocked and beaten about, and spend his spare time in the public-houses, and when he comes out, if he ever does come out, he has learned nothing and is fit for nothing. But I say, if the soldier's spare time was properly spent, he would be more fit for the civil service than those who had not been in the army. Thus you would save an immense sum in pensions to keep men idle on the taxes of the country. What is more, you would save the whole expense of pursuing and re-capturing deserters. I dare say you have an idea of the enormous expense of re-capturing and punishing deserters. There is nothing in the world so expensive as punishing crime, except unpunished crime. . . .

'I consider the relations between capital and labour form one of the most important subjects upon which legislation is called for, and I hope that the new Parliament will really give its earnest attention to the matter. The earnest attention of the Legislature has not yet been given to it. The Commission upon Trades' Unions has, no doubt, collected a vast deal of valuable information, and I only hope that information will not be so wasted as great masses of equally valuable information upon other

subjects have been. I have given great attention to the subject, and my conclusion is, that I do not wish to see the Unions crushed. I do want to see their conduct undergoing a very considerable change. I think that Unions have, on the whole, done a great deal to advance the higher interests of the workman. I doubt, certainly, whether they have actually put more money into his pocket—take one week with another, and one year with another—than would have got into it without them. But they have promoted the higher interests of the workmen. They do tend to make their members thrifty; they do tend to, and do sometimes, no doubt, secure a better bargain with the capitalist; they do set up among men a spirit of fraternity, which cannot be too highly praised; and they do drag men out of their own solitary selfishness —all of which are advantages. But it must be admitted they have done very great harm. That the great harm has mostly been done through ignorance I verily believe, but the harm may have the most fatal effect if it is continued. I myself have no doubt that a more extended acquaintance with the course of trade, with the very wide ramifications through which trade now extends, the wide relations it has with foreign countries, and the very keen competition which exists between various countries of Western Europe—I say, that when the artisans come to see how very complicated a thing it is, they will be more ready to discuss the terms upon which their labour shall

be exchanged against the wages of the capitalists than they have hitherto been; they will recognize that the question of wages and capital is really an intricate matter, and one which it is difficult to adjust with perfect nicety. In this country we have had such a brilliant example of what can be done by masters and men coming together in a friendly spirit, with a real desire to settle their differences—(I allude to Mr Mundella's exertions at Nottingham, which I believe had the very best results)—that I am sure no one here will be disposed to question the propriety of the view I take. I venture to think that the true Liberal principle, the principle which I hold to be the test of Liberal men and of Liberal measures, that principle will apply sufficiently to distinguish what may and what may not be done by a Trades' Union. That principle is the basis of all real Liberalism—the principle that every man is free to think, to say, and to do, as he pleases, provided he thereby works no harm to his neighbour. Every man who acts upon that principle is a Liberal; every measure which tends to give effect to that principle is a Liberal measure, by whomsoever brought forward; and it is on that principle alone that I ground my wish for measures which I have declared myself in favour of this evening; and that principle, applied to the relation of the individual workman, and the Union to which he belongs, will, I think, afford material for a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. Let each man be free to do

what he likes; let there be freedom to associate; but let there be injury to none.'

NEWARK,
August 29, 1868.

. . . . Of course I have had a vast deal of private discussion with men of all classes, and the candour and reasonableness of people have afforded me more pleasure than I can express. I have always felt confidence in the great fund of good sense in the people, and now I *know* it. You will see by my speeches that I have not shrunk from lashing the ballot; yet a very large number of ballot-men vote for me, and I have always found them open to argument.

. . . . I have not seen Lowell's sonnets. That is a very fine passage you quote. The 'Biglows' have long been household words with me—I know nothing like them.

CLINTON ARMS, NEWARK,
September 4, 1868.

Do you know I don't feel any of the strangeness, and very little of the satisfaction, you very naturally suppose me to feel at my present situation. I am as much surprised at this as you can be.

The fact is, the change is not so great as it looks. I have for many years been applying every morsel of know-

ledge I acquired to the political circumstances of the country, and mentally speculating how it could be best offered to the public, how they were likely to receive it, and what would be its probable effect. As for the satisfaction of the thing—*Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas!* I did feel a good deal of pleasure for two days after my first speech. I found it difficult to get up any steam for the second, and now it has all come down to a dull business level.

It is long since I decided that, for myself at least, there were only two absolutely perfect sources of pleasure —the acquisition of knowledge, for its own sake, without regard to practical application; and the contemplation of external nature, and through it of the Author of nature. These are the only two pleasures which have no re-action.

LONDON,
October 1, 1868.

It will be odd meeting old friends in such a new world as that of St Stephen's. But the election business and political business is not so new and strange to me as I dare say it all seems to you. For eight years my mind has been concentrated on political, though not on party questions, and I have nothing to do but to give shape and expression to my meditations.

CLINTON ARMS, NEWARK,
October 7, 1868.

I quite forgot to say that I sent you some time back a little book, called 'Man considered Socially and Morally.' I was so pleased with it, that I ordered several copies, of which I sent you one. An adverse critic might say it was superficial and trite; I call it simple and sensible, putting into plain English (interlarded, by the way, with too many classical quotations) a great many ideas on a variety of subjects which interest everybody, but which comparatively few people are at the pains of sifting for themselves.

I heard Mundella read an excellent paper on Trades' Unions and Boards of Arbitration on Monday, and read H—'s paper on Vagrancy—a capital one—for him yesterday. Then I came back here to remain, I suppose, for the next six weeks. This place disagrees with me abominably. I lose my appetite and have an almost constant headache. Election matters are now rather stationary. There is no doubt that I have a satisfactory number of promises, and that I am still the popular candidate; but the number of unpromised votes is too large not to leave the issue doubtful. If I know myself at all, I am prepared to accept either result with equal complacency. The ignorant and brutally one-sided way of treating the highest subjects, which seems necessary in practical politics, is intensely distasteful to me, and I should hail defeat as allowing me

a respite for further impartial consideration of the *science* of politics.

CLINTON ARMS, NEWARK,
October 16, 1868.

We shall see whether the constituency will or will not accept a candidate identified with the ducal influence, and whether it is not as sick of the contemptible clique of Radicals who assume to direct all its affairs as it ever was of ducal impertinences.

I have no doubt if I had come out as a Gladstonian pure and simple, I should have met with less opposition. Probably, too, if I had swallowed every pledge the Chartists could stuff down my throat, and then gasped for more, I should have been folded to the bosom of every ruffian in the place.

If I had done the first I might just as well have done the second. To bind oneself to assent to all the unknown propositions which may lurk in another man's breast is to play the part of a fool or a knave. It is surely no over-reaching ambition which leads me to aim at avoiding both those extremes; to state my own opinions as clearly as I can, and leave the electors to form their own judgment on them.

CLINTON ARMS, NEWARK,
November 19, 1868.

I am sure you really are pleased with my success, as you always are with everything that promotes my welfare. In the end the victory was far more complete than I had hoped for. I was from the first much more confident than any one else, because I knew what workmen are, and I knew how I could manage them. The real state of things during the last week was this. The great bulk of the workmen were determined to carry me in, and were prepared to disregard their promises to the other candidates just as far as might be necessary to secure my return. At the other extreme of the social scale, the quiet Conservative people, who had talked of abstaining from voting, were disgusted with the violence and unfairness of the Radical faction, and resolved to plump for me if necessary. The upshot of it all was that when the time came there was a perfect fever of enthusiasm for me, and I polled (out of some 1700 actual voters) 382 plumpers, and had still a reserve of over fifty to draw upon if hard pressed. The Mayor foolishly declared the show of hands to be against me, when it was obviously in my favour. This made my men very angry, and disgusted many moderates of the other side. After the nomination, I was seized upon, and carried on the men's shoulders to the hotel, and after the declaration of the poll on Wednesday, they insisted on chairing me round the market-place—a breach of the law, I believe.

This election is a monument of what a first-rate agent and a really devoted committee can do in the teeth of heavy odds. Henceforth I believe it will be my own fault if I ever encounter any serious opposition. I shall take some pains to form, consolidate, and educate a new party out of the mixed materials which fate has placed at my disposal.

OSSINGTON,
November 28, 1868.

I am glad of the strong Conservative feeling which has been unexpectedly and unmistakeably shown in so many quarters. I think the particular way in which it is shown altogether a mistake and a delusion; but I accept it as a healthy protest against the ultrademocrats. A stupid inarticulate cry, but it means—'We don't want everything turned upside down.' The feeling is quite inestimably precious: my complaint is that in action it takes, from sheer want of intelligence, just the line most calculated to provoke a volcanic explosion.

If Conservatives would but see it, there are vast changes which would even favour the objects they have at heart, and in procuring which they might take the initiative.

It is the stupidest thing in the world to assume that all changes must be democratic. The real Conservative policy is to give the freest possible play to all the social

forces, because in England the Conservative forces are far the strongest, and are sure to win if left to themselves. It is only by damming up the feeble stream of reforming energy that the Conservatives produce from time to time a Liberal flood.

I think I shall throw up soon an anonymous pamphlet called 'True Conservative Principles Stated and Defended.' I should make them embrace all the leading doctrines of the true philosophical Liberal creed, show that they are really embraced by all educated men, whether Conservative or Liberal, and draw the distinction between Liberalism and Democracy.

December 17, 1868.

Several notices of motions, relating to rating, have already been given. I don't want to speak this year if I can help it; but if the rate-paying clauses are discussed, I must defend myself for voting against my party. I shall oppose, with all my might, the resuscitation of the compounder.

Ossington,
December 28, 1868.

The public seems really awaking at last to some sort of perception of the precipice society in this country is approaching, through the maladministration of the Criminal and Poor Laws. Charity, too, is a frightful

evil—not real charity, but subscription charity. Every human being has scope enough for all the money and all the effort he can spare in behalf of misfortunes which are known to himself personally, or to members of his home circle. The gigantic subscription lists which are vaunted as signs of our benevolence, are monuments of our indifference; but I must spare you a lecture. . . .

Yours ever,

E. Denison.

New University Club,
January 8, 1869.

. . . . As to the punishment of intemperance as such, my sympathies are entirely with yourself and the Chief Justice; but I feel very strongly the extreme difficulty of giving effect to such views in the present ignorant and degraded state of our people.

I believe you are right in relying on a very considerable moral weight (now almost latent, for any effect it may produce) which the workmen themselves would throw into the temperance scale. I went in against drink at Newark, and I found that the supporters of the platform were not the sober alone. One man I remember who highly approved of restricting the sale of drink, being himself, I was told, an incorrigible drunkard.

A large body of healthy working-class opinion on this side there is undoubtedly. My fear is that it may not be

sufficient to stand the assaults of the more degraded, stirred up, as these would be, by the demagogues, who are always eager to turn the people aside from practical improvement to remote and morbid speculations.

It is just one of those lines of legislation which can only be built upon by the people themselves: in any other case the cry of class tyranny is sure to be got up, and sure of some measure of success. Perhaps Trades' Unions can be got to take it up. All this, however, is rather pointed at extensive interference with the liquor traffic. Sharper punishment of the drunk and disorderly might, without any danger, be inflicted.

One thing I am sure of, and that is, that no fresh burthen can be thrown upon the rates just now. It might be a good thing, I am inclined to think it would, at least to permit the sentencing judge or magistrate to order the maintenance of the convict's family; but you will not get the ratepayers to stand the expense.

I need hardly say that I entirely accept Lord Grey's dicta as to the weakness of government. This weakness seems to me a perfectly natural and inevitable phase of our national existence; but it is none the less a singularly dangerous one, and should be brought to an end as speedily as possible. It is the crab between shedding his old shell and getting his new one. It is quite clear to every one blessed with eyes, that during the last fifty years we have been slipping out of an oligarchical habit of ad-

ministration into a popular habit of administration; the theory of government remaining all the while so unchanged, that too many people ignore the change of practice. Is it utopian to hope that the sincere recognition of the change by the people at large will bring a vast accession of strength to Government as Government? I want Government to come out clearly and boldly as the great mediator, to draw to itself the hearts of the people as the one power capable of saving them from themselves: to let them see that Law really is the ideal King, the Arthur of real life, towards whom they can one and all feel like Guinever:

> 'Ah, great and gentle Lord!
> Who wast, as is the conscience of a saint
> Among his warring senses to thy knights!'

Why not? I should not venture to express such hopes to most people; but you, I am sure, will not ridicule even if you do not share them.

I believe that a Cabinet which would put away for the nonce all the old prejudices about interfering with the liberty of the subject, and would quietly bring in bills for such regulation of our internal economy as every reasonable man in private conversation admits to be called for, would not only occupy an unassailable position within the walls of Parliament, but would command the allegiance of the nation in a way no Government has ever yet done.

In the present posture of parties—even apart from the

Irish question—this cannot be, and I don't think it can be at all till the Conservatives, or the great bulk of them, can be brought to acknowledge, what, whether they acknowledge it or not, is a fact—that they have in reality adopted Liberal principles. When they have once honestly made this confession to themselves, it is to be hoped the more sensible of them will set about discovering what they really want. If it should turn out that, under all the jargon about old institutions and our glorious Constitution, the real dominant desire is merely to preserve in the domain of politics the ascendancy which material and intellectual superiority has heretofore enjoyed among us—to maintain, that is, the correspondence between social structure and political action which is the real merit of our Constitution—it will not be difficult to show that the only hope of satisfying this desire lies in securing the freest possible play for all natural forces. They must believe that superior knowledge, plus superior wealth, gives an enormous pull to the upper classes, who are really able to hold their own in a fair field and with no favour. Such Conservatives will see that they must unite with real Liberals in fighting the Communists, and all the dogmatizing visionaries who seek to force the nation into a democratic mould, instead of allowing the national life to develope itself freely according to the unknown, but natural, and therefore Divine, law of its being. (*Ostracism is the danger.*) I am ashamed of this long digression,

which is perhaps nonsense, and certainly very ill expressed. To go back to Crime. I forgot to say, I quite understand and approve your proposal relative to the incorrigible felon. The life-long restraint is not to be expiatory on the part of the convict, but self-defensive on the part of society. A *lenient* confinement is all that public opinion—for some time to come—will sanction in cases where it is to last for life. I fancy Baker could contrive a satisfactory scheme for this purpose.

I don't know anything of Criminal Law yet, and I am at present wholly taken up with Poor Law, which indeed has some, and ought to have more, connection with the summary jurisdictions.

Yours ever,
E. DENISON.

OSSINGTON, NEWARK,
January 13, 1869.

It is very good of you to have given so much attention to my rubbishy rhapsody, and I am sorry to have occasioned you such a loss of valuable time. The long and short of it is, that I believe in the possibility of getting the masses to see that a nation is a co-operative society on a large scale, and of inducing them (when the duties of the officers shall have been rightly apportioned, the penalties for neglecting those duties clearly laid down, and the machinery for enforcing those penalties put in

smooth working order) to trust the managers with very large powers, secure in their abiding ability to withdraw the delegation, or to change the delegate at pleasure. The objector, of course, exclaims, 'Oh! Democratic Despotism you want, do you?' I deny it flatly. Democratic Despotism is the confession of impotent ignorance; of the paralysis induced by artificial equality. My ideal strong government, on the contrary, can only exist when every citizen takes as much interest in government as he does now in his joint-stock bank or his benefit club, and the hierarchical distribution of powers which such a government involves is the very negation of democratic equality, in that it recognizes the diversity of gifts, and seeks to apply each one, through the operation of free-trade principles, to its fittest subject-matter.

First catch your hare. People don't, in fact, take the interest in national affairs which such a scheme of government requires.

True: but anything like a system of national education has not been at work for twenty years yet. The children are only just growing up who have received even the makeshift teaching of the National schools. The idea of a modern State has not so much as existed among our people till after 1848, and then only among an infinitesimal small minority, who have made a very bad use of their idea.

The amount of political sense required is not more

than already exists in Prussia and Switzerland. But then those countries, though in this respect in advance of us, are far behind us in industrial organization, and in the habit of political action. If to our social activity and instinctive political ability we could add the intelligent mind, necessary to inform and guide our political and social movements, I believe a government in the nature of the *ideal* Greek aristocracy (not of any of the practical oligarchies) would not only be possible, but the one most congenial to the English temperament.

Seriously, vast changes are certainly impending. They will be evolved slowly, like all changes in England, but their operation will not be the worse for intelligent guidance. All the talk of reforming the House of Lords either points to a Senate—which is destruction to hereditary peerage—or to suppression of the House altogether. The last alternative, I think, we may set aside—the Senate remains, and for my part I think it would be a good exchange.

But you will begin to think I am a dreamer, if, indeed, you have read as far as this.

In reality I am occupied with the humblest details of Poor Law management and charities organization, to which I mean at present to confine myself.

OSSINGTON,
January 3, 1869.

I am doing nothing in the East, but I am occupied in trying to puzzle out the effects of public and private charity as they are, and as they should be. The contented ignorance of the true causes of our economic derangements on the part of men who write and speak of them strikes me very much, and I can't rest till I have found or invented them.

BOURNEMOUTH,
January 20, 1869.

Your quotation, 'Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,' exactly lays down the limits of human happiness. We can all be happy now and then, fortunately, for we cannot always think. The most thoughtless are the happiest people in the world; but for the more ruminative and melancholy there is a sovereign specific—practical work—which is more potent to turn us away from reflection than even the wildest amusement is. I am perfectly happy when I am actually at work, whatever the work may be. I have got a hamper full of papers and newspapers, snippings to arrange and paste into my big scrapbook—a sort of work that can only be done in a quiet moment like this.

About old Berkeley I don't know anything, except the vulgar notion that he denied the existence of matter.

I don't know if he did or not; but if he did, he would seem to have anticipated the conclusions of modern science, which bid fair to reduce all phenomena to the phantasmagoric play of a subtle something called 'Force,' which the wise men speak of as the Alpha and Omega of the universe. Has it ever struck you how rapidly science is tracing all phenomena—those called material as well as others—to a common centre, and so approaching demonstration of, shall we say, a First Cause?

BOURNEMOUTH,
February 5, 1869.

All sects, *quâ* sects, are just as bad as Rome, in that they make to themselves some golden calf of human device, some similitude of the invisible, some definition of the infinite and incomprehensible.

But their walls are crumbling under the sap of the waters of life; the ecclesiasticisms of the world are being ground to powder under the corner-stone of Truth. The disintegration of existing religious bodies is about to be vastly accelerated, and we must reconcile ourselves to the anarchic, amorphous periods which must precede the reign of Christ.

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
February 28, 1869.

I have been studying in the *Débats*, with great atten-

tion and interest, the debate in the Corps Législatif about the Paris improvements. When Leon Say used to talk about it at Paris, I used to think I never should get to understand it, but this debate has made it quite clear to me. Among others here are a few little facts.

The Imperial improvements have cost in the last fifteen years 1,865,000,000 francs, or £74,000,000 sterling. The current expense of paving, lighting, cleaning, &c., which cost in 1847 4,300,000 francs, or £172,000 sterling, now costs 23,600,000 francs, or £944,000 sterling: this is exclusive of 'entretien des promenades,' &c., which costs over £100,000 a year more. The spirit in which the work is done may be illustrated by the fact that about £2,000,000 were absolutely thrown away and wasted in contracting one loan at a ruinous price in order to conceal the transaction from the Corps Législatif. The Minister finally was driven to justify the works by the necessity of staving off *émeutes*. All my suspicions are being confirmed to the letter by these revelations.

LONDON,
April 19, 1869.

Alas! my dear lady, on Wednesday morning I shall be an example of the sad case figured by the adage,—'His body is in Segovia, his soul is in Madrid,' and I have only myself to thank for it. I remember now that some time ago you said you were going to be in town that morning,

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pauper Smith, of No. —, in Queer Street, is, and can only be, supported by the alms of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, just round the corner, and not by the mysterious and wealthy stranger who seems to embody the idea entertained of the State by too many philanthropists. The spirit of Christian charity is happily combined in this remarkable paper with regard for economic truth, and if we could hope that most metropolitan unions are ready heartily to adopt its recommendations we might look forward to a speedy and permanent reduction of metropolitan destitution. Unfortunately we are in the dark as to the degree of unanimity among the representative Guardians which this report implies, and the degree of acceptance it will meet with from those whom they represent is still more problematical. I feel, however, so convinced of the soundness of the principles therein laid down, and of the expediency of the practical measures proposed, that I am anxious to press them upon the favourable notice of your readers. The most satisfactory feature of this report is the importance it assigns to the labour test, and the sound doctrines it propounds respecting it. The truth is, the method of applying a labour test has yet to be evolved, and on the direction taken in this matter it depends whether we succeed in leading back our paupers into the path of independent industry, or drag the whole nation into that vortex of public works

which leads inevitably to the bottomless pit of Communism.

The framers of the Poor Law of 1834 never seriously considered how they could find work for the destitute. They only wanted a disagreeable and deterrent *occupation*. Their principle was to offer board and lodging in the workhouse to all who would take it; the only further consideration being, how to make the recipient's condition so uncomfortable that he would avoid it as long as he could, and get out of it on the first opportunity. Possibly this system, thoroughly and universally enforced by able administrators, might have stamped out pauperism altogether, to the infinite advantage of the whole labouring class. But the law was never in harmony with public opinion; it was very partially and negligently executed, and of course broke down. The Poor Law of 1834 has practically been repealed long ago.

We have now for several years been feeling our way back to the Elizabethan Poor Law, which is in a fair way now to be completely re-established.

The Elizabethan statutes aim at three objects:

1. The care of the sick and impotent.
2. The 'setting on work' of the able-bodied.
3. The punishment of the obstinately indolent.

The care of the sick and impotent is the branch of the old law to which our attention has been first directed,

and rightly so. For, not till we have secured to them their due, can we venture strictly to mark off the able-bodied, and rigidly to exact of them their task of work. Nor, again, till work has been brought within the reach of the industrious and destitute, can we turn with a clear conscience to the pitiless punishment of the incorrigible vagrant.

Measures are in progress which will fully provide for the care of the sick and imbecile. The relief of the old and infirm at their homes must always remain one of the most delicate tasks of the union officers. There remain to be provided, work for the honest destitute, and punishment, sharp and certain, for the beggar and the vagrant. But this must be the subject of another letter, if you can grant the space for it.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD DENISON.

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
February 10, 1869.

The Conference of East End Guardians on Poor Relief.

To the Editor of the East London Observer.

Sir,—In the letter you were good enough to publish last week I said that, if you would lend me another column, I would occupy it with some observations on the proposals of the East End Guardians, with regard to the application of the labour-test. The past week, however, has witnessed an attempt to revive public confidence in an old device for evading the duty laid upon us of finding work for our people at home—the old nostrum, emigration. As I think this can only do harm, I should like to say a few words about it, if you will permit me to defer till next week what I have to say about pauper labour.

I would premise that nothing is further from my wish than to depreciate the excellent work which is being done by the East End Emigration Committee. What I protest against is the notion that emigration is an available and efficient weapon wherewith to do battle against pauperism. Let the Poplar Committee ship off as many unemployed artisans as they can find means to dispose of, but do not let it be supposed that in so doing they are at all contributing to the solution of the pauper problem.

It seems still to be supposed by many people that there are thousands of half-starved wretches in England, who

would be thriving if only they happened to be placed in some more favoured land. But all the evidence I have ever seen goes to negative such a presumption, and to establish the fact that the persons who thrive in the new country are just those who have thriven in the old; those, that is, who are endowed with a strong body, a vigorous mind, a resolute will, and industrious habits. How many such are there now starving in England? On the other hand, all attempts to regenerate the refuse of our great towns by mere change of air and scene have proved abortive. For some specimen results of pauper emigration, I may refer your readers to a letter in the *Times*, of January 26, where the fortunes of some paupers from London and from Limerick are followed out into the New World. They carried with them their intemperance, improvidence, sloth, and vice, and proved a curse to the country they were thrown upon, as they were to the country from which they were ejected. But there is no need to dwell on this point, since I am able to call two prominent advocates of emigration, Mr Jenkins and Mr Standish Haly, as witnesses to the impossibility of exporting our paupers. Mr Haly, in a recent letter to the *Times*, says, 'Under present circumstances, and in face of the hostile views of colonial government upon this subject, a system of "pauper emigration" is impracticable.'

Mr Jenkins says, 'The whole dominion (of Canada) would, as every one knows who has lived there, be glutted

by a few thousands of artisans;' and as to the United States, 'the Yankees would resent the exportation of English paupers to their shores.'

Both these gentlemen put Australia out of the question as a field for pauper emigration, on account of the expense of the voyage, which is calculated at about £25, including the necessary outfit and temporary maintenance on arrival at port. Yet both of them advocate emigration; the one, because artisans can be exported, though paupers cannot; the other, because, although the new countries cannot absorb many paupers or artisans *as such*, they can absorb any number *as settlers*, into which latter class he invites the Government to convert the two former through the agency of loans. Now, as I said before, I am anxious to guard myself against the semblance of detracting from the merits of the Poplar scheme, which is excellent within its own limits, but only to protest against such large inferences as were drawn from that limited excellence by some of the speakers at the late Mansion House meeting. To show that such a protest is not altogether uncalled for, let me quote some remarks of the Lord Mayor. He is reported to have said, 'He had a case before him, a few days ago, at the Justice-room, in which the Jewish Board of Guardians had actually expended upwards of £400 in maintaining the wife and family of a man who had deserted them, and who, when brought before him (the mayor) for punishment, was found to be well able to sup-

port them. That was a common instance, *and* he thought a proper system of emigration should be at once started.' The reporter may have done an injustice to his lordship; but, as it stands, his observation is pure nonsense. If a million such cases came before him every day they would not supply one reason for starting an emigration scheme. The man is found 'well able to support' his family, whom he nevertheless deserts. It is a case for sharp punishment; but how does it bear on the question of emigration? The Lord Mayor asserted, moreover, 'that the pauper population was increasing largely and rapidly, and there was hardly any hope of sustaining its heavy weight except by having recourse to emigration.' How utterly futile such a hope is, I think I have already shown. I have not analyzed Mr Jenkins's spirited proposal that Government should lend emigrants, on their personal security, enough money to pay their passage, buy and stock a farm, and maintain them till after the first harvest, because, even if a Government could be found foolish enough to do this, the only result would be to drain England of a multitude of valuable citizens, while leaving still in the country all that refuse of which we are so anxious to be rid. But how is the finance of this scheme to be managed? It is 'a policy of trust' with a vengeance! Mr Jenkins opines that it would promote in the subjects of it 'a spirit of responsibility *and* independence.' I should fear lest independence should swallow up responsibility without such

a method of Government inspection and control as would impress upon the settler a painful similitude to the ticket-of-leave.

None of the foregoing remarks apply to the assisted emigration of the Thames shipwrights. Their fate is the result of one of those sudden shifts in the industrial current which is sure to occur now and then; and which, being caused by the highly artificial regulations to which that stream is subjected, must be remedied by means equally artificial. It is admitted that the colonies will joyfully receive and amply remunerate a limited number of industrious artisans. That the number thus absorbed cannot be large, must be evident to any one who considers that the great bulk of artisans is employed either in producing the superfluities and ornaments of life, or in the prosecution of undertakings which can only receive their initiation from great masses of capital; while in a new country there is little concentrated capital, and small demand for aught but the necessaries of life. The best claim, however, of the East End Emigration Committee upon the support of the public is, that it does not confine its attention to emigration, but also assists *migration* from one part of the United Kingdom to the other. It appears that of the 1700 and odd whom the Committee have enabled to leave the Thames, only 900 have emigrated, while more than 800 have had work found for them in other parts of Great Britain. This is a most important

and significant fact; and it points to means of reducing pauperism, and of mitigating the shock of industrial catastrophes, which, I venture to think, will far exceed in efficacy the most extensive and expensive systems of foreign emigration.

This is not the place to combat the prevalent notions that we are afflicted with a redundant population in this country, there are more workers in existence than there is work to be done, and the like. These ideas are erroneous, and proof that they are so abounds. The facts mentioned in this very report of the Guardians, relative to the Birmingham House of Industry, show that there, at all events, the difficulty of finding employment for the honest and the industrious is almost nil. For the dishonest and the incorrigibly idle we have not got to find work; we must teach them the advantage of work by making restraint and hard fare the necessary concomitants of idleness. For the present, however, let us glance only at the iron-ship building on the Thames. It is true, that during the latter years of the American civil war, this business was flourishing; it is true that it is so no longer. Must we necessarily infer that we have in England a superfluous number of men trained to iron-ship building; or is it only that experience has demonstrated the superior fitness of other ports than London for this kind of work? At a time of unlimited activity and exaggerated profits the superiority of London as a *loading* port might balance or

obscure its inferiority as a *building* port. The certainty of freight might for a time be more valued than cheapness of construction; but the latter consideration was sure to regain its influence as profits fell, and would argue loudly in favour of proximity to the reservoir of coal and of iron. Certainly, the expansion of trade on the Clyde alone would seem almost sufficient to have absorbed all the unemployed hands on the Thames, without taking into account other ports where trade was also progressive. Whereas there was launched in the Clyde during the year 1867 a gross amount of 114,598 tons, the produce of the year 1868 was 174,978—an increase of more than 60,000 tons; and the orders for 1869 are far heavier than they were at the same period last year. But the fact is, general ignorance, a narrow local spirit, bad trade-rules on the part of the men, bad customs of management on the part of the masters, a total want of sympathy between the two, and defective means of communication, both intellectual and physical, between different parts of the country, make a mere change in the seat of a trade almost as ruinous as its total disappearance.

The establishment of a free exchange of labour between all parts of Great Britain, the universal diffusion of timely and minute intelligence with regard to the circumstances of every trade, the contrivance of organizations whereby the labourers might adapt themselves to those circumstances—the promotion of these and kindred objects might

well be the care of those who would merit the glorious title of Guardians of the Poor.

That the manifesto of February 1st recognizes in some measure the paternal character of the Guardian's office is not the least of its merits. Towards the end of the sixth paragraph of the third resolution, Guardians are invited to use their position as 'large employers of labour,' or as 'well acquainted with those who are,' to open up a channel of communication between employers and employed, in the assurance that 'the personal influence and supervision of individual Guardians can scarcely be over-rated, and thus a bond of sympathy will gradually arise between the Guardians and the deserving poor.' Such a bond, I may add, would not be less advantageous to the ratepayers than the paupers, by putting an end to, or at least much facilitating, the exposure of the frauds now practised on the community by the cadging semi-criminal class.

Public works must be the subject of my next letter. In this one I have endeavoured to show the futility of reliance upon emigration as a cure for pauperism, and the necessity of developing our internal resources as being all we have now to depend upon, however we may hope that our remote descendants shall practically realize the truth of the motto which Edmund Ludlow wrote over the threshold of his exile—

'Every land is my fatherland,
For all lands are my Father's.'

I remain, sir, &c.,
EDWARD DENISON.

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB,
February 18, 1869.

THE CONFERENCE OF EAST END GUARDIANS ON POOR RELIEF.

To the Editor of the East London Observer.

The East End Guardians have been well advised in resolving that 'the circumstances of the metropolis, where the distress is now rather of a chronic than an exceptional character, do not render it desirable that an artificial demand should be created for pauper labour, nor any special works undertaken for the relief of the unemployed.'

The frightful consequences of creating such an artificial demand for labour are not apparent to a generation which seems to have forgotten the bitter fruits of the old rate-in-aid of wages, and to be blind to the gigantic evils now fast growing to maturity on the other side of the Channel, under a system which undertakes to supply work to all who ask for it.

The objection to such a method is not liable to exceptions; it is universal and eternal; but its force is multi-

plied a hundred-fold by the 'circumstances of the metropolis.'

A prominent characteristic of our social economy, and a main cause of its unsatisfactory condition, is the ignorant rush of population from the villages and smaller towns towards the great industrial centres.

This rush would alone suffice to frustrate all the prudential efforts of the workmen permanently resident in those centres, even were their efforts more systematic and enlightened than they are; and, until its course is arrested, it will be impossible to establish an industrial equilibrium.

The phenomenon in question is not confined to this country, and it belongs in some measure, no doubt, to the present stage of western civilization. It is not, however, on that account to be acquiesced in, much less encouraged.

I am not going to parade the well-established statistics, which prove that in towns people are less healthy and die faster than in the country, that fewer children are born, that fewer still survive infancy, and that the survivors inherit diminished vital power, and are every way less fit than country people to answer the ends of human life.

Ask the recruiting sergeant how many men he could pick out of Whitechapel or Bethnal Green, who would pass the medical examination for the army. It is enough to remember that there is not a town in Britain but would exhibit a progressive decline of population, if it were not fed by a constant stream of humanity from the healthier

and more prolific districts around it. Those who are afraid of over-population may make their minds easy if we are destined soon to be all inhabitants of towns; for when that happy consummation is reached, our numbers will begin rapidly to decline.

Looking, however, to the existing conditions of life in large towns, I cannot think it desirable to do anything which may stimulate the present tendency of mankind to bind together in large masses. But this is just what public works must necessarily do.

You may begin by giving a job to those who are temporally out of work. Nothing seems more harmless; yet, the spectacle of certain and continuous employment will too surely draw to the place which exhibits it a continually increasing swarm from her favoured localities; and there is, literally, no limit (when once any claim but that of utility is admitted) to the possible increase of the demand upon the wages-fund—no limit, except that imposed by its absolute exhaustion; a limit which was reached in some parishes before 1834. Now it may not be uninteresting to look at the results obtained in France under a system which virtually makes every large town a labour-yard for the unemployed.

Between the years 1851—1861 the total population of France was increased by 934,084 souls (I omit the annexed provinces of Savoy and Nice). Within the same period the population of the four largest towns of the

Empire, viz. Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, was increased by 808,862 souls.

This leaves only 125,222 for the increase of all the rest of France put together. If, then, we take into account the manufacturing towns, such as Lille, Roubaise, Tourcoing, Mulhouse, St Etienne, &c., and the seaport towns, such as Havre, Brest, L'Orient, and Toulon, which have about doubled in population during the same period —to say nothing of all the considerable towns, like Strasbourg, Toulouse, &c., which show an increase of some thousands—we shall not be surprised to find that the rural population, during the ten years in question, actually *decreased* by more than 100,000.

This comparison would be only more telling, if it were brought down from 1861 to 1868. For, at the former date, Lyons was increasing by more than 10,000 a-year, Marseilles and Bordeaux at the rate of 3,000 a-year each, while the report of the Agricultural Commission, issued last year, proclaims a deplorable and progressive deficiency of hands for the cultivation of the soil.

It is the nature of this precious remedy to create the disease it is meant to allay; and while only 1161 houses were demolished at Paris in 1866, it was found necessary to knock down 2325 in 1868.

It will be objected, that if people flock to the towns, it is because they find themselves better off there than in the country.

But do they? My complaint is that the rush is an ignorant rush, which carries its dupes over the precipice into the gulf of pauperism, of crime, of disease, of starvation, of despair.

What are the facts at Paris, where the whole might of an omnipotent administration has for sixteen years been directed to the satisfaction of the workman's wants?

Why, here is what M. Jules Favre said last Saturday in the Corps Législatif:—

'In a circular of the Bureau de Bienfaisance for the 13th arrondissement (of Paris), I read of 15,000 paupers on the list, and of a famished mob of 30,000 clamouring for enrolment upon it.

'On the 18th arrondissement the list included only 2,800, it now numbers 9,258. In the 20th arrondissement the number of paupers has risen from 2,000 to 6,000.'

Further on he says, 'Expelled by the rise of rents, first from the interior of Paris, next from the suburbs, the workman has taken refuge on open ground outside the fortifications. There you may see hordes of them bivouacking on the ground, or huddled into hovels of brick, of wood, and even of tarred pasteboard. It is a picture of barbarism by the side of civilization.'

Of the workmen whose condition is thus painted by M. Favre, there are, by the admission of the Minister of State, over 300,000 in Paris, exclusive of the families which, of course, many of them have.

All this, let it not be forgotten, in a city where £74,000,000 sterling have, in the course of sixteen years, been expended on works undertaken mainly for the purpose of employing the people.

The inevitable catastrophe is only deferred by the wholesale exportation of children through the medium of the Foundling Hospital.

Any woman, or a midwife on her behalf, can, by making an affirmation of indigence, the truth of which is not too closely scanned, get her child, legitimate or otherwise (80 per cent. of the children at the Hospital are illegitimate), admitted to this institution. There it is at once handed over to a wet nurse, who carries it off to be brought up with her own children in the country, where it serves to replenish the failing stock of farm-servants. The process is facilitated by the enormous mortality among the foundlings, treble that of children brought up at home. In the first quarter of the year 1868, 2000 children were thus drafted off into the country.

A view of the Public Works policy would have been imperfect if it left unnoticed this curious device for partially mitigating its attendant evils; and I have dwelt at some length upon the whole scheme, because the facts of it appear to me eminently instructive just now when so many writers are urging us to set our unemployed to work at the improvements of our towns. Our towns want improving badly enough, God knows: but let them be

improved in the regular way of business, and let us most carefully avoid any course which may aggravate the already excessive and unhealthy crowding together of our people.

My own belief is that the Metropolitan improvements are chargeable, as it is, with most of the increase in London pauperism. Certainly I have myself met with many cases of distressed persons who had come up to work on the Thames Embankment, or the Metropolitan Railway, or some other 'big job.' Something of this sort will happen, and cannot be avoided. The car of progress exacts its victims, but we are bound to do what we can to confine the evil within the narrowest possible limits. Our policy is to discourage immigration into the large towns. To that end—

1. We must so discipline and regulate our charities as to cut off the resources of the habitual mendicant.*

(When Society gets to understand the enormous tax which beggars *irregularly* levy upon it, and the fact that by mere administrative organization a *regular* contribution of about one-tenth the amount would supply all possible *bonâ fide* wants of the destitute, it will, perhaps, be induced to adopt the cheaper and more effectual method.)

2. All who, by begging, proclaim themselves destitute,

* This scheme or forecast has since been actually embodied by the 'Society for Organizing Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity,' already referred to above.

must be taken at their word. They must be taken up and kept at penal work—not for one morning, as now, but for a month or two—at the discretion of the Master of the House of Correction to which they are committed; a proportion of their earnings being handed over to them, on dismissal, as capital on which to begin a life of honest industry.

The vagrant, constantly interrupted in his calling by detentions of this sort, would soon find it worth his while to abandon the road and take to some occupation.

N.B.—On a chance night last month, out of sixty male vagrants housed in Whitechapel casual ward, there was but *one* real wayfarer.

3. We must promote the circulation of labour, and obviate morbid congestions of the great industrial centres.

4. We must improve the condition of the agricultural labourer.

This is really the most important point of all, though it only bears indirectly on London pauperism.

How far workhouse labour can be carried without substantial injury to free labour, and why, I must examine another time. What I have said to-day will at least give food for reflection to those who wish to make Torrens' Act the basis of a great Public Works movement.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD DENISON.

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB, S.W.,
March 11.

1869.

A good system of poor relief should be considered in the light of an insurance effected by the contributions of the labourers, whose wages it lowers for the maintenance in distress of that portion of the labouring class who without it would simply starve.

Were the labourers sufficiently provident to join unanimously in organizing such an insurance office, no necessity would exist for a State system of poor relief.

PARIS,
April 1, 1869.

The details of M. de Magnitot's system are to be found in his book. Briefly, they amount to this—

The Establishment of the Dépôt.
The Interdiction of Mendicity.

The formation in every Commune not possessing a Bureau de Bienfaisance of a Commission Charitable Provisoire.

The collection throughout the Departments of voluntary subscriptions, to be applied by the Administration in the relief of the distressed.

Every person convicted of begging in the Department to undergo a month or two of imprisonment by due course of law, and then to be transferred to the Dépôt for an indeterminate period, there to be kept at work '*dans*

un but de moralization,' and to be discharged when he has by his labour earned enough to maintain him for a short time while in search of employment. Those who are employed within the walls of the Dépôt are found work by the Entrepreneur, who supplies the provisions to all the penal establishments in the Department. Those for whom work can be found out of doors are let out by the Gardien of the Dépôt to private employers. In neither case are the workers paid *wages.* They are paid on a scale fixed for each individual by the authorities, and the money is handed over, not to themselves, but to the Receveur of the Dépôt. In the case of indoor work, set by the Entrepreneur, the money earned is apportioned as follows :—

2-4ths goes to the Entrepreneur.

1-4th is carried to the credit of the worker, and forms part of the '*masse*' or '*péculi*' which is handed over to him on his discharge. 1-4th is carried to his credit as 'disponible,' and this he may spend at the canteen of the Dépôt in adding to his dietary, or buying snuff, &c. (smoking is not allowed).

To take an example from the account book which I saw : 'A. B. earns in a month at "dividage," *i. e.* spinning yarn, 5f. 66c.

Paid to Entrepreneur .	frs. 2 83
Disponible	1 41
Reserve	1 42
	Frs. 5 66

When the 'reclus' is employed out of doors, the same method is observed, with the difference that the employer, whoever he may be, stands in the place of the Entrepreneur, and receives half the earnings.

Such is the system in outline—a system which, if carried out on a large scale, would throw much interesting light on the subject of pauper employment. In fact, however, it is perfectly useless as an example of such employment by reason of its very narrow limits.

On the whole, my conclusion is, that in a Department administered on Magnitot's plan, the relief of the poor is just where it was in England before the 43 Elizabeth, and not a whit better.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY,
April 5, 1869.

I have burst the bubble I went to see in France. It is a shambling approach to workhouse and poor-rate under colour of voluntary effort.

We have hardly anything to learn from France except the natural thrift of the people, which makes the collective insurance of poor-rate unnecessary.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
April 8, 1869.

I have behaved very ill. I believe I said I would

write from Paris, and here I am, nearly a week after my return, only just putting pen to paper.

I enjoyed my visit pretty well in spite of the horrid weather which made my journey '*en province*' a decided hardship. That journey, however, was not so long as I had intended; in fact, I was only away from Paris one night. I meant to have gone to Nevers to see the Préfet Magnitot, of whose book on Mendicancy I think I spoke to you.

When there, if the weather had been tolerable and facilities had offered for an examination of French rural administration, I should probably have prolonged my stay. I found, however, that Magnitot had been transferred to the Department of the Oise, of which Alençon is the capital. Thither, therefore, I went, armed with a letter of introduction from Lavergne. Unluckily, when I got there the Préfet was away on his *Tournée de Révisions*, *i. e.* verifying the lists for the conscription. His secretary, however, enabled me to confer with the director of the Assistance, and to visit the dépôt.

I got, therefore, most of the information I wanted, though I could hardly have failed to get a good deal more in conversation with the great man himself. The great man himself, unfortunately, is not so great as I thought he was, and his system offers little that is available for English adoption—nothing, in fact. The whole thing has to be pigeon-holed with the other burst bubbles; one delusion the less, at all events.

I saw some of my old friends at Paris.

Nothing can be worse than the political situation; and it is almost impossible to believe that the Emperor will not seek extrication from it by the road of war. Confining one's attention to home affairs, one fact of enormous importance declares itself—the rise of a real parliamentary opposition, weighty by the genius and eloquence of its members, and, though small in numbers, not so small that it can be systematically ignored.

Let their practical impotence be granted as much as you please; let the ignorance of the peasantry and their devotion to the Empire be painted in as brilliant colours as you like; still you cannot have thirty or forty of the foremost men in France declaiming, week after week, and year after year, against the abuses of the Administration, voting against them in constitutional form, appealing to the people to support them in a purely utilitarian and undynastic protest against misgovernment, without producing a spirit of discontent in the country, which can only be met by some measure of concession, or by silencing the orators and suppressing all pretence of liberty.

This last is a step which I believe to have become absolutely impossible in France, unless temporarily under the pretext of strengthening the hands of Government in the conduct of a great war.

Much will depend, no doubt, on the result of the elections. But the opposition already numbers between

forty and fifty, and no one believes that this list will be curtailed even if it be not increased.

All the towns are against the Government, and the new military law has somewhat irritated the thick-skinned peasantry. I haven't time now to say any more. I am quite well, but the more I study things the more ignorant and helpless I feel, and I don't know that I shall be able to find anything to say even on my pet subject. It will be quite two years more before I feel that I know anything about it.

Extract of a Speech delivered in the House of Commons, May 10, 1869, on a Motion of Mr Corrance (M.P. for Suffolk) relative to Pauperism.

Note by Editor.—With the exception of one or two necessary notes, these letters are printed without comment or introduction; but it has been felt that a few words of explanation are desirable in regard to the following extract of a speech (on the motion of Mr Corrance to consider the state of Pauperism in this country), the first and last ever made by Mr Denison in the House of Commons.

The views herein expressed, especially the boldness of the opening sentences, will no doubt be held to be utopian, if not chimerical, by many, even experienced, men: but it is nevertheless a fact that some of the ablest and most earnest minds in England, recognizing the fatal

Communistic element pervading our Poor Laws (namely, the legal right of the improvident and worthless to be maintained out of the earnings of the industrious), and in despair at the fatuous administration exhibited throughout the country, are already of opinion that our Poor Law must be ultimately superseded by some more intelligent system, at once more merciful and more severe. Moreover, as in a matter of this sort arguments are as nothing, and facts everything, it may be stated as a fact, that since the extension of the Poor Law to Scotland, improvidence has seriously increased. Also it may be remembered that Dr Chalmers in Glasgow actually *did abolish the levying Poor-rates* in his own parish, and administered a voluntary Poor Relief himself, by means of a parochial organization; and it may be further stated that, in a pauperized East End London parish, the incumbent has expressed his readiness to repeat the experiment of Chalmers, if the Guardians would cease to levy a rate.

These facts may be sufficient to justify the apparent extravagance of some opinions expressed in Mr Denison's speech; for the details of a scheme, equal in scope to a social revolution, this is not the place.

Mr E. Denison had listened with satisfaction to a large part of the speech of the hon. member for Suffolk. He concurred that the object to be kept in view was the absolute abolition of the Poor Laws, which were incapable

of achieving that which they were intended to do. He also agreed that the time was come when the work should be completed. This was not a subject to be dealt with in a partial and half-hearted way; a very serious reform must be introduced if anything were to be done at all. He further concurred that one of the most deplorable features of Poor Law administration under the Act of 1834 had been the marvellous weakness of the Central Board, which had been anything but the despot it had been prophesied it would be, and had at times found itself absolutely paralyzed by the resistance of the Guardians, and had been repeatedly foiled in the attempt to carry out common-sense reforms. He further concurred in the absolute necessity of confining relief to the able-bodied, from whatever source they might come, to the workhouse. There seemed to be an obvious distinction between their case and that of the sick and infirm; and certainly the framers of the Act of 1834 made a great mistake in clubbing together the sick, the aged and infirm, and the able-bodied in one building, and thus confounding in one treatment two classes that deserved to be treated in a different way—those whom every one would admit to be the legitimate objects of the tenderest care of the charitable disposition of the country, and those to whom a bare sustenance should be grudgingly allowed to avert the scandal and disgrace of their suffering absolute starvation. It was obvious there must be some test of the actual con-

dition of those who applied for relief, and it must be a self-acting test; because no human being could actually tell at sight whether a man was actually in want or was not. There was little fear of persons becoming sick to obtain relief, and they could not make themselves aged and infirm. There was, therefore, no danger of increasing the numbers of these classes in receipt of relief by administering relief outside the walls of the workhouse. The importance of vagrancy was to be estimated, not only by the aggregate number of vagrants and the absolute expense to which they put the country, but by the demoralization it produced, the scandal it involved, and the abuse of charity that prevailed.

* * * * * *

No hon. member had, as yet, charged the Casual Poor Act with having increased vagrancy, but he feared the charge could be, to some extent, substantiated.

A liberal supply of casual wards, offering improved accommodation, would, not improbably, tempt some idlers to a wandering life; but whether the number of vagrants had increased or not, the number was very large, and the question was, how they could be relieved as at present with deterrent effect? The remedy was to be found in a strict application of the Vagrant Act in all the casual wards, and this could only be done by investing the Board with greater powers over the Guardians, either to coerce or to entice them to act upon their suggestions.

It appeared very desirable that if coercion was not applicable, some sort of inducement should be offered, and that it should be in the power of the Poor Law Board to hold out certain hopes to local Boards, to be realized on condition that they should comply with the recommendations of the central body. The only counterpoise to the universal concession of relief to the destitute was to be found in the proper administration of the Vagrant Act. The hon. member for Dorsetshire seemed to have spoken very leniently of vagrancy when he said it was almost a crime. It seemed to him to be a crime of a very bad description, and it was treated so by the Act. No person not guilty of a crime could be treated in the manner prescribed by the Vagrant Act. . . .

MARSHALL HOTEL, GUERNSEY,
Tuesday, May 18, 1869.

The difference between poverty and pauperism is brought home to me very strongly by what I see here. In England, we have people faring sumptuously while they are getting good wages, and coming on the parish as paupers the moment those wages are suspended. Here, people are never dependent on any support but their own; but they live, of their own free will, in a style of frugality which a landlord would be hooted at for suggesting to his cottagers. We pity Hodge reduced to bacon and greens and to meat only once a week. The

principal meal of a Guernsey farmer consists of *soupe à la graisse*, which is, being interpreted, cabbage and peas stewed with a little dripping. This is the daily dinner of men who *own* perhaps three or four cows, a pig or two, and poultry. But the produce and the flesh of these creatures they sell in the market, investing their gains in extension of land, or stock, or in 'quarters' (that is, rent-charges on land, certificates of which are readily bought and sold in the market, affording to the borrower an easy means of raising money, and to the owner of savings a safe and ready investment).

Meat they seldom taste, except a bit of pork—salt junk—added on great occasions to the cabbage. Fish—generally conger eels—forms a less rare addition to their diet. There is no doubt, however, that the excessive desire of gain has led these islanders to reduce their diet to the very lowest point consistent with health. Indeed, I find some writers attribute to habitual semi-starvation the low physical type which they think this people exhibit. But this, if a fact, may be owing to excessive breeding in and in, which is recognized as a cause of the small size of cattle, and may have had similar effects among their masters.

Wednesday, May 19, 1869.

At one I went with Mr Talbot to call on Victor Hugo at Hauteville House. He talked freely on his political

notions for about half-an-hour, in the course of which he said quite enough to show me what an impracticable Jacobin he was, and how utterly impossible it must be for men of his school in any country to be really useful as practical politicians. He declared himself opposed to all taxation; then he admitted that wherever taxation was a payment for service performed it was legitimate; so that it just comes to this, that he disapproves of some of the purposes to which Governments at present devote part of the proceeds of taxation. He wants the State to take possession of all waste lands, and cultivate them *pro bono publico:* item, to take and use all the town sewage. In short, the State—*i. e.* the Government for the time being—is to pay the expenses of administration out of profits made by itself in the capacity of a large wholesale trader and manufacturer. He shares the usual Continental mistake of thinking our English Established Church was paid out of taxation; and when I said it was maintained by its own property, he replied, then it ought to be confiscated.

Then he was frantic in favour of female suffrage; it was the right of every woman, because it was the right of every human being. When I asked whether—granting the existence of the right—we might not safely leave the women to assert it at their pleasure, he went off into the analogy of children's rights, for the assertion of which by themselves the State does not wait. I objected that the

more he insisted on this analogy, the less he could make of female equality with men. Then he admitted the case of children was quite exceptional, and went off on a rigmarole about the adult, ending by a declaration that the beggar 'mendicant' had a better right to the suffrage than he or I had; all this with the most rigid maintenance of the rights of capital, on which his views seem to diverge widely from those of Louis Blanc, of whom in other respects he seems an ally.

The general impression I have got from my conversation with Victor Hugo is anything but flattering to his political sagacity or reasoning powers.

His house is curiously fitted up; the walls and balusters of the stairs covered with carpet and tapestry, broken by mirrors. The dining-room is entirely walled with Dutch tiles, with very pretty designs in pale brownish pink, on a white ground. The general effect is very good.

The room in which he received us was a very ordinary one, except that it contained three enormous velvet fauteuils, in one of which he seated himself, while Mr Talbot and I occupied the other two, his sister-in-law subsiding on to a cane-bottomed affair in the window, and taking no part in the conversation, except to object to female suffrage. Victor Hugo is, as to physique, a typical Frenchman, short, stout, rather paunchy, with a well-set-on head, of good shape, covered with short white hair. His forehead, though high, is not remarkably so, and,

though it does not recede at all, is not prominent. His nose is straight, but thick and coarse; the eyes—I forget their colour—are small, with an expression of great irritability; the mouth and chin are concealed by thick moustache and short beard.

The Guernsey folk say he is very rich, but he lives quite apart, and does not mix in the island society.

JERSEY,
May 23, 1869.

. . . He must be quite young, about my own age, I should think. In England one would describe him as a shopkeeper. He is a shopkeeper; that is to say, he keeps a shop in the town, where he is at work all day. But what's in a name? He bears as much resemblance to a London shopkeeper as Cosmo de Medici does to Moses & Son. What is to be said of a shopkeeper with a pedigree of five centuries, who can talk well of painting, of architecture, of law, of government; who has the history of the Middle Ages at his fingers' ends; who is conversant with the laws and customs of Normandy and of England, and who quotes Wordsworth and Maine's Ancient Law? Clearly such a being is not what an Englishman means to designate when he speaks of a shopkeeper. I delight in these refutations of modern convention, in breach of the paltry hedges which a sordid plutocracy has devised in England to fence about the usurpa-

tions of brutal ignorant wealth. M—— R—— shares Lempriere's dislike of the sub-division of property, and lamented the absence of the spirit of enterprise engendered among the younger sons by the custom of primogeniture, and of the high standard of cultivation and refinement maintained by a class of large proprietors. He was obliged to admit, however, the existence of a far more diffused well-being here than in England, and acknowledged that the agglomeration of land in England went far beyond what was required in order to obtain the national advantages he attributed to the existence of large proprietors. He acknowledged, too, that he knew of cases in which the possession of large property by owners habitually resident in another country was an unmixed evil. But, on the other hand, the system of minute subdivision of property which obtains in the island engenders a stolid, obstinate contentment with a low general standard of material welfare, and it absolutely kills all upward tendency to refinement and mental culture. It seems also—at all events the law compelling the division of personalty does—to discourage the accumulation, and unreasonably to dissipate when accumulated, of those large masses of capital which are really essential to the successful prosecution of undertakings, and highly conducive to the advance in civilization of the whole human race. . . . People make believe and acknowledge that property has its duties as well as its rights; but do they

include in this precious discovery a recognition of *personal superintendence, personal presence, personal care and influence*, as being among those duties?

JERSEY,
May 24, 1869.

As to my speech, I am sensible that it appeared to great disadvantage in a debate which embraced, one way and another, the whole subject of Poor Law, because it was limited to the consideration of one of the smallest branches of Poor Law administration. I could not have stated my views on the principles of the matter, and the very comprehensive remedies required, without raising such a storm of abuse as I did not care to excite by a maiden speech. As to the treatment of vagrancy, my propositions are perfectly simple, easy of execution, proved by experience to be efficient, recommended by no end of Parliamentary Committees, Poor Law Inspectors, Poor Law Board minutes, &c., and all still a dead letter. The scheme is simply this: Provide everywhere, and take pains to prove to the public that you really do everywhere provide, food and lodging for the destitute stranger; and that it is such as the unfortunate, if honest and decent, may fairly be expected to accept. Then carry out the Vagrant Act to the letter; arrest every beggar, and put them to hard labour in the House of Correction. Of course this involves some management on the part of

the magistrates who convict, and some expense on the country, not more of either than in my humble opinion it is quite reasonable to demand for the public good. . .

Four pages of prose, and no room for poetry about the Norman Isles. Well—but I am delighted with them, and must sing a little song of sixpence in their praise. I landed at Guernsey without any introductions of any sort, but a zealous admiration for a pamphlet on land tenure by an anonymous author, and published at Guernsey.

So I went straight to the publisher, and told him what I came about—that I wanted to grub among their island laws and customs. He took me and introduced me to the author of my pamphlet, who turned out to be quite the king of the place, an old member of the Supreme Court, one of the richest men in the island, and most active in all public matters. He received me most kindly, and in ten minutes we were as thick as if we had been old friends. I went to lunch with him, and afterwards he drove me about the island. This process was repeated three times, and what with conversation and reading I picked up a good deal of information.

My friendly publisher presented me to Victor Hugo, who ranted to me for half-an-hour, and convinced me that with all his sublimity of imagination he is a bad politician and a worse reasoner: he really talked great nonsense. I came here Saturday, and have got introduced

to some capital fellows. But think of my delight at finding myself in the midst of the old feudal system actually. Seigneurs holding by homage and knight service, bound to ride into the sea when the king visits the island, with *droit de columbier*, and *droit de moulin*, and even (in theory) the *haute justice* and *droit de gibet!* A place which is still, in fact, governed by the Curia Regis, on the roll of which the crier of the Court still annually summons such names as the Abbots of Blanchelande and St Michel, the Lords of Anneville, St Ouen, and Diélament; of St Jean de la Houge Boête, of Fieu Luce de Carteret, of Franc Fief en St Brélade, and *La Dame des Arbres!* A place where no will of realty can be made, and where a conveyance takes place by personal appearance of the parties before the Court, where, after the lapse of a thousand years, the subject of an illegal trespass still appeals to the justice of his country by the Clameur de Haro—'Ha Rou, Ha Rou, Ha Rou; à l'aide, mon Prince, on me fait tort!' In Guernsey this appeal is preceded by the solemn recital of the Lord's Prayer in presence of two witnesses. In both islands the procedure is frequently used, and all I have spoken to value it highly. But I must leave off; only I am more than ever sensible of the stupid injustice which is done to feudalism when it is saddled with all the abuses which a corrupt plutocracy have invented to fence about their filthy usurpations.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
June 1, 1869.

I have had a fortnight in the Channel Islands exploring the mysteries of peasant proprietorship. The little communities in question are undoubtedly in easy circumstances and great contentment with their selves and their condition, but they are the most doggedly Conservative parties I ever came across, and their *modus vivendi* would be anything but gratifying to an English Radical. A will of realty cannot be made. A conveyance is executed, one may almost say, by livery of seisin—the parties go before the Court and state their intentions, which are engrossed by the Court and sealed by it, after which the document retires to the Registry, where it abides as the title of the granter and his assignee for ever. They have no written law; such as they do acknowledge is the *vieille coutume* of Normandy, as interpreted by the Jurats, who need never have studied a word of law before the election which makes them judges for life. These jurats, on other than questions of inheritance, *guide themselves* by English law, which, however, has no validity except what their recognition gives it, or what the Crown in Council may give to a special statute.

When I add that people are taxed according to their ability, and that the barristers swear not to argue a bad case, I shall have given you some notion of the absurdities of this marine Arcadia.

16, Chesham Place,
June 23, 1869.

Rathbone's motion (on the subject of the increase of Pauperism and Vagrancy) shows a great advance of opinion, and it is a thousand pities Jenkinson got up, for if he had not been put down in such a way as to stifle discussion, we should have had more adhesion from county members. As it is, Liddell's acceptance of the motion is a great gain. I see that really Radical members have a dim sense of the truth about the Poor Law, which will break out into some fruit after the next general election.

Magna est veritas et prævalebit—not in our time, perhaps; but our bodies may fill up the ditch over which our successors shall pass to the escalade.

New University Club,
August 12, 1869.

It is not by the decent fictions of family attachment that we belong to each other, but by the real bond of a heartfelt sympathy. You are right to complain of the incapacity of words as conductors of feeling—it is not by them that it passes—and we can mutually condone our verbal shortcomings. I think you know that you are almost the only person to whom I can write just as I feel—judge then if I value your affection or not. Life has been very bitter to you, I know—I cannot yet compete with you in that. But the heart knoweth its own

bitterness, and though strangers do their best to intermeddle with its joy, they cannot share it. The crave of my life has been human sympathy, and you are the one from whom I have got it. I suppose you will not believe it, but my inner life has always been one of acute suffering—self-inflicted, I grant, but not less real. God bless you for all your goodness to me, and if the warmest feelings of my heart can give you any comfort—be sure you have them.

August 29, 1869.

This shall be the last letter for a long time in which I will make any reference to what has filled our letters lately. I don't know that I can say anything even in this one, except to thank you a million times for this last of the precious revelations of which you have been the angel. . . . I agree with every word you say about those futile speculations upon the unknown and unknowable. I do not think that any active mind turning at all to the infinite can avoid spinning some such cobwebs for itself, only they ought to be clearly marked as subjective, and had better never travel at furthest beyond the limits of a confidential letter. I met with a pungent remark of Fontenelle's, at second hand, in one of Sir George Lewes' books—to this effect: 'Je ne suis pas si convaincu de notre ignorance par les choses qui sont et dont la raison nous est inconnue, que par celles qui ne sont point

et donc nous trouvons la raison.' I had the good fortune to be uprooted early, and I have been a pilgrim ever since. I feel this constantly such an immense advantage. Such roots as I once had are in that peaceful soil. My father and my mother lie side by side under the cedars in the middle of the cloister, and all that indescribable mass of things visible and invisible which people call 'Home' I left behind me fifteen years ago. A great loss, but also a great enfranchisement, for good as well as for evil. I cannot imagine how anybody feels after they have been married nineteen years. Fifteen years ago seems not to belong to this life, it is so dim and strange.

CLIFF HOUSE, BOURNEMOUTH,
September 16, 1869.

I wish I knew of a book which took 'the sensible view of Emigration,' and at the same time exhibited the true conditions of success in a new country. There may be scattered information of the kind you want in reports of Commissions; but I do not know of any, and none occur to me at the moment as likely. You will find a great deal of information, of the same sort as in the *Sydney Herald* of Dec. 25, in the Registrar-General's Report for New South Wales; ditto, South Australia; ditto, Victoria.

The Colonial Registrar's reports cover a much wider *field* than ours do, and tell pretty near all there is to be

told about the country, so far as it is reducible to mere figures. But remember, you will find little or nothing about Poor-rate. I rather doubt there being such a thing in Australia. It is done in the form of State-charity; grants to benevolent institutions, and so forth. These reports, too, I suppose, are to be seen at the British Museum; but, if not, application at the Colonial Office would surely obtain permission to study them.

I am glad you are busying yourself about this, with a view, I hope, to the Bristol Congress.

People seem rather to confuse two very different processes—colonization and mere export of human rubbish. The former is both feasible, and advantageous to the colonizing country. The latter, *by itself*, would be productive of no advantage to the mother-country, while inflicting great injury on the colony, and is, besides, totally impracticable.

Nature opposes insurmountable obstacles, and so gives effect to God's will, that the fairest fields of his earth shall not be polluted by the filth bred of our bad human laws, defying, as they do, and trying to oppose his laws.

That is my humble opinion at all events. Now, as to colonization, I do most heartily wish to see the whole British Empire — at least — regarded and treated as economically one. You know I deny we are really overpeopled at home; but I must admit that, ill-organized as we are, there are more of us just at the present than is

quite convenient, while our colonies are in want of many more men than they have.

Unfortunately, the colonies make no demand for that class which, with us, is redundant, and for the class which they do seek to attract, there is, speaking generally, employment enough here. However, that the flower of our workmen are emigrating I believe to be a fact; and I should regret it more than I do, if I did not believe it requires an absolute labour-famine to prove to the Capitalist-Philistine that our present social system is not the best possible. Why do these men go? Not near so much because they can't get work; they can and do get work. But they prefer to leave a country in which the whole weight of custom, the whole might of law, is bent to dig deeper and deeper the gulf between rich and poor, of which the whole structure, industrial as well as political, is ingeniously framed to keep the bulk of the people in a state of serfage; in which every attempt to mitigate the effects of this infernal conspiracy against humanity is solemnly anathematized by the Plutocratic Papacy, in the names—oh, blasphemy! in the sacred names of Truth and Liberty. But I am getting off the track. I have come to the conclusion that it will be well to help all our best workmen to get away, in order that Dives may be left alone face to face with Lazarus, and may get some of his sores on to his own bloated carcase. This Irish Land Bill is a good lever; it is stirring the dregs. Ireland is

not the only place where there is land. Interfere but by a finger with the legal rights of one Irish landlord, and you show the British Philistine that his pet idol, 'Property,' is a fiction and a nonentity: that it is the creature of political expediency.

CLIFF HOUSE, BOURNEMOUTH,
September 23, 1869.

I am very glad to find our political concord extends to such a ticklish question as land. The truth is, I don't believe that men who bring an *open* mind to the *patient* study of *facts* do often come to antagonistic conclusions, although, through misapprehension of each other's real meaning, they often fancy they do. But the conditions implied by those words I have underlined are so seldom complied with, and it is so difficult to get at a man's real meaning in its fulness and its limitations, that there is plenty of room for the devil to sow discord.

* * * * * *

If I were perfectly free and independent, what I should really like to do now would be to buy one thousand acres or so in Tasmania, farm as much of it as I needed to keep me in food and clothes, and see if I could not by degrees nurse up a stream of English labourers to come and settle round me—a dream of course, which, at present, at all events, fate forbids me to attempt to realize.

BOURNEMOUTH,
September 25, 1869.

I am rather sorry I have not prepared a paper on Emigration and on the social state of the nation generally (which cannot be left out of sight in dealing thoroughly with emigration) for the Social Science Congress. Of course I can't go to it; but I might have got some one to read it. I do see so very clearly, by this time, all the ins and outs of the matter, that I feel I really ought to make an effort at laying my views before the public. But the truth is, that the mere enunciation, once for all, of any line of political or economical argument is perfectly useless. The public requires to be dealt with in all things as it is dealt with by the advertisers of cheap and nasty goods. Unless you can cover many columns of the *Times* for many months together, with recommendations of your Mountain Port 18*s*. per dozen, it is no use doing anything. You may say it is not so with books; but it is. I find every day the most wholesome truths stated, thoroughly argued, and proved by men of unquestioned ability, and whose authority in a vague way was accepted by their contemporaries, in books which have long been before the public; but which the public has steadily ignored and put aside for the showy clap-trap of controversialists who seek for victory, not for truth.

Well! anyhow I shall not come back from Australia without new weapons for my friends the charlatans, and

if a cob of a truncheon over the head has no effect, a boomerang deftly discharged into their stomach may carry conviction.

I am reading 'Prometheus Unbound.' If you want to know *Shelley the man*, read 'Queen Mab' and 'Prometheus.' They are full of very grand things. Really I think all 'Queen Mab' is fine. In 'Prometheus,' look specially at a piece not far from the end of the first act: it opens,

'The pale stars of the morn
Shine on a misery dire to be borne.'

Read, too, Scene 4 of Act II.

BOURNEMOUTH,
September 26, 1869.

Your letter of the 24th tempts me to make some observations in reply, the length of which I hope you will forgive in consideration of the interest we both take in the subject.

Now it is quite true that I have always opposed the Emigration schemes which have been hitherto broached, because I thought them calculated rather to aggravate the evil they were intended to cure. The evil, the pressing evil, which the most careless eye cannot fail to perceive, is a redundant urban population, which, by reason of its redundancy, has become degraded, morally and physically, to a point at which its existence becomes a positive danger

to the State. It is notorious what a marked feature in the social aspect of Western Europe just now is the current of population flowing from the rural districts into the towns. It is a natural result of the enormous progress made in the mechanical arts, and of the vast masses of wage-paying capital consequently devoted to manufacturing industry, while the increase in the quantity of capital applied to land is *comparatively* insignificant, and agriculture has only begun, here and there, to catch a stray largess from scientific knowledge. The first effect, too, of applying science to farming has been to diminish the demand for field hands. For, although the use of machinery in agriculture does not diminish the amount per acre of human labour required, but rather the contrary, yet the substitution of one system of farming for another may, and does do so; and the tendency of English rural economy for many years past has been to treat the soil in whatever way made the smallest demand upon the labour-market. I do not deny that sound economical causes have in part led to this state of things; but those causes will not, in my opinion, continue to operate much longer, owing to circumstances upon which this is not the place to enter. That is a matter for further consideration after we shall have brought up the value of rural labour, by diminishing the supply, to a point at which the owners and lessees of land will consent to listen to reason; just now I am looking at the whole estate of the hand-workers

of England, and at emigration as a means of bettering their condition. The badness of that condition I conceive to spring mainly from the undue disproportionate development of manufacturing, as compared with agricultural, industry, and to the fluctuation in the former caused by reckless extension and contraction of their business by the manufacturers. They are enabled to act in this way without serious loss to themselves, by the immense stock of surplus labour upon which they can always draw; this stock being kept up by the constant immigration of the country labourers, who are maintained out of the union poor's-rate whenever the manufacturer does not happen to require their services. Thus immigration is, of course, owing to the undeveloped condition of rural economy, and to the miserable state of the labourers, not more to the poverty which drives them from their native village, than to the ignorance which prevents their discerning any other refuge than the nearest factory town. This of itself, however, would not have sufficed to bring the towns into the state in which they are. It was necessary for the consummation of the mischief that the burthen of local taxation should be so adjusted as virtually to leave untaxed the vast wealth of the manufacturing capitalist, and to wring a revenue, in the indirect form of charges on realty, out of the poor who have to pay monopoly prices for houseroom. If a landlord in the country, or a farmer, wishes for any particular purpose to employ

more labourers, he has to consider whether he can find them houseroom; if not, whether it will be worth his while to build it for them; and if at any time he ceases to pay them wages, he has almost the certainty of having to contribute largely to their maintenance through the poor's-rate. The urban employer is free from all these cares, and when he throws some hundreds of families upon the rates, he is little affected by the increased expenditure of the Union. The root of the evil, then, lies in this—a congestion of labour in the towns, reacting prejudicially upon the whole body-politic. The very first step towards the improvement of the workman's condition must be the arrest of the movement towards the towns. How great and rapid that movement has been, one instance will show as well as a hundred. The parish of St Martin, Liverpool, increased its population between 1851 and 1861 from 61,877 to 81,228; the total increase being due to immigration; for the total deaths for the decade within the parish exceeded that of the births by 1631. And this in spite of the higher birth-rate which must have prevailed among immigrant, as compared with town-bred couples.

France supplies an illustration on a grand scale. And although, in her case, the gravitation towards the towns has been incalculably stimulated by the Imperial public works policy, still the frightfully heavy octroi duties and the strict police must be taken into account as deterrents;

while the indiscriminate charity of one of our large towns must offer even greater attractions to the idle and dissolute than the public works of a French municipality.

The total increase of population in France (exclusive of Savoy and Nice) between 1851 and 1861 was 934,000. Of this increase 808,862 souls are found to belong to the four cities, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, leaving only 125,222 as the increase of all the rest of France, town and country together. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the *rural* population of France actually *decreased* by 157,196 between 1846 and 1861, while the *urban* population in the same period *increased* by 2,143,023. In England the number of persons employed in agriculture, which had steadily *increased* up to 1841, *decreased* by 76,000 between 1851 and 1861; the proportion of children under ten so employed having at the same time increased by one-third. (These last figures I quote from an article in *Fraser* of last April.)

It is evident, however, that the supply of field hands must be still further reduced before the employers will consent to make their service sufficiently attractive to counteract the tendency towards the town. Hitherto, what little improvement has taken place in the country labourer's state, has taken place at the expense of the townsmen through depression of wages and forcing up of poor's-rate. The evils produced by this one-sided process have now become absolutely intolerable, and a cry of dis-

tress from one end of the country to the other ought to warn a Parliament elected by household suffrage that the *status quo* cannot much longer be maintained.

Now, the redundancy of the urban population has struck every one, and every one has said that emigration is the remedy. Their impulse has been to export this superfluous humanity, from places where it was evidently doing much harm, to new countries where it was assumed it must necessarily do much good. I have often expressed to you my conviction that it was impossible to export our town dregs, and the reason on which that conviction is founded. But I entirely echo the sentiments of the *Pall Mall Gazette* as to the desirability of exporting our rural labourers. The emigration of these would be a benefit both to the old country and to the new. The question is, how can it be set going? They are too poor and too ignorant to move of themselves. In time, no doubt, they will get to understand their own interest, and will manage to go of themselves, somehow, as the Irish have done. But if we wish to anticipate that time, and to procure an immediate evacuation, we shall need many Canon Girdlestones, backed up by much money.

An association might be formed who might buy land in the Western States of America under the Homestead Act, giving whatever guaranty might be required to obtain the benefit of the Act for purchases not made strictly in accordance with its provisions. The emigrants would

then have to be found, fitted out, and shipped off. It would be necessary at first to pay their passage and find them plant and subsistence for a year, trusting to repayment by instalments collected by the overseer on the spot. The expense cannot be put at less than £80 per family. But even at this rate it would only take some £20,000 to transplant 200 families from Devonshire to Wisconsin or Iowa. Suppose each of these families supplied two persons employed in agriculture; then, since the average number of pairs of hands in England is 6 per 100 acres, we should have withdrawn as many hands as would cultivate 7000 acres; or, supposing the drain to be more diffused, one-fourth of the labour employed on 28,000 acres. A drain like that would tell upon a country, and the remittances from the settlers would soon enable the association to resume or extend their operations.

I cannot go into the details of such a scheme now. It would be very difficult of execution, but it can be done. The money could be easily got—the difficulty is to find the men who could conduct it. I must leave this, and the reasons against Australia as a receptacle for our labourers, and the methods by which agriculture in England might be made successfully to compete with manufacturers in the labour market, for another occasion.

FENTON'S HOTEL,
October 3, Sunday.

I am horribly shocked at poor St Maur's death. Yesterday afternoon I went to Marsh's to have my hair cut, took up the *Pall Mall* and saw 'Earl St Maur, who died on Thursday, was,' &c. I nearly fainted. We are indeed such stuff as dreams are made of. You don't know, nobody does know, and I can't explain in a letter, how far my political castle-building had run. How for years past I had schemed for a remote future; how I had plotted at the formation of a party in which St Maur, and, much more, his brother Edward, always figured. Now they are both gone, and I shall never be fit for anything but cow-keeping or bird-tenting.

'Even such is Time, which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us nought but age and dust,
Which, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.'

So says Sir W. Raleigh, though he had less cause than most to complain, for he had a pretty good fling first.

BOURNEMOUTH,
October 4, 1869.

I have got your note here about St Maur. Yes, he is *a great* loss to me. I valued in him, as in his brother, an

impalpable, almost indescribable, quality which, wherever I see, I cleave to, in spite of whatever else may repel. I think I shall not try to describe it, because I don't see my way to doing so except in terms which the world at large does not consider flattering—and small blame to it; for the spirit I mean is one which recognizes as the paramount duty of him it animates war with the world as it is—war to the knife and to the bitter end. I have got nearly as bad as yesterday, and must leave off.

FENTON'S HOTEL, ST JAMES'S STREET,
Sunday, October 24, 1869.

I have no disposition to take up the cudgels for ——, and I have no doubt that his ignorance of economical principles is as deep as that of most of his brethren of the cloth. What you say about his trick of generalizing from one Union to the whole of England is very true. It is a marked feature of the whole controversy about the agricultural labourer. If you were to schedule all the printed letters on the subject, I believe you would find that all the dark ones came from south of the Trent, and all the bright ones from the country north of it. This fact strengthens the view which other indications also support, that a due balance of agricultural and manufacturing industry is, if not necessary to, at least for the present an invariable accident of, popular well-being. But want of observation of this fact—the fact of the

geographical line coinciding with economical condition—has this result, that half of each army never really cross swords.

ROYAL HOTEL, PLYMOUTH,
November 1, 1869.

I should, indeed, like to have many talks with you about many things, Yankee and others. Perhaps, on the whole, John Chinaman, in the tents of Japhet, impresses me as the greatest among the present phenomena of humanity, and I want to get all the evidence of eye-witnesses that is to be had. I see Judge Sawyer has decided their evidence is to be admitted in the courts. But in truth it matters little what judges or any others decide; if the China reservoir takes to running over, no human dam can stop it.

PLYMOUTH,
November 1, 1869.

One line of hearty thanks for your words of affectionate sympathy. I quite accept your view of the function of penal discipline. Mine has not made its beginning now, and I thank God a long course of spiritual suffering, extended over now many years, has brought me into a condition from which, miserably defective as it is, I can at least look back with the satisfaction belonging to the contemplation of worse phases now for ever left behind.

As to the work that is to be done—our common recognition of its nature is what has brought us two so near together, and I do not know what stronger bond can unite men than the sympathetic undertaking of a life-work common to both. I am much less independent, you know, in many ways than you are, at present; and there is much in the way of my striking out my own line. But I know very well what my line is, and, if my health will hold, in time I shall take it.

Meanwhile Stepney is our field, and I think you and R—— will achieve something. You will be able to improve the school very much by merely keeping it up to the mark and directing the plan of operations. You know I always wanted that building to be somehow made available of an evening—every evening I mean—as a reading-room for the men of the neighbourhood, but I believe all the room is taken up every evening for night schools and one thing or other. I don't know, therefore, that anything can this way be done. I feel sure that if you could make the Wednesday gathering less of a prayer-meeting and more—I won't say secular—but more of a something addressed to the people's understandings and every-day wants, it would be a good thing.

PLYMOUTH,
November 1, 1869.

My cabin is delightful; I really have a strong and

pleasing sense of ownership in it. I don't want you to pity me on my voyage. You know I shall enjoy it very much. H—— has taken a lodging in Philpot Street, and I am sure he and R—— will get through some wholesome work this winter. It is a great comfort to me to feel things are not at a stand-still in that quarter.

Do get 'The Roman Index and its late Proceedings.' It is the sequel of Ffoulkes' 'Church's Creed or Crown's Creed'—only just out. Take the spiritual phenomena of the day; how wonderful are all the far-distant springs which are welling up to form the great new development of Christianity for which a distracted world is groaning. Do you remember that terribly vigorous picture in 'Les Misérables' of all the underground mines traversing the subsoil of human society in all directions: the sappers working on different planes at various angles, upwards, downwards, forwards, mutually hostile, indifferent or unknown, but all labouring at the production of the fated future 'L'Avenir'? Does it seem to you pedantic and unreal that I should say—what is truly the fact—that the drama of humanity in its present phase strikes me as surpassing the interest of all possible poetry and fiction in its sublimity, its intensity, in all that appeals to whatever of us is not material? It is like looking on at the most exciting play, only a million times better. Alas! I pronounce my own doom in speaking of looking on—no one ought to have time to look on; but just now you

know I am obliged to. Yes—the Kebles about this season are very beautiful, and I enjoy them as much as ever, though certainly the want of real breadth and vigour in the mind of the writer makes more and more impression on me. In that parallel of the leaves (twenty-third Sunday after Trinity), how far he is from sounding the depths of 'Thy will be done.' He does not read to the rational organism a lesson of acquiescence in the Divine Cosmos, drawn from the necessary operations of inanimate matter, but he comforts his man with the prospect of a materialistic *coup de théâtre*, and rather asserts an egotistic individualism as a buckler against the absorbent force of Infinite Love: he deals freely with the material side of Christ's nature as a basis for reflections which strike me as un-Christ-like. Still the poetry of his natural touches is sweetness itself, and quite independent of theologic conceptions.

How absurd of me to have gone off into theology at such a moment!

January 5, 1870.

I feel you may naturally be a little offended at my beginning so late to put pen to paper, for although there was not and hardly could be a chance of sending home any letter, there is always the satisfaction of that feeling of communion with the distant ones which writing affords. But you are happily ignorant of the listless depression

which bilious derangement produces, and which, acting on my natural indolence and all the painful occasions of my situation, put me into a state in which all action of any sort seemed impossible. In this state I have sat for hours with my hands before me, dreaming both of the present, as I fancied it with you and others at home, and of my past life. Very wonderful is the way in which at one time the old memories came streaming in, unbidden, upon my mind. Old, old scenes of my earliest childhood, little trivial incidents, vivid recollections of all those near relations who have passed away into the unknown, strong perceptions of the critical points of my life, all has passed before me for days together like a series of dissolving views. There is pain in all this sort of thing, but pain of a bitter-sweet kind, and now I have done with it; and out of it, and out of the reflections upon my more immediate past which could not but throng my two months' solitude, I have emerged into a fresh vital phase—it will be a short one, mayhap; but it is contentment and peace, and forms, I think, a real advance upon previous stages. Thus the voyage, which has been a failure physically, has done for me the other more important work which I hoped it might achieve. It has dispelled the painful anarchy of mind into which I had of late sunk; it has brought me into harmony with my circumstances, and endowed me with the peace which such harmony (and it alone) necessarily bestows.

I am therefore, you see, in the best possible attitude for entertaining either good or bad fortune, and if this recital has made a gloomy impression upon you, put it away at once; for it is the picture of a path which has been trodden once for all, and which has already brought me out into green pastures. I don't know when I have talked so much sentiment to you, for you are not sentimental, and never indulged me with any of your own manufacture; but I feel so changed since I left Gravesend: I feel as if such an eternity had passed over me, that it would be almost a piece of hypocrisy not to tell you of it.

Note by the Editor.—It is believed that the following observations were to have formed a sketch or basis for a retiring address to the electors of Newark:—

You are by this time accustomed to the peculiar complexion of the views I have repeatedly expressed on the nature of the political situation. Though these views are not such as have hitherto generally found expression in Electioneering or even in Parliamentary speeches, they are not new to those who have watched the current of opinion in the best periodical literature of the day; and you may have observed, that in attempting to transplant them from the domain of literary speculation to that of practical politics, I do not stand alone. Not to travel out of the country, you see substantially the same line adopted

at Nottingham, both by Mr Seely and Mr Clayden. The policy may be called a Social Science policy. It aims at utilizing, for the purposes of imperial, national, municipal, and individual life, the great stores of knowledge in every department of philosophy and of science, which the mental activity of the last half-century has created and accumulated, but which have not yet been employed to diminish the sufferings and to increase the happiness of humanity at large. To the immense development of science in late years, and to the degree in which its reasonings and conclusions have leavened the thoughts and coloured the language, even of unscientific people, is due what must be called the revolutionary character and tendencies of political speculation at the present time. The grand truths at which science has arrived respecting the physical world, and the stupendous results which have attended their partial application to the use of man, have captivated men's imaginations, and led them to examine the method by which such glorious successes were achieved.

The method is no other than that which Bacon may be said to have invented, and it is only since his time that the progress of science has been intelligent and certain. The method consists in carefully laying the foundation for every general law in patient examination of particular facts, in taking actual experimental knowledge as the only legitimate ground of rational persuasion. The quiet pursuit of this course by two centuries of philosophers has

conducted us to the mechanical marvels which form the peculiar feature of our age.

By degrees people have begun to wonder whether some analogous improvement might not be effected in our political arrangements by the application to them of a similar method. If, instead of one set of people calmly assuming that all our institutions are too good to be altered one jot, and another set of people taking it for granted they were so bad that every change must be an improvement, we were all to examine our political system as coolly and carefully as we have the anatomy and chemistry of our bodies, or the properties of inorganic matter, might not progress be greater?

This is the notion which underlies the phrases one so often sees in the papers to the effect that every institution must justify itself at the bar of public opinion; that the day of expedients is passed, and the reign of principles begun: this is the spirit which leads men to ask themselves not merely whether such and such a law or custom is actually hurtful, but whether it comes up to their notions of abstract justice or of economical truth.

This state of opinion, while it is most favourable to real progress and beneficial change, should have no terrors for those who are more afraid of losing, than hopeful of acquiring more, the good we have.

Because, though I have called this spirit a revolutionary spirit, it has little or no affinity with, or at least

proceeds by an entirely different road from, that pursued by the Jacobinism (French) which mostly governs our notion of revolution, and which inspires the Chartist faction in England and elsewhere. They start from purely abstract notions of their own, and in order to realize them demand the immediate and complete destruction of the whole social fabric, that they may have a blank desert on which to operate.

But the political Baconian takes things as they are, and examines their nature, apart from any preconceived opinions as to their goodness or badness.

We take any one institution.

The first question is, What is it? Answer not always so easy as it looks.

Then, How did it come into being? This involves historical investigation, which brings with it a knowledge more or less imperfect of what its function was originally intended to be, and under what conditions it then had to work. When we know all that, we can judge for ourselves whether the arrangement in question was ever a good one or not. If we decide that it was once a good one, that does not settle the matter. Mindful of the truth that 'There was never anything by the wit of man so well devised or so sure established which in continuance of time hath not been corrupted,' we shall proceed to make two further inquiries. First, does the instrument go on just the same as it did when it first started, a d,

supposing it does, are not the conditions under which it works so changed that the same movement of the instrument produces totally different results? Then are these results such as we think desirable? and so on to the end of the chapter.

Now I have not at all exaggerated the magnitude of the difficulties which beset organic reconstruction, but I have fully dwelt upon them, because nothing can be more fatal than the idea which agitators are always dinning into the ears of the people, that they have only to will a good government, and a good government will spring at once into existence. Mr L—— will tell you exactly what to do. You need only pension off the Queen, abolish the House of Lords, elect a Constituent Assembly by universal suffrage, get that Assembly to name a President, prohibit the possession by any one of more than £1000 a year, compel the equal partition of all a man's property at his death among all his children, vindicate the dignity of labour by making capital useless by means of a law forbidding the payment of interest, repudiate the National Debt on the ground that fund-holders are bloated aristocrats who have grown fat on the blood of the people—these measures, and a few more trifles of the same kind, will give us the best of all possible governments for the best of all possible people.

If they would do anything of the sort I should say let us pass them at once. But we are not left to conjecture.

All this and more has been done in France—the French really believed this nonsense, and, like logical people as they are, they put it at once into practice. With what result? Everything the Constitutent Assembly in '93 disliked, it swept away. The fullest swing was allowed to the Jacobin theories. Two more revolutions have followed on the first, and twenty years after the third, this is how the President of the International Working Man's Congress at Brussels expresses himself: 'The workmen, deceived in 1830 and in 1848, have perceived that revolutions have hitherto profited them nothing, and that if they wish to improve their lot they must subordinate political to social questions.'

But that is a conclusion which does not suit the L.'s and F.'s. For social changes, however sweeping, must be the slow growth of skilful contrivances which can only be conceived by genius, set a-going by talent and industry, and guided by honesty under the guardianship of Law.

That is a conclusion which will not be acquiesced in by the advocates of the Ballot. For it is the very cornerstone of the Ballot platform to assume that, by a mere expression of the workmen's will, such as it is supposed would be attained under the protection of the Ballot, a vast improvement would be at once achieved.

Those who lead the chorus for the Ballot know very well that such would not be the case. But the improvement they do think to get is this: they think that those

for whom they have procured the Ballot would use it to put them—the procurers—in places of power, and they have already begun to try and make the road smooth and easy for themselves, by proposing to throw the expenses of elections on the ratepayers. The next step, which has not yet been moved in Parliament, but which the same persons openly avow their desire for, is the payment of M.P.'s.

The logic of the thing is something of this sort. We tell the men everything could be put to rights in a minute if we had the Ballot. The men believe this when we tell it them, and think we are the men to do it. So when we have got the Ballot they will elect us to Parliament. But we want to feather our nests; workmen's rights are all very well, but No. 1 must be considered. The people shall pay our election expenses, and shall give us a good salary when we are in—and then, whatever happens, we shall be on the right side of the blanket. There may be—there are—some who like this programme. But it cannot be quite absurd to ask the working people whether it really is the best for them; whether it is necessary to pay five or six times as much as they now do in rates in order to procure efficient representation; whether, when election to Parliament is cheap, and a seat in Parliament is lucrative, it will generally be the most disinterested philanthropists who will struggle hardest to get in.

What I have contended for all along is, that there are

plenty of men in the country willing and able to do your legislative work for you gratis; that your power in the country is now so great that you can effectually control the direction of legislation and procure the enactment of what laws you please. I am so certain of this, that my only fear is, lest you should not at first realize the weight of responsibility thus thrown upon you by the possession of unlimited power — unlimited power, that is, over the human agents you employ, because human power is limited on every side by the nature of things; and it is from forgetting that the nature of things and the nature of men cannot be instantaneously changed, that all the disasters and failures of revolutions have occurred.

APPENDIX.

THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO MORALITY.

Our parochial system dates from a time when men recognized the truth that religion does not consist in the performance of certain ceremonial acts at specified times, outside which acts and times it has no place: but consists in framing our whole life and all our acts upon a distinct view of our position as created beings, charged by the fact of our creation with duties both to our fellow-creatures and to our Creator.

Taking this view of life, our forefathers could not conceive of a collection of men living together in one group for the easier conduct of their secular affairs, yet ignoring that higher relation of each to his Maker from which the lower relation of each to each flowed only as a necessary consequence.

Therefore, not only did the nation, as a whole, make public confession of its relation to God in the persons of

its Sovereign and great officers of Government through the medium of all those arrangements which we sum up in the phrase 'Church and State,' but also in each of the smaller fractions into which the nation was for convenience subdivided, a similar arrangement took effect, and the parish, or, as it originally was, the manor, along with its manorial court and its constable, had its church and its parson.

This system clearly belongs to a time when men were no more disagreed as to what religion bound them to do than as to what the common weal, summed up in the law of the land, required of them. Things are very different now; and if we examine the cause of the difference, it will be found to lie chiefly in the general departure from that conception of religion with which I have credited our remote ancestors—not, be it observed, in a change in our view of our relation to God, but, under the garb of increased piety, a change in our notions of what that relation binds us to do.

In a rude society scantily equipped with the arts of life, and absorbed in a hard struggle for physical existence, ideas were few and simple. Men, in general, had no leisure for theological disputes, they accepted a few broad propositions as expressing sufficiently their duty to God, and were satisfied with trying to carry them out to their consequences in their daily life.

Shortly, it may be said, Religion was regarded as a

spirit pervading life. The progress of religious corruption lay in the gradual separation of the secular and the religious life, and this was effected by attaching exaggerated importance to the symbolic ceremonial acts of worship, till the whole of practical religion was thought to consist in them only, and further, by multiplying and complicating the ideas about God which were reputed essential.

The consequence of this change was twofold. First: Men lost sight of religion as a vital principle of conduct, and shut it up in a long round of senseless forms complied with from a superstitious dread of Divine vengeance if they were neglected. Secondly: Religion having been reduced to a sort of mechanical art of escaping hell, and the code of rules for the successful practice of this art having been made enormously long and intricate, very difficult to learn and hard to understand, while it was supposed to have exclusive reference to the next life, and to be distinct from the concerns of this life, the chances of men disagreeing about the truth or propriety of these rules became very much greater, and the inducements to their agreement very much less than it was when they were fewer and more practical. For if religion consisted in holding certain abstract opinions about the Deity and in performing certain specified acts in a particular way at particular times, and all with the view of obtaining results only realizable after death, those results, however important they might be to the individual, were of no concern to his neighbours;

and the results being of purely individual interest, the means of attaining them might very well be left to each individual's discretion.

And this is the point at which public opinion on religious matters now stands; in this chaotic condition has the corruption of true religion landed us, and we call it progress. But this, by itself, would be an imperfect sketch of the situation. Men are just as closely agreed as they ever were on the subject of those duties which, as I have said, were originally felt to be religious, *i. e.* consequences of our relation to God, for without such agreement our modern life would be impossible; only, owing to this pernicious perversion of religion into an opinion and to its divorce from daily life, to this crystallization of the pure volatile spirit which should pervade the whole into a gross, contracted, immovable part of the whole; owing to all this, that animating vital principle of human conduct, which is found to be the indispensable basis of civil society, has got separated from religion, whence alone it can logically be derived, and leads a precarious independent existence under the name of morality. So that all that part of religion which prescribes our duty to man has been cut off from religion and called morality, while, by the remainder, which consists in the profession and cultivation of those ideas respecting God and our relation to him, from which morality, in truth, flows as a consequence, the name of religion has got to be monopolized.

This miserable division of what God and Nature had joined makes religion either a cold philosophy or a sentimental superstition, while it leaves morality weak and tottering, because removed from its true foundations and unsupported by its proper sanctions.

This is the condition into which we have been brought —not by religion—but by the perversion and corruption of it. The business of truly religious men is to bring back these dislocated joints of the spiritual life into harmonious action. This, therefore, is eminently the business of the clergy, and, notably, of the clergy of the Established Church, as the ministers of that form of religious opinion which, by the very fact of its connection with the State, has most of its original practical design.

The parson has now a great mediatorial work to carry on. Amid the widest differences of speculative opinion and the most deplorable neglect of moral duties, he has to urge the importance of these, to extenuate the significance of those. He has to convince men that the claims of moral duty are paramount to those of abstract theological belief; to show them that, however they may draw the motive power of their lives from their conceptions of the relation in which they stand to God, the only valid test and proof of the soundness of those conceptions—the only test prescribed by Scripture, the only proof that will be admitted by the Judge at the last Great Assize—is the effect which those conceptions of God have produced upon

their dealings with man: hereby 'we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.'

The love of 'God manifest in the flesh'—that is the message of the Church to the world, and he who would faithfully deliver it will esteem no human want or interest or hope or fear to be beneath or beyond his notice. But if this be so, does this message concern them only who deliver it? Does it not much more concern those to whom it is delivered, and whose benefit, present and eternal, it is that its acceptance and realization will insure?

Surely. For wherever and in whatever degree the minister shall have succeeded in his mission, men's minds will have reverted to that earlier, purer, simpler view of religion to which I alluded at first, and while honouring their pastor for his office' sake, will think that office only intensifies in degree, and by way of special appointment, the duties which, in kind, are equally obligatory on all.

The aim of really religious people now should be to reunite religion and morality, and so strengthen both; and in practice you find, wherever religion appears to thrive and to be regaining its ground, it is by this process.

IRISH DISENDOWMENT.

THE Irish Catholic complaint is that the funds in time past set apart for the spiritual uses of the nation are now monopolized by a set of people whom Irish Catholics regard as impious robbers, and by them made effectual to the damnation instead of the salvation of souls, while any temporal advantages accruing from the expenditure of the said funds benefit, not the Irish people, but a tribe of alien heretical invaders. The Protestant answer admits the facts as stated, acknowledges, that is to say, that the great bulk of the Irish people do consider themselves highly aggrieved by the dedication of their national property to uses they consider impious; but urges in reply that they, the Protestants, on their part so abhor the uses to which the Catholics would put these funds if they had the disposal of them, that the funds must remain in Protestant custody and continue to be applied to purposes which Protestants approve.

Now the property in dispute is what is called Church property, and in all arguments respecting it, it is tacitly assumed that Catholic Church property must necessarily, when administered by Catholics, be applied to uses of which Protestants disapprove, and conversely of Protestant Church property.

But is this so? Have National Churches ever declared

their sole function to be the promulgation of abstract dogma and the maintenance of the men by which, and the fabrics in which, such dogmas should be promulgated? The question is of importance: for it is in respect of these abstract dogmas only that religionists commonly differ, and if it should appear that there are other functions of a National Church besides the promulgation of dogma—functions upon the propriety and even the obligation of which all agree—there will arise a hope that religionists dogmatically opposed to each other may concur in the appropriation of National Church property to uses confessedly religious though independent of dogma, and therefore inoffensive to dogmatists on either side. But the old ecclesiastical law and the whole fabric of English Society in the Middle Ages shows what a vast province of usefulness (outside the limits of modern so-called religion) was allotted to the Church in early days.

There was a partition of tithes into four parts, of which two only were devoted to uses which would now be called spiritual. The Statute 25 Edward III. (A.D. 1350) recites that, 'The Holy Church of England was founded to inform the people of the Law of God, *and to make hospitalities, alms, and other works of Charity*, and certain possessions which do extend to very great value were assigned by the said founders to the Prelates and other people of the Holy Church of the said realm to sustain the same *charge*.' The Statute 15 Richard II. (A.D. 1391) shows

like solicitude, that 'of the fruits and profits of the churches a sum of money shall be paid and distributed yearly, by those that shall have the said churches in proper use and by their successors, to the poor parishioners of the said churches in aid of their lives and sustenance for ever; and *also* that the vicar be sufficiently endowed.'

Here, then, of several uses that one ranks last and least which in modern times has come to be considered the be-all and end-all of endowment! Even now, with all our speculative differences, we could all of us unite in the support of any 'vicar' who might be induced to confine his doctrine and teaching within the limits stretched out by the Venerable Bede in his letter to Egbert the Priest.

But, to dismiss this speculative continence as impossible of attainment, the two statutes above quoted (both products of the 'ages of faith,' and far removed from any secularist *arrière-pensées*) do surely point to a large class of charitable uses, such as would not now-a-days be called 'religious,' as coming within the purview of those benefactors whose bequests constitute the bulk of our Church property. If so, they are foolish (to use the mildest term possible) who cry sacrilege when an attempt is made to restore to these charitable uses some part of that property which priestly greed and priestly chicane have diverted to uses purely ecclesiastical. The advocates of restitution, rather, are entitled to complain in the words of another old Statute, 35 Edward I. (A.D. 1306)

that now 'the service of God is diminished alms are not given to the poor sick and feeble, the healths of the living and the souls of the dead are miserably defrauded, and hospitality, almsgiving, and other godly deeds do cease; and so that which in times past was charitably given to godly uses is now converted to an evil end, by permission whereof there groweth great scandal to the people.' It is true that the greater part of the property bequeathed to the uses above mentioned has passed into the hands of those who, according to Skelman, are called 'Impropriators' because improperly possessed of what is not rightfully theirs. However much we may lament the perversion of these impropriated revenues they could not be reclaimed without overthrowing the prescriptive settlement on which all private property in land rests. But this admission no way bars the right of the State, as ultimate trustee of all property dedicated to public uses, whether spiritual or temporal, to redistribute at its pleasure the charitable revenue of the country, so long as the new destination of this revenue, or of a part of it, is, like the former, a charitable or spiritual use.

This is not secularization, and observance of this rule would forbid the absorption of the revenue in question into the common fund for all State purposes, or its dedication to public works, such as it has sometimes been proposed to spend it on.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

In presence of the question of Technical Education, some persons aim simply at the perfectionment of industrial processes as an end in itself to which the skill of the workers only contributes as a means. From this point of view Technical Education presents itself as a method of increasing the quantity and improving the quality of material products, and is only concerned with the human machines relatively to this object.

To the fulfilment of such a purpose that scheme of education seems most apt which earliest apportions to each worker his appointed task in the field of labour, which most exclusively concentrates his whole being upon that task while supplying him with the most efficient plant for its execution. In accordance with such views, we meet with proposals for the dedication of each child from tender age to the pursuit for which he appears to have most inclination. The whole course of his education is to be mapped out with an eye to that which is to be his life-work, and the dangerous allurements of other pursuits are to be guarded against to the utmost by the assiduous repression and cauterization of the sensibilities to which those distractions might appeal.

Probably such a plan would, if it were practicable, succeed; would achieve, that is, what its authors would

pronounce a success. We can imagine a nation so drilled carrying the mechanical arts to a pitch of perfection in every department of life, such as the world has never seen nor is ever likely to see. We might see invention stimulated to a high point, labour indefinitely economized, and each kind of it scrupulously adapted to its fittest subject-matter; wealth accumulating, and distributed not more unequally than at present; all the mysteries of science and all the refinements of art pressed into the service of man, and made to minister to his insatiable wants; life prolonged and secured against disease by closer acquaintance with Nature, and its enjoyment enormously heightened by submission to her laws.

All this and more might be achieved by the sedulous enforcement upon the whole people of a system of Technical Education, directed towards the attainment of industrial perfection. What a pity man is not a machine!

On the other hand, there are those who recognize no ascertainable bounds to human perfectibility—who believe that the infinitude of desire which characterizes man was not implanted in him by his Creator merely to mock him by its fatality, but was given as an incentive to effort, as a star which might guide him to higher and higher aims, until, taught by experience of their unsatisfying nature, and acknowledging that his desires could only be satisfied by their Author, man should bend every fibre of his willto the *absorbing* pursuit of the one good—re-union with his Maker.

In this view of human life, every modification of matter, every fresh conquest over the powers of nature, every new extension of man's dominion over the material universe, is regarded as subsidiary to the moral progress of the human race.

The discoveries of science, the refinements of art, the labours of industry, are not disregarded nor undervalued. The beneficent changes by which the satisfaction of man's bodily wants is facilitated, by which those wants themselves are gradually transmitted and refined, by which the communion of men with each other is promoted and made to bring about a more equal partition and more generous reciprocity of all good—these are not matters of indifference, far less subjects for complaint.

On the contrary, the less the effort required to meet bodily necessities, the more automatic their supply can be made, the greater will be the amount of energy liberated for higher pursuits; the larger the numbers raised to this improved condition, the greater the sum total of their energy; the closer the communion between its vehicles, the more effective the force exerted. Under this aspect material progress appears as desirable as it did under the other, *provided always* that it does not divert attention from the incalculably more important progress of man's moral nature, but assists and accelerates it. This proviso bears important fruits when we come to apply it to the subject of Technical Education.

The question is no longer, as it was before, 'By what system of education can we best secure the progress of the mechanical arts?' but, 'How far can we push industrial instruction without prejudice to the higher aims of education?'

Industrial skill being no longer regarded as an end in itself, but only as an auxiliary to the higher part of man's nature, care will be taken to insure that the development of the higher keeps pace with that of the lower. I venture to think that this view is more favourable to material as well as to moral improvement than the other, and that it not only opens up the wider prospect of human progress, but also indicates more effectual means of realizing it.

These reasonings may seem far-fetched, and but remotely connected with the question how we are to turn out the best builders and ironworkers and weavers and dyers, &c., &c. But conflicting views, such as I have attempted to sketch out, have really issued in two very different schemes of Technical Education now before the public, of which Mr Ludlow, in a recent article, says that 'the one seeks to make the worker more of a man than he is now, the other more of a machine; one would simply superadd to his general training such special training as his particular calling requires; the other would be satisfied with any machinery that would give the English workman special dexterity in his calling, and would turn out ready-made carpenters or bricklayers, weavers or spinners, watch-

makers or engineers, dyers or printers, as the mint turns out sovereigns or farthings.'

It is only the former of these two schemes which recognizes the true dignity of man, and it alone can be advocated by the real well-wisher of his race. It alone assumes a certain original equality and indefinite cultivability of all minds, while allowing each to throw up spontaneously the crop which it is best fitted to produce.

This is the only system which opens to each living soul born into the world the means of finding for itself its true place in the scale of being, because it fosters the free development of all the soul's powers, and only begins the cultivation of its special aptitudes when in the natural order of growth those aptitudes have declared themselves.

This cultivation only supplies the tender plant with the soil suitable to its kind, leaving its boughs to stretch themselves out on all sides into the free air of heaven; the other twists the soft twigs into fantastic shapes, and compels the reluctant sap to obey the caprice of man, not the design of the Creator.

We think, then, that the end to be aimed at is not simply the production of the best workman, but of the best man.

All our efforts must be directed to the formation of the man before we give a thought to the workman, the craftsman, the business man.

As a consequence, our attention must first be turned

to primary education, from a persuasion that if this be defective, no amount of special trade instruction will ever compensate the defect.

Boys turned out of the common schools ignorant of the structure of their own language, and incapable of using it with any sort of accuracy, unacquainted with the most elementary properties of the things by which they are surrounded, guiltless of the rudimentary laws of numeration, insensible to the distinctions of form and colour, are not fit subjects for technical instruction.

The very lowest test of education is ability to read and write, and of this ability some evidence is afforded by the numbers of persons able to sign their names in the parish register on the occasion of marriage.

Now, in Switzerland and North Germany, only with the greatest difficulty could any one be found unable to satisfy this test, while the numbers of persons unable so to sign their names was in the industrial departments of France 14·77 per cent., and in the manufacturing counties of England 32·5 per cent. It must be remembered, too, what a very rough test this is, and that thousands of persons are able to write their own name who can write nothing else. The return from which I am quoting exhibits the literary proficiency of Nottinghamshire as superior to that of Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, or Staffordshire, and inferior to that of London, Derbyshire, or Gloucestershire. That was in 1860. The general average for the

whole of England showed, in 1866, an improvement of 4 per cent.

Now, it would be a great mistake to assume that this deplorably high proportion of illiterate men and women indicates anything like a corresponding want of schools. Beyond a doubt, most of these illiterates had been to school for a longer or shorter period, but they have learnt little, and forgotten what they did learn. Why? Because they were taken away from school too early; because their attendance was irregular, and the instruction given was unmethodical, and therefore ineffective.

We may devise the most admirable educational course, we may build the most commodious school-houses, we may train and pay the ablest and most zealous schoolmasters, and all will be in vain, unless the school period of child-life is extended, and regular attendance during that period secured. I am afraid we cannot avoid attributing much of England's educational backwardness to the absolute indifference of the people to what they scornfully term 'book-learning.' The educational standard of Prussia and Switzerland would never have been reached but by a people desirous of learning; and at our very doors Scotland shames us with the example of a poor country, not half so well furnished with educational appliances as England is, far outstripping us in the average level of knowledge and intelligence among the people. Unless a real desire exists among working-men to gain superior

cultivation for their children—not a mere wish, but what economists call an effective demand, a demand which will give something in exchange for a supply—all schemes for improved education, whether primary or technical, will certainly issue in nothing. I say this demand must be such as will lead the demandants to make some sacrifice for the purpose of satisfying it. Even if education were given gratuitously at the common schools, parents must still make a sacrifice—the sacrifice of their children's earnings. It will be a hard sacrifice to some, but it is the price of that equality of which we hear so much now-a-days, while we see so little of it.

No ballot, nor manhood suffrage, nor annual parliaments, nor abolition of Church establishments, nor confiscation of property, will ever make an ignorant man the equal of an educated man. No political dodge can reverse the decrees of nature, no municipal law can abrogate the supremacy of mind, nor deliver brute matter from its eternal subjection to it. If the working-men of England desire real equality, and not a mere fictitious equality, with the upper class, they must adopt the use of that training system which now gives a comparatively stupid gentleman a decided advantage over a comparatively clever workman in the ordinary affairs of life. If in many countries of Europe the social gulf between classes is less than it is in England, that circumstance is not owing simply to a more democratic constitution of society, it is owing in great *measure also* to the fact that classes are intellectually more

equal. Now in these countries parents get no profit out of their children till they are over twelve years old. That is the case in Massachusetts, in Prussia, in Switzerland. In some cantons of the last-named country the age limit is even so high as fifteen. But isn't it worth while? There are no Swiss paupers, no poor-rate; a Swiss can elbow his way all over the world, and be sure of, always falling on his feet.

I said a really successful educational effort must entail some sacrifice of children's wages upon the working-man, but much less, I think, than appears at first sight. There must indeed be an absolute prohibition against all employment of children under ten years of age—that is quite indispensable—enforced by fines levied on employers of such children. That will remedy, in part, one of the defects attaching to our present school system, and at the same time will go far to remedy a second, viz. the irregular attendance of the children. For when parents find that they are obliged to forego their children's earnings, they will be impelled to get what compensation they can by making their children stick to their school-work in the hope of their realizing thereby better wages when the time of their emancipation arrives. The age of ten passed, the half-time system must come into operation—for towns at all events. There are great difficulties in applying it to the agricultural population, and I do not see myself that anything can be done for these beyond supplying them with good night-schools, not, as at pre-

sent, mere chance playthings, but embracing a regular systematic course of instruction, and differing from the day-school in nothing but in the hour at which they are held. In the long winter evenings such a school might go far towards making up for the unavoidable loss of time in summer.

In towns the situation is different. There the children live near the school and near their work. There is a great deal of evidence in favour of the asserted fact that half-time children learn as much as whole-timers. Whether it be so or not, the requirements of education would, in my opinion, be well satisfied by a daily attendance of *two* hours at school on the part of all children between the ages of ten and fourteen. The difficulty will be in inducing employers so to arrange the distribution of labour that there shall be work for the boys in the latter half of the day. This difficulty cannot really be insurmountable, and, when once it is got over, the employer will be benefited as much as any one else, through the improved quality of the work done.

Experience proves that by the division of the day between mental and manual labour more work of both kinds is got through with infinitely greater ease and comfort to the child.

A boy who had spent his morning at school would come to his work as to an agreeable relaxation, and, while continuing his school course just at the age when it is *beginning to* be most valuable to him, he is being initi-

ated into the practice of the trade by which he is eventually to get his living. After a day so spent he will be fresh enough for an hour and a half of technical instruction in the evening. The proper seat for this technical learning is the Mechanics' Institute, where there should always be accommodation for several distinct evening classes. Here the boy should be taught, not the details of his trade—those he must pick up in the work-shop—but that elementary theoretic knowledge which no empirical practice can ever give him. Applied mathematics, the rudiments of chemistry, the leading facts of English history, of geography—especially physical geography—and geology in its bearings on mining; plane geometry, drawing, linear and perspective, elementary mechanics, and language, in the form either of a critical knowledge of his native tongue and of some of the best writers in it, or of the structure of some foreign language, such as French or German.

Music must not be omitted, as being a most effective civilizing agent, and as offering great attractions in the way of recreation as well as of study. Of course no one boy would follow out all these branches of study.

They might well be thrown into two wholly distinct courses, with one or two subjects, such as drawing and music, common to both. Each of the two courses might be divided into two periods, of which the former would be a preparation for the latter. Thus, in the mathematical course, the boy would begin with plane geometry and applied mathematics, and when he had given two years

to them would pass on to the elements of mechanics and of chemistry.

The same with the history, geography, and language, of which the higher branches would only be entered upon after two years' study of their outlines.

There does not appear to be anything utopian or impracticable in such a scheme. Every boy could surely spend an hour and a half in this way, say on each of two hundred days in the year. At the end of the four years' course he would have been one thousand two hundred hours at it, equivalent to the continuous study of a whole year, but infinitely more valuable, more thorough, and more fruitful in results. For the knowledge thus slowly acquired will be more perfectly assimilated, and, by the large intervals allowed for thought and reflection, will exert a far more powerful influence upon the indirect development of the mental powers than an equal amount acquired by means of continuous cramming.

There is no reason why this evening course of technical instruction should not be so framed as to extend over six years instead of four; only in that case it should be broken up into three periods instead of two, and for this reason:

Boys are generally employed, *as boys*, in the place where their parents reside, and therefore the educational course may be arranged on the assumption that those using it will, up to the age of fourteen, receive their edu-

cation continuously in the place where it was begun. As soon as they are fit, however, to be employed as independent workmen, a large number of them will seek employment beyond the limits of their native place. Between the ages, then, of fourteen and sixteen many of the native boys will have left, while there will be in the town a certain number of lads who have received the first part of their education elsewhere. A continuous course therefore, extending over six years, would almost certainly be deranged and disorganized about two-thirds of the way through by the departure of many of the scholars and by an influx of new-comers who had not followed the earlier part of the course.

This inconvenience would be reduced to a minimum by the adoption all over the country of an identical scheme of subjects and a uniform method of treating them; but the inconvenience would always exist, and would not be more annoying to the teachers than prejudicial to the quality of the teaching.

This would be obviated by the plan I have indicated of breaking up the six years' course into three periods of two years each, not necessarily dealing with separate subjects, but each having a rational beginning and ending founded on real divisions of the subject-matter, so that the scholar would have a definite point of departure from which to start in recommencing his studies in a new locality.

SOME REMEDIES FOR METROPOLITAN PAUPERISM.

THE assembly of meetings within the last few weeks to consider the threefold question of Poor Law, Criminal Law, *and* Private Charity, affords some ground for hope that the public mind is becoming awakened to the intimate connection which subsists between beggary and crime on the one hand, and, on the other, between sickness, or other temporary misfortune, and pauperism, while it is perceived that short penal sentences and injudicious outdoor relief are artificially creating a great class of professional criminals, and a still greater class of ignorant destitute children, whose physical degeneracy and moral depravity makes it almost impossible for them to keep out of the casual ward or the gaol.

So much will be admitted on all hands: it is upon the remedies that the doctors differ. For the proper application of these, however, an accurate diagnosis of the disease is indispensable, and it does not appear that the agreement as to the character of the symptoms extends to the recognition of their cause.

To narrow as much as possible the field of an inquiry already only too ample, let it be conceded that we are at present concerned merely with the metropolis and other *great centres* of population. Pauperism and crime are

not confined to them, but it is in them alone that these social ulcers have as yet displayed such malignity as to demand instant surgical treatment.

In the first place, what in large towns is the state of the great mass from which the criminal and pauper class are recruited? The first thing that strikes the observer is the enormous proportion of their miserable earnings which these people pay for lodging of the worst description.

It is probably the exception for the agricultural labourer to pay so much as 2*s.* 6*d.* a week for a cottage of at least two rooms and a bit of garden besides. But it is the commonest thing in the world for the East London family to pay half-a-crown a week for one miserable room of the smallest dimensions, and in such bad repair as to afford very indifferent shelter from the weather.

The reply of the economist is ready. The greater abundance and variety of employment and the higher remuneration allotted to it in towns, enables the labourer to pay more for his lodging, and the house-owner accordingly demands more. The mere fact of such rents being exacted and paid is a proof that this is so. If it were not, the inability of occupiers to pay would cause the tenements to remain untenanted, and the house-owner, in order to fill them, would have to lower his rents.

Of course this is superficially true; but the basis of the whole argument, viz. the proposition that, in towns, labour is more abundant and better paid than in the country,

though true in the abstract, is not true when applied to the particular people we are dealing with.

The economist assumes that the law of demand and supply will confine (approximately) the labouring population to such a number as can find constant employment at wages sufficient to enable them to live up to their standard of comfort, and to continue their species without falling below that standard.

That is undoubtedly how things would go in the economical paradise; if they go otherwise in Bethnal Green and Whitechapel, there must be reasons for the difference. And so there are; good and sufficient reasons.

First, among these reasons, comes the second great fact, which observation of the lowest class of metropolitan poor supplies, viz. their addiction to occupations which do not and cannot afford them constant employment. These occupations being, for the most part, so ill-remunerated, that those who follow them cannot possibly tide over the unoccupied intervals on accumulated savings, it is clear that the unchecked operation of economical laws (*i. e.* starvation) would effectually put an end to these callings as substantive branches of industry, forming the sole dependence of any class or classes of persons.

But the operation of economical laws is checked, and room is made for the influence of the gambling spirit, which kills industry and fosters improvidence, by the

wholesale distribution of alms and the ill-regulated doles from the rates.

The effect of charity in depressing the economical status of the independent labourer is very clearly seen in those places which have been cursed with large eleemosynary endowments. It is well known that, in those City parishes where residence entitles the poor to stated periodical largesse, the competition for tenements forces rents up to a point proportional to the expected income from the charity, so that the only persons benefited are the house-owners, while the labourer, who may happen not to receive anything from charity, is fined the whole amount of extra rent which the existence of the charity enables the landlord to levy. When, as in these cases, the charitable income is fixed and ascertained, the evil is limited to the creation of the exact number of indolent and improvident persons who can get a living out of the aforesaid income, and there it stops. But when the stream flows, not from the little tank of a misguided old merchant's trust fund, but from the vast lake of the whole rateable property of the metropolis, supplemented by the rills of voluntary contribution, whose volume seems capable of being increased *ad libitum* by duly-contrived showers of newspaper humbug, then pauperism enlarges her mouth, then all thirsty ne'er-do-weels flock up from the country to drink of these waters of life which flow without money and without price.

The ignorant poor of the provinces see in this resource a guarantee against all the evil possibilities which might otherwise deter them from leaving their own neighbourhood and their accustomed tasks to see if 'Lunnon' really is 'paved with gold.'

There really is no limit to the numbers which might thus be attracted to London, but for the physical impossibility of lodging them; and even this obstacle we are doing our best to remove by the construction of casual wards in every Union, in which hundreds of the houseless can be sure of obtaining a night's rest and two meals.

Let any reasonable man, making every allowance for accident and unavoidable misfortune, consider the steps which must be gone through before an individual or a family can become houseless, then look at the returns of admittances to the casual wards, and finally compare them with the numbers of the pauper population, and he must feel some misgivings as to the nature of this great multitude over whom the law is usurping the jurisdiction of Providence. But this, by the way——

The point we have to insist on is, that the above-mentioned circumstances remove from the poor man all the responsibility of existence; into his calculation of chances the chance of starvation need not enter. The All-wise Creator made self-preservation the very mainspring of his creature's life and conduct, but Society says, 'No,

Providence is too austere, we will be more considerate.' And what is the result?

When we speak of the poor man being secured against want, and of Society's undertaking to give him what his Maker denies him, *i. e.* subsistence without labour, we speak only of the deceptive prospect held out to the poor man's anticipations; only of that view of existence upon which he bases his action, either in coming to London originally, or in staying there without a reasonable means of earning a livelihood.

As has been said, it is the gambling spirit of the man which is appealed to, and it is not until he has staked his all that he learns how cruel are the tender mercies of the human shams which pretend to supersede Divine laws. That is how we secure a constant influx to the metropolis of all the poor ignorant shiftless creatures, and all the good-for-nothing vagabonds of the whole country, and in the same way we induce them to stay and drag on a miserable existence at half-pay supplemented out of the rates.

The trades now followed in London, which do not, in fact, yield a decent maintenance, are of three classes: 1. Trades which industrial changes have, for all practical purposes, suppressed, as hand-loom silk-weaving, or such as they have banished from London, as gun-making. 2. Trades which are in their nature incapable of affording such a kind and degree of subsistence as a civilized Eng-

lishman of the present day would be content with. Such are the occupations of costermongers and dock-labourers, slop-tailors, etc. 3. Trades unsuited, by their trivial and intermittent character, to form the sole dependence of those who work at them. Such are the slipper-making, umbrella-covering, shirt-making, etc., by which thousands of women get their living—a living death, even eked out as it is by the relieving-officer's dole—and which, but for the Poor Law, could not be followed at all. Such occupations as these ought evidently only to be adopted by the wife to fill her spare time if she has any, and should take the place which the spinning-wheel used to hold, and which is still held by knitting among the Scotch.

Our point then is, that expectation of alms from private charity or from the rates first attracts a redundant population to the metropolis, and then induces them to hang on at half-work.

The next point is, that this redundant population causes a demand for lodging which forces up rents, while their poverty encourages the supply of such insalubrious tenements as, in combination with their filthy habits, necessarily adds sickness to their list of misfortunes.

In considering how to deal with the sore evil of the bad house-accommodation of the poor in London, it must be remembered that much of the demand for lodging is not what economists call *an effectual demand.* There are plenty of people who want good houses, but they cannot

afford to pay the price for them; or, if they can pay what seems a sufficient price, yet their habits are so filthy and so ruinous to the property they occupy, that a landlord who looks solely for return on his outlay, has to make large allowance for dilapidations in calculating a rent, which, after all, he may very likely never get.

That this is no over-statement of the case those concerned with model lodging-houses will testify. The manager of one of these blocks had to eject forty families in the course of two years—not for non-payment of rent, but for misconduct and destruction of property.

The consequence of all this is, that only the poorest and most griping landlords * will take such tenants at any price, and that even they can only make both ends meet by never doing any repairs, and by screwing out of those who do pay rent some compensation for the loss inflicted by defaulters. Hence over-crowding and all its train of horrors; hence fever, consumption, and small-pox ravaging these plague-stricken alleys, and depriving their wretched occupants of the little chance they had of earning their bread. The real root of the overcrowding grievance is the existence in the midst of us of a class of whom it can only be said that they are an anachronism. Demand and supply have nothing to do with them. The house-market

* Since this was written, it has been shown conclusively that the reciprocal relation of landlord and tenant can be improved. Intelligent philanthropy in Marylebone and elsewhere has solved the financial difficulty. See Macmillan's Mag., Oct. 1871.—*Editor.*

is regulated by the demand of people who live like civilized human beings, and not like wild Irish, and who earn wages in proportion. This demand is met by a corresponding supply, not sufficient as yet, it must be admitted, but which is being increased, and which there is no obstacle to increasing indefinitely. This is the demand which buildings like those of Waterlow and Gibbs and Miss Coutts and Peabody and others tend to supply. These buildings are occupied by people who can pay from £6 to £10 a year for their lodging, and their multiplication a hundredfold would not meet the wants of the degraded class whose state we are considering. These new houses do good by extending the total supply of house-room in London, and so preparing for a possible fall of rents, but they will never be occupied by the semi-pauper class.

This being the posture of affairs, what can be done to mend it?

I must admit at once that, in my opinion, hardly any improvement can be effected in the condition of the adults who have grown up in this frightful state. Their habits are fixed: their ignorance and intemperance are invincible. Much, on the other hand, may be done to prevent a new generation from growing up in the same condition.

First, however, for the palliatives to be applied to the present distress. It is quite clear that the multitude of agencies now at work in relieving metropolitan poverty

distracts the public mind and destroys public confidence, while it entails an enormous waste of power, with the perpetration of much actual mischief.

We want in every parish, or at least in every union district, a recognized public body to dispense the alms of the charitable, as the Kirk Sessions used to do in Scotland before the introduction of the Poor Law, and as the Bureau de Bienfaisance now does in France.*

This public body ought to be the municipality, and the present anarchic condition of London is a grave hindrance to any plan of the kind I have named. If the government of London were organized somewhat in the manner proposed by Mr Mill, we should then have in each of the subordinate corporations a body similar to the municipality which presides over each of the twenty arrondissements of Paris. Each of these arrondissements possess a Bureau de Bienfaisance, the constitution and working of which is briefly sketched in the *Saturday Review* of Oct. 24 this year.

I do not propose the *procedure* of these Bureaus as models for imitation, only their *framework* and *ground-plan*. Their principle is official superintendence, audit, and administration of funds supplied by voluntary charity and, in great measure, distributed by volunteer visitors.

* It must be remembered that this was written before the 'Society for Organizing Charity' was heard of. What was then a tentative project, disregarded by most as chimerical, is now an accomplished fact in every Union in London.

Such a plan seems well calculated to combine the zeal of voluntaryism with the order and steadfastness of establishment. If it could be contrived to set up—say in each Poor Law division of London—a Charity Board which should have the absolute control of all the eleemosynary resources of the district, some vigorous effort might perhaps be made to utilize *or to export* (not necessarily beyond seas) some sensible portion of the semi-pauper class. Some such organization as this seems to me an absolutely indispensable preliminary to any effectual dealing with the existing distress.

Now for the Poor Law.

I hold that, unless we are prepared to see all rateable property swallowed up, as it was in some cases before 1834, the Law must, in the case of able-bodied male adults, limit itself to the prevention of starvation.

I do not agree with Dr Stallard in wishing for a more liberal scale of relief; at least not until the number of outdoor paupers has been reduced, as it would be by the exercise of adequate discrimination. Dr S. himself says, 'Discrimination is the soul of charity.'

I am quite certain that the number of outdoor paupers greatly exceeds the number of persons who require assistance from the rates in order to save them from starvation, and I am sure that the Guardians impose upon themselves a much larger expenditure than they need do by their ill-judged parsimony in certain directions.

1. The number of relieving-officers is absurdly inadequate, and they are not, as a rule, drawn from a sufficiently high class. It is idle to expect any man to have that intimate knowledge of eight or ten thousand constantly shifting households which should be possessed by any one whose duty it is to decide upon their claims to relief. Even if he had the knowledge he would never have time to make proper use of it amid the press of business forced upon him.

Then the work he has to do is really of a very high and important kind. It is disagreeable, no doubt; but I assert without hesitation that its proper performance demands a man of very superior moral and intellectual calibre. Neither do I hesitate to assert that it is well worth the ratepayers' while to employ such a man and to pay him well. An addition of five hundred a year to the expenditure in more and better paid relieving-officers would save many an Union four or five times the amount in misapplied relief.

2. The same remarks apply to the Medical department. I am told it would not do to abolish the stipulation that the doctor should find his own drugs: that he would be sure to use the Union stores in his private practice. Now this objection assumes that the doctor dispenses his own medicines. But this is just one of the administrative abuses which want sweeping away. Why on earth should the doctor dispense his own medicines?

There ought to be in every Union district half a dozen dispensaries at which the doctor's prescription would act as an order for drugs to be given to the bearer and charged to the Union. The present practice obviously tempts, and, indeed, at their wretched salaries, compels them to stint the use of the more costly drugs.

The dispensary is as necessary as the baker's shop. There ought, as I said, to be such a number in every Union district that every house within it should be within half a mile of one at the farthest. There are Unions in London where a pauper must send two miles for his medicine. (The dispensary need only be a chemist's shop at which an arrangement has been made.)

3. This brings me to a third point, in which the usage of the Board of Guardians ought to be modified, viz. that of their all sitting in a body in one place to make the weekly orders. There is nothing to prevent them from breaking up into two or more divisions, sitting at different ends of the district. There is nothing to prevent them from doing so, but there is also nothing to compel them, and they urge the objection of additional expense. Of course some small addition would be made to the expense by the hire of a suitable room, the pay of an extra clerk, and so forth; but I am convinced the change would, on the whole, be an economy. Hurry and confusion in dealing with the cases not only is productive of harshness to the applicants, but of loss to the rate-payer. It is physic-

ally impossible that the number of cases disposed of on the Board-day at the East End Union in winter can receive the attention and consideration which is as indispensable to prevent waste of the rates as it is to secure proper treatment for the pauper. This is true, even if it be held the sole business of the Guardians to allot the usual dole on satisfactory proof of destitution. That proof is supposed to have been obtained by the relieving-officer, and there is nothing but his word for or against: 'the pace is too good to inquire.' And it is unfortunately the case that the above view of a Guardian's duty has obtained general currency. But what a miserably inadequate view it is, and how it mocks the very name of *Guardian!* Can any one estimate the mints of money which this hard financial perversion of the paternal office of Guardian has cost the rate-payers!

How many thousands of paupers have lived and died, and been buried at the public expense, whom a little friendly advice, a little search for friends or relations, some pains taken to find proper work, when the first application to the Board was made, would have lifted out of the mire and set on the rock of honest industry!

But any investigation is out of the question if several hundred cases must be bundled through at the rate of about two minutes each on a short winter afternoon.

There cannot be a doubt that in most, if not in all, of the poorer Unions of London at least two Committees of

the Board must sit in different parts of the district to receive and consider applications for relief.

4. Whenever any family has been in the receipt of continuous relief for a year, or has received—say, four months' relief in each of two consecutive years, the children ought to be removed to the Workhouse school (which must always be in the county and completely separated from all connection with the adult department), or (which would, in my opinion, be much better) boarded out in a country family, as is done at Paris and Edinburgh: provided always that no child in arms shall be so removed, and that the parent or parents may at any time, not less than two years after such removal, obtain restitution of the child or children removed, upon satisfying the Guardians as to their, his, or her ability, either by themselves or their relatives, to maintain *and educate* the said child or children.

This is a step the Guardians are not yet empowered by Law to take: but it is one, twenty years' working of which would break the neck of pauperism.

The effect would be double:—First, the relief of the parents from a hindrance to the recovery of their independence; and, secondly, the bringing up the children in such a moral atmosphere, and in such habits of industry and order, that they would not readily fall into the pauper or semi-pauper condition. I have not ventured to suggest a longer detention than two years against the will of the

parents when these are able to satisfy the Guardians that the children on their return home will be properly brought up. But, in fact, this will rarely be the case, for the class to whom I advocate the application of the measure is that of the chronic paupers, who are too vicious, or too helpless, ever to mend their condition. Their children, in the natural order of things, will swell the noble army of thieves and vagrants, or, at best, will do as their parents have done, and scrape through life half by cadging, half by preying on the rates.

I do not think public opinion would justify a detention of more than two years against the will of the parents, when these are able as well as willing to bring up the children at home; and, moreover, the desire of recovering their children will operate with the better disposed as an extra incentive to exertion.

The Law compels a parent to maintain children so long as he is able: on proof that he is not able, the Law allows him to throw the burden upon his neighbours, the rate-payers. These, as soon as the task is thrown upon them, are entitled to choose their own way of performing it.

The framers of the New Poor Law thought the best way was to give the whole family the option of coming into the Workhouse. This expedient has broken down chiefly because the people preferred starvation to relief on such terms, but partly because Guardians did not venture invariably to offer the house, seeing that if once the

people took to accepting the offer it would be impossible to give them adequate accommodation. But the principle holds good that the rate-payers have a right to choose in what manner they will maintain their pauper neighbours, and if it appears that for the purpose of rendering the children independent of the rates as they grow up it is necessary to separate them for a few years from their parents, these have no just ground of complaint.

The acceptance by the public of such a measure as this would be facilitated by entitling any parent to demand a half-yearly account of child or children from the matron of the school, or head of the family with which it or they board, and a pass once a year to see the child.

In the case of children boarded out it would of course be necessary that an Inspector (of a superior stamp to the ordinary relieving-officer) should go his rounds periodically, and make sure that the children are properly fed *and schooled*, and that the adopting family is in all respects fit for the charge. Such a superior kind of relieving-officer is wanted for other purposes also, and has a place in the Scotch system. That system will also supply precedents for the boarding-out plan, which is adopted there in the case of orphans.

While I consider this forcible abstraction of the children of chronic outdoor paupers the most important improvement of our present Poor Law practice which could be adopted, I am aware that it is likely to be more hotly

contested than any other. There is in this country a very strong and very wholesome objection to any interference with natural ties, and although, when the parents actually enter the Workhouse, they are separated from their children, many will refuse to admit that this affords any argument for a similar proceeding with regard to the children of such persons as, though in receipt of relief from the rates, still keep up what is by courtesy called a home. They will say, parents who have surrendered their liberty by entering the house have lost all power of maintaining their children, and the Guardians, by receiving them indoors, have placed themselves 'in loco parentis' to those children: theirs is now the duty of making them useful members of society, and they must be allowed to perform it at their discretion. It is otherwise with the outdoor pauper: he receives a smaller amount of relief in consideration of enjoying his liberty in the company of those whom you now propose to take from him. It is a bargain in which the rate-payers, to save their pockets, trade on the domestic affections of the pauper, and they have no right to withdraw from their part in the bargain while holding the pauper to his. Here we come to that talk about rights which seems invariably to introduce a fatal confusion into every subject to which it is applied. It is bad enough when legal rights are in question, but then the source and sanction of the right, with its corresponding duty, is so obvious that a limit can be easily imposed on controversial ab-

surdity. But when moral rights are concerned, men cast off all restraint, and sometimes seem to assume that the laws of reason do not apply to them.

Nothing can be more obvious than that an absolute right cannot belong to a created being; there is but one depositary of such rights—the Creator. Since, then, every human right is exactly balanced by its corresponding duty, we shall, by ascertaining the extent of the latter, lay down the limits of the former, and it appears to me altogether preferable to talk about duties rather than rights. The two are indeed exactly equivalent, and it is true that if we know what our rights are, we know or can know what our duties are. Here, however, the will cuts in to derange the reasoning apparatus, and men are commonly so well satisfied with the contemplation of their rights that they have no desire to search for their duties. Thus it happens that among disputants the assertion of a right by no means necessarily involves the recognition of its proper duty, while if a duty is acknowledged, we may safely rely upon self-interest to vindicate the appurtenant right.

This digression upon rights is occasioned in part by the very strong terms in which Dr Stallard, in his recent pamphlet, states the claim of the labourer; terms which seem to involve the acceptance by the writer of those notions of the French Communists which I had fondly hoped were now, at least among educated Englishmen, exploded.

He says, 'If it be conceded that every existing human being has a right to live, it follows that he has, when destitute, an indefeasible right either to a portion of the produce of the soil or of his neighbours' goods. In other words, he has a vested interest, of which even proprietors are not entitled to deprive him.' 'Moreover, this claim involves something more than a bare salvation from death. It means, if it means anything, such a fair share of this world's substance as shall keep a man in health and enable him to perform the duties of life.'

It is true that these tremendous consequences only follow *if* we 'concede the right of every existing human being to live;' a concession which I, for one, utterly refuse to make, unless with very large qualifications. Every human being has just as much and just as little right to live as every beast and every bird has. That is to say, the right is attached to the performance of the duty of self-preservation; and marvellously does the animal kingdom obey it!

'Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison and to seek their food,
Prescient the tides and tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave or arch beneath the sand?
* * * *
Who bid the spicer parallels design,
Sure as de Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork Columbus-like explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?'

The brute is apparently placed under the dominion of

such overmastering instincts that he cannot choose but obey the law of his being.

In man these instincts are far weaker, so that he feels himself able to disobey them if he chooses, while at the same time the added attribute of reason enables him to see as in a mirror his own situation, and the consequences of this or that line of conduct, and is enabled, by the diligent use of this reflecting power, to place himself in much greater security than any to which unreasoning instinct can attain. If, then, the brute law of being is obedience to instinct, the human law of being is use of reason. But this is just what the French asserters of the Droit du Travail and their modern English imitators seem either to deny or to forget, when they declare that the mere expenditure of a certain amount of bodily force should purchase the right to live. The beast, whose food lies ready spread for him by his Maker, has only to exert his limbs—under the guidance of instincts which he has not the option of disobeying—and satisfaction of his wants follows as a matter of course. But among men how different is the case! The merest savage, in order to keep himself alive for a single year, must draw largely upon his reasoning powers. The brute is enabled to satisfy his wants *as they arise;* he does not provide for the future, or if he does, it is automatically under an impulse as imperious as that which compels him to eat or sleep. Man's right of seeing the future, which is conferred on him by reason, has attached to it the duty of providing for that

future; and our language bears witness to this truth by using, as expressive of active precaution against future want, a word which in its radical meaning implies only a passive foreknowledge of the same. Whenever we speak of the *virtue of providence*, we assume that forewarned is fore-armed. To know the future is no virtue, but it is the greatest of virtues to prepare for it.

The terms of existence, then, are different in the case of a man and of a beast, and the difference lies in this. The beast's instincts are so proportioned to his condition that existence is a certainty for him. He has no free-will; and therefore justice demands that the way in which he necessarily acts should be exactly the way best calculated to supply his wants. On the other hand, man is endowed with a faculty not only of adapting himself to very various conditions in the present, but of projecting an image of himself into the future, and of foreknowing what will be the consequences of his acts. The beast is sure to find food by taking the best means to procure it; but he is so constituted that he cannot avoid taking the best means. Man is sure to find food by taking the best means to procure it. Reason tells him what those means are; but then free-will puts it in his power to neglect them. Man's assurance of subsistence then rests on just as good a title as the beast's; the only difference is, that he is permitted to starve himself, if he chooses, by wilful neglect to use the means allotted to him by his Creator.

ANALOGY OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH SYSTEMS OF POOR LAWS.

THE *Pall-Mall Gazette* of Oct. 10 contained a letter, signed 'Looker-on,' commenting on a recent case of starvation in London, the subject of which, a woman, some time before death, in reply to a suggestion from a friend that she should go to the Workhouse, said, 'I do not like to go.' 'Looker-on' asks how it is that occurrences of this sort take place notwithstanding the enormous expenditure, public and private, for the relief of the London poor. He finds the answer in the poor woman's remark, 'I do not like to go' (to the Workhouse); and as a remedy for this state of things he suggests, 'Try a similar system to that adopted in Paris.' There, he says, 'poverty is not treated as a crime; assistance is claimed as a matter of right, and in order to obtain it, it is only necessary to be poor.'

Poverty is not treated as a crime in England; and assistance is not only claimed as a matter of right, but *granted* as such, while the exact contrary is the case in France.

Undoubtedly anybody may claim the assistance of the Bureau de Bienfaisance, but the Bureau is perfectly at liberty to disallow the claim; and this is one of the reasons why its operation is more flexible and more sus-

ceptible of adaptation to exceptional cases than that of our Board of Guardians.

If, in order to obtain a legal maintenance from the Board, it were made 'only necessary to be poor,' the whole property of every parish in the kingdom would, within ten years' time, be swallowed up by the Poor's-rate.

The primary reason why mere poverty can be admitted by the Bureau as a claim upon its funds is, precisely, that such an admission is *not* a matter of right, but a matter of pure grace and favour. The grant of aid to ninety-nine cases of a particular complexion leaves the Bureau perfectly at liberty—so far as any law is concerned—to refuse aid to a hundredth case of exactly the same complexion.

A further reason why greater elasticity can be shown by the Bureau than could safely be allowed to our Board is to be found in the large number of volunteer relieving-officers, personally acquainted with the cases they relieve, whose services are enlisted by the Bureau; and, above all, in the active surveillance which in France is kept by the police over all sorts and conditions of men, and more especially over the ill-conditioned.

This surveillance, and the omnipotent jurisdiction by which it is backed, affords what the French call 'serious guarantees' against extensive invasions by the proletariat upon the fund set apart for industrious misfortune. The part played by the police in the French social drama must

never be overlooked by any one who wishes to draw sound conclusions from observation of French institutions; yet it is constantly ignored, along with a host of other considerations, by writers who press for the adoption of this or that French practice, without regard to the circumstances by which, in France, the practice is conditioned.

'Looker-on' admits that 'no efforts on the part of the State can possibly get rid of the misery' in our large towns: but there is a tacit assumption throughout his letter that no cases of starvation occur in Paris.

Indeed, if any do occur, his case breaks down; for if they do, the Paris system is, on the face of it, as bad as the London one.

Any one who knows Paris at all will feel sure that cases of starvation do occur there, and any one who knows it well can probably instance cases. The French are not such a long-suffering people as the English; and an occasional inspection of the emaciated corpses at the Morgue will suggest the idea that death by starvation is sometimes anticipated by death from drowning.

Let it, however, be admitted, first, that the process of applying to the Bureau is less difficult and painful than that of applying to the Board of Guardians; and, secondly, that as a consequence of this difference, persons in distress feel less repugnance to appearing as applicants for public charity in Paris than they do in London. The ground of this difference is, if not obvious, at all events very distinct

when it is once seen. Resort is had, in Paris, to charity; in London, to law.

The point of 'Looker-on's' complaint touches the harshness which characterizes the operation of our Law in particular instances. But surely this is an evil which attaches of necessity to every law. A law must be framed on general principles, to which there are always some exceptions. The general principle on which the Poor Law is based is surely a sound one, viz. that most men will submit to rather hard conditions sooner than starve. The prevention of absolute starvation is all that the Poor Law aims at, or can aim at with safety to the State.

The concession of an universal right to maintenance at the public expense must be clogged with very irksome conditions, unless the whole nation is to be pauperized and finally ruined. All that the Law can do is so to order affairs that no one *need* starve: it can no more prevent voluntary starvation than it can prevent any other form of suicide. If pride leads a man, who has suddenly lost half his fortune by the breaking of a bank, to blow out his brains sooner than descend in the social scale, no one says the Law ought to have prevented it; but if exactly the same feeling deters a man from applying for parish relief, and causes him to prefer death by starvation, there is an instant shout of execration against the Guardians. The occurrence of such cases is, no doubt, a deplorable fact, and may indicate a defective method of

providing for the destitute. What it certainly does not necessarily indicate is the badness of the law under which such cases occur, seeing that there could not be a *law* by the wit of man so well devised as to prevent their occurrence. Facts such as these may suggest a doubt whether, after all, law is the proper heal-all for destitution. Then, and not till then, we shall be in a proper frame of mind to entertain 'Looker-on's' proposal to 'try a similar system to that adopted at Paris.'

An essential preliminary to such a course is, to *abolish the Poor Law.* Whether the French or English system be the best, it ought to be understood that they are utterly incompatible with each other, and that, before adopting the French, we must discard the English system.

It must be remembered that England is the only country in the world in which the State confers upon every man with an empty belly a legal right to get it filled at the public expense. Nature provided man on the one hand with the overpowering instinct of self-preservation, and on the other with the emotion of pity. All over the globe, outside the British islands, those two natural forces are left to do their proper task; and somehow or other they do it.

Our ancestors, however, were too wise to leave things to the clumsy, roundabout operations of Nature, and they devised a machine to save her the trouble. Their ingenuity has afforded endless matter for patriotic exultation,

which, to judge from the common talk of the day, is far from being exhausted.

But it is not our present purpose to bring an indictment against the Poor Law. Our only object is to show that, as there is no Poor Law in France, we too must get rid of it before we can 'try a similar system to that adopted at Paris.'

There being in France no statutable provision for the destitute, of course 'there are no institutions in Paris answering to our workhouses.' The Dépôts de Mendicité in the neighbourhood of Paris and elsewhere, though they do not answer to our workhouses, do answer exactly to the establishments which the statutes of Elizabeth and James ordered the justices to provide 'for keeping, correcting, and setting to work of rogues, vagabonds, sturdy beggars, and other idle and disorderly persons.'

These establishments are strictly penal, and the inmates have all been convicted before a magistrate of the 'délit de mendicité.'

The task of tending the sick, of succouring the old, of teaching the young, is in Paris left to private benevolence *exercised under State superintendence and assisted by grants of public money.* It is very difficult to describe the exact status of the French Bureau de Bienfaisance. It is a private association recognized by the State as performing a public duty and, in consequence, receiving aid from the State, together with *ex-officio* members nominated by the

State. Suppose the *Society for Relief of Distress* localized in a country town, the mayor and aldermen *ex-officio* members, and a secretary-treasurer, nominated by the Home Secretary, with nearly absolute control over the expenditure, and there you have the Bureau de Bienfaisance. Such a bureau there is in every arrondissement of Paris, with the maire at the head of it, his 'adjoints,' *ex-officio* members of the same, and a paid 'sacrétaire-trésorier' appointed by the 'Directeur de l'Assistance Publique,' responsible for the due administration of the funds. These funds arise from private contributions and public grant. The former are called 'Ressources Intérieures,' the latter 'Ressources Publiques.'

The relative proportions of the two sums in the Fifth Arrondissement for the year 1867 were as follows:—

Ressources Intérieures	. .	39,000 francs
„ Publiques	. .	400,000 „

The volunteer *personnel* of the Bureau consists of twelve Administrateurs, each with an unlimited number of Commissaires and Dames de Charité-Anglicé, male and female district-visitors, under him.

The services of the Administrateurs are voluntary and gratuitous, but they themselves are nominated by the State.

Each year the Préfet de la Seine receives a list of forty-eight names from each arrondissement, half proposed

by the Bureau of the particular arrondissement, half by the Directeur de l'Assistance Publique. These names the Préfet submits to the Ministre de l'Intérieur, who selects from among them the twelve Administrateurs. The medical staff of the Bureau consists of ten doctors, each receiving 1000 francs (£40) a-year, in consideration of which they are bound to attend the Bureau once a week for consultation, and to visit the sick at their homes whenever called upon to do so.

To this department of the Bureau are attached three clerks (*commis*), one of whom is always in attendance at the Bureau to entertain applications for medical treatment, while the other two visit the applicants at their homes and decide which cases are and which are not proper subjects for relief. The usual qualifications for assistance from the Bureau are—old age, exceeding sixty-three years, families in which are three children or more under fourteen, widows or widowers with two children under fourteen. The sick, lying-in women, orphans and abandoned children, receive exceptional treatment, of which the details are too various and complicated to be described here.

No indigent head of a family can be inscribed in the books of the Bureau unless he gives proof that his children attend school, nor unless he consents to have them vaccinated.

The name 'Assistance Publique,' and the important part played by its 'Directeur' in the relief of the indi-

gent, may seem inconsistent with the assertion that there is in France no statutable provision for the necessitous. Yet this is undoubtedly true. The funds at the disposal of the Directeur are not the proceeds of taxation; no one has a legal claim upon them, and their distribution is matter of pure grace and favour. How far this favour is from affording a *maintenance* may be judged from the scale of relief.

The average allowance to an indigent family containing three or more children under fourteen years of age is twenty-four kilogrammes of bread, equal to six quartern loaves and a half *per month*. A franc or two may be given towards payment of rent *in the course of the year*, and possibly a trifle of clothing in the winter. A single man or woman over sixty-three years of age, and receiving relief on that account, gets four kilogrammes of bread, rather more than two quartern loaves, a month; if over seventy-four years of age, a monthly pension of five francs a month may be added.

The English guardian may well admire these economical doles; but what says the sentimental British public to the expenditure of fifty-two francs per annum which the Assistance Publique lays down as a fair average allowance to each indigent 'ménage'?

The idea of a family living exclusively upon charity is never entertained for a moment at Paris. It is assumed that every one does *something* for himself or herself, and

what is given by the Bureau is really *assistance*, not *maintenance*. The total expenditure of all the Bureaux de Bienfaisance in Paris collectively for the year 1865 was 4,049,450 francs; in round numbers, £162,000 sterling.

The private resources of the Bureau de Bienfaisance proceed from the voluntary contributions of the charitable within the arrondissement, which, instead of being dissipated, as with us, among a multitude of independent societies and irresponsible individual agents, reach the needy almost exclusively through the medium of this one Bureau. But whence are derived the vastly larger sums granted to the Bureau by the central administration of the Assistance Publique? They are derived from the fund at the disposal of the Assistance Publique—'nos ressources,' as M. Husson mysteriously terms them—and these 'ressources' are neither more nor less than the whole fund devoted to charitable uses throughout the French Empire. The Directeur de l'Assistance Publique is, in fact, Grand Charity Commissioner Extraordinary, clothed with absolute power over all property dedicated to charitable purposes.

Whoever desires to understand the French system of dealing with destitution must constantly bear in mind these two facts -

1. That in France the State makes no special provision for the poor.

2. That in France no one can do anything at all except through the State machinery.

The result of the joint operation of these two circumstances is that private charity supplies funds, and State machinery administers them.

In 1782 the Hospices and Hospitals were *permitted*, or *invited*, by the king, Louis XVI., to surrender all their property to the Government in return for a fixed annual sum out of the exchequer, of which the Government undertook the application and management. The confiscations of the Revolution completed the work of spoliation, and in the present state of the Law it is almost impossible so to contrive the constitution of a hospital or school as to secure it from the clutches of the State. From a memorandum addressed to the Academy by M. Cochin—an honoured name among French philanthropists—it appears that the steps necessary to secure for a charitable institution immunity from State control are twenty-one in number: they require the sanction of the Emperor's sign manual, and under the most favourable circumstances, their conduct, through the various departments of the administration, occupies a space of two years.

The elucidation of 'Looker-on's' proposal to try the French system of dealing with destitution has necessitated an allusion to some of the peculiarities of that system. No opinion is pronounced here as to its merits or demerits; but enough has been said to show that it forms a symmetrical whole, and that the parts cannot well be made to work separately. This would only appear in a still more

striking light if we entered into a detailed examination of the several branches of the Assistance Publique, its relations with the various governmental departments, and with the industrial organization of the country at large. The general character of the administration is forcibly summed up by M. de Chamborant in his work on Pauperism, 'Le Gouvernement Français n'est, pour ainsi dire, que le spectateur et régulateur suprême de la bienfaisance des particuliers.'

Such a system is not a Poor Law in the English sense. Whether it does not supersede the necessity for a Poor Law, and whether, with a view to the gradual extinction of Pauperism, our own vast charitable resources might not be organized on the same model, is another question.

Note.—The French system here described, sound as its principle and organization appear to be, was found upon a closer personal inspection and analysis to be not so satisfactory. This is set forth in some of the letters.

ON THE DIFFICULTIES OF ASSOCIATED CHARITY.

Here are three wholly distinct matters affecting the condition of the poor. The administration of the Poor Law, the administration of the Criminal Law, and the organization of Charity. It is true that all three affect the poor, that the miscarriage of any one of them increases the numbers of the destitute, and that the establishment

of a connection between their operations would have good effect upon the condition of the poor.

However desirable it may be to aim at the establis ment in the future of an administrative department regul ing the relations of the Poor Law, Criminal Law, a Charity, and superintending the action of each at i point of intersection with the other, they must for t present, in all discussion of a practical nature, be treat as being, what they are, wholly distinct provinces.

Nothing has been more fatal to philanthropic schem than the tendency of philanthropists to make their groun plan too wide; to attempt too much in too many dire tions at once. There are, indeed, several necessary wor to be at once achieved, but they must be carried o separately by those best qualified to deal with them co currently, but separately.

What I want to say a few words about is the organi ation of private charity. Certain calculations put t London Charities at a total of £7,000,000, enough to gi £17 a-head to 400,000 souls. The remedy proposed is t union of charities, by means of a registration-office in eac parish, all the sub-officers being subject to a central offic which is to be invested with the general control, audi and inspection of all the charities in connection with it.

I think no one endowed with a moderate amount common sense and of information can doubt that the tim for systematizing charity has come or is close at han

The question is how to do it. We in England are so jealous of our individual initiative, so suspicious of all centralization, so fully convinced that nothing is well done unless done by private enterprise, that we are sure to make our charitable organization voluntary, if it is possible to do so.

But is it possible?

I was associated with some others, several years back, in an abortive attempt to initiate some sort of intercommunion of charities, merely an intercharitable comity, so to speak, for the purpose of avoiding actual trespass on each other's ground, and facilitating co-operation, by consent, among charities aiming at one and the same end.

It was not the first attempt, nor the first failure. I think most of those who are acquainted with the working of charitable societies will join me in estimating very highly the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of inducing their executives to come into any scheme of voluntary co-operation. In charity, as in education, the supreme evil is religion—not true religion: not that love which is the fulfilling of the law—but that vile devil-coined counterfeit which the so-called religious world has stamped with its hall-mark, and agrees to receive as legal tender in place of the true metal; the religion which consists in laying down pettifogging definitions of the undefinable, and denouncing all who refuse to human fiction the name and the sanction of Divine truth.

In education we are only just beginning to perceive that, if we differ as to the theories which we wish our children to believe, we agree as to the acts we wish them to do, the lives we desire they should lead, and that we can quite well give effect to this agreement without surrendering our sovereign right of speculative dissent. We agree to differ as to the exact qualification for citizenship in the new Jerusalem, in order that we may the better carry out the humble task of making good citizens for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

The same agreement must take place in the domain of Charity before any effectual charitable organization can come into being. And there really is no reason why that agreement should not be entered into by persons whose theology is most divergent.

The most characteristic feature of our time is the disintegration of all social agglomerations founded on adherence to a common standard of speculative opinion, and the resurrection of the old instinct of union in the form of active associations for carrying out a practical purpose.

Formerly men agreed to think: now they agree to do. If men of all religious denominations hold that their duty to their neighbour lays them under an obligation to teach the young, to heal the sick, to feed the hungry, to reclaim the criminal, to see that the weak and the friendless have right, why should they be deterred from doing all this in common, by the fact of their being unable to do some-

thing else in common? If men who take the most discordant views of their relation to their Maker can combine to make railways, work mines, and even to educate children, why can they not unite in providing for the earthly necessities of the poor and the unfortunate?

I say *the earthly necessities* — because that phrase includes all that is needful for the well-being of a man during his existence in this world, while it excludes those supra-mundane considerations which belong to the province of theological religions.

The earthly necessities of an Englishman of the nineteenth century are not limited to bodily, or even to mental wants; they include at least some moral wants. The richest and most highly educated man finds that a breach of the sixth, eighth, or ninth commandment of the decalogue brings him into unpleasant collision with the secular arm, and however we may limit the scope of the proverb which pronounces honesty the best policy, all must admit that a certain amount of that virtue is an essential element of worldly success.

THE VAGRANCY LAWS AND THE VAGRANT POOR.

THE subject embraced by the above title is so vast and has such important ramifications that I feel some apology is due from a tyro who presumes to apply his untried pen to its treatment. This apology may, I hope, be found in the fact that, while there is a wide-spread sense of the mischief accruing from the large amount of vagrancy now existing in the country, no remedial measures of a satisfactory character have, so far as I am aware, been proposed, or, at all events, extensively adopted. Under these circumstances, the proper means of dealing with vagrancy may be considered an open question, and indulgence may be fairly asked for an attempt to lay before the public a comprehensive, even though it be a theoretical, and perhaps a visionary, survey of the question.

I do not propose to take a strictly technical view of the Vagrancy Laws. I am as little disposed as I am poorly qualified for such an undertaking; and it is with the social and political aspect only of these laws that I wish to deal.

Forasmuch as laws must primarily be judged by their results, I admit that I am bound to make out a *primâ facie* case against the existing Vagrancy Laws.

There are those, I know, who, looking to the small

proportion borne by vagrants, according to the published returns, to the total population, are disposed to imagine that the question is one of little or no importance. Such persons, apparently, assume that the evil is a necessary one, and when they have proved that its dimensions are what they are pleased to consider small, seem to think any further discussion of the matter superfluous.

There is, however, high authority for making a different estimate of the question. I shall not stop here to weigh the merits of a state of things under which a Secretary of State can declare that we have at the present moment between forty and fifty thousand vagrants tramping over the country.

To my mind there is something almost appalling in the thought of this army of vagrants; and I cannot but echo Mr Hardy's words when he asks, 'Is it not a sin and a shame that there should be in this country between 40,000 and 50,000 persons who do nothing but feed on the industry of their fellow-citizens, going from place to place like locusts, and eating up the fruits of the country?' Without launching out any farther into statistics, I think I may assume that Mr Secretary Hardy's sentiments are shared by most of my readers. Whatever, then, may be the cause of the present state of the country with respect to vagrancy, few, I think, will be found to deny that this state is unsatisfactory in the extreme. The streets of our large towns, and more especially of the metropolis, are patrolled by beggars from one end to the other. Super-

ficial observers are apt to imagine that the evil is confined to the wealthy districts. Such an opinion is, I am convinced, erroneous. Beggars abound in Bethnal Green as well as in Belgravia: they are to be met with both in the crowded alley and in the broad thoroughfare. If they extract the shillings and sixpences of the rich, they equally absorb the pence and halfpence of the poor. Dwellers in towns, again, are apt to fancy that the bright open country is free from the evils they groan under: nothing could be more contrary to the fact. In country lanes, on secluded footpaths, we meet with the sturdy tramp, who, in his rustic phase, is even more noxious to society than in his character of town beggar.

Destruction of property, and injury to life and limb, mark the track of the professional vagrant through the country, as abundantly testified by the Calendars of Quarter Sessions.

Mendicancy, then, has penetrated every nook and corner of this country, and makes itself felt in every grade of society. There are, moreover, indications that the evil is on the increase. The last report of the Poor Law Board acknowledges the fact in the following terms: 'We regret to state that we have received memorials from the Guardians of a large number of Unions throughout the country complaining of the increase of Vagrancy, and urging that measures should be adopted to discourage the mere vagrant, or mendicant, and, at the same time, enable

Guardians to administer better relief to wayfarers travelling in search of work or other legitimate objects.'

I am well aware that the public has only itself to thank for the present state of things. It is certain that if the public refused to give to beggars, mendicancy must become extinct. I know that where there is a demand for any article there will be a corresponding supply, and that, while there are consciences self-accused of neglected social duties which seek to expiate that neglect by offerings which do not cost the giver one moment's consideration, so long will there be candidates for this false charity.

Here, there is no room for *direct* legislative action, for I suppose no one would seriously advocate the re-enactment of the ancient statutes which made it penal to give alms to an able-bodied beggar. *Indirectly*, however, the present state of the law distinctly fosters immoral almsgiving; and I hope to be able to show that not the least important result of a change in the law would be its reflex action upon the sentiments of the beggar-supporting public.

The origin of the Vagrancy Laws, and their provisions for the suppression of vagrancy, are well-known matter of history. The attempt to extinguish the evil by torture, by maiming, and even by death, was characteristic of a time now happily passed away. The reforming statutes have, however, continually taken their complexion from those which they superseded. The *idée mère* of *forcible* suppression dominates nearly all of them, and is still

clearly traceable in a law which treats vagrancy as a crime *ab initio*. The law does indeed recognize three phases of criminality, graduated according to the heinousness of the offence and the frequency of its commission.

A second conviction as an 'idle and disorderly' person constitutes the status of a 'rogue and vagabond;' while a second conviction under the latter head brings the offender within the category of 'incorrigible rogues.' Upon the law respecting these two latter offences I have no comments to offer. It is quite right that offenders of the last class, at all events, should be severely punished. It is with the definition of the 'idle and disorderly person' that I am concerned. Now the crime of begging does not consist in the mere solicitation of alms. The gist of the offence, the *crimen*, is the intention of preying upon society, and of this intent the asking alms is only evidence, not proof.

I do not deny that the *habit* of asking for alms is good and sufficient evidence of this intent; but our law goes considerably farther, and makes the mere solicitation of alms in itself the crime. This law seems to me decidedly Draconian; and, as always happens with laws whose severity is unsanctioned by public opinion, it is practically a dead-letter, as everybody's daily experience testifies.

The truth is, most men are made of too soft material willingly to become agents in sending some wretched woe-begone object to gaol. Such an act grates against all

the humane feelings of our nature (I am only stating the fact—not examining whether those feelings are well-founded or not); and the self-denying exertions of a certain well-known nobleman in bringing beggars before the magistrates are very commonly regarded with an aversion or contempt which they are far from deserving, and which indicates great ignorance on the part of those who so regard them.

Another cause, which is said to contribute in no small degree to the inefficacy of the law, is the large expense to the country which attends the removal of the vagrants to gaol and their maintenance therein. This it is which makes inspectors of police, Union officers, and others hesitate before attempting to put the law in force. The case is thus stated in a communication addressed by the Clerk of Cookham Union to the Poor Law Board in 1848:—

'The Guardians beg to state that the loss and injury to the country of Berks by the occasional enforcing of the Vagrant Act have been very great, both as to expense and interference with the discipline of the county gaols. Every vagrant that is sent from the Cookham Union to Reading costs 13*s.*, and to Abingdon 20*s.*, for conveyance, besides maintenance during the term of imprisonment.'

It is possible that the expense of conveyance may have been now reduced; but there are still constant complaints on this score, embittered, no doubt, by the know-

ledge that the imprisonment inflicted at so much cost upon the vagrant has not, usually, the slightest reformatory or deterrent effect upon him. On the contrary, it appears that, in some cases, the vagrants prefer the prison to the workhouse, on account of the superior quality of the provisions there supplied. Mr Cane makes the following observations in his report for 1866 :—

'Some vagrants occasionally accept the conditions (*i.e.* of work, etc.), but subsequently refuse to comply with them. In the morning they refuse to perform the work assigned to them. The numbers who do this are not large, and I have not advised that, in every instance, a person so refusing should be taken before a magistrate. It is only in extreme cases of outrageous conduct that it is expedient to resort to such a course. The detention in the ward for the four hours allowed by law is generally a sufficient protection in such cases, especially when it is known that the main object of the vagrant in refusing to work, as well as in tearing up his clothes, often is to get sent to a prison for such a term as would insure his obtaining the fullest diet which prisoners are allowed.'

The knowledge of this desire on the part of the vagrants, combined, no doubt, with other motives, seems in some cases to have exercised an unfortunate influence upon the decisions of the magistrates. A communication from the Thirsk Union, after describing an attempt which had been made to repress vagrancy by exaction of work,

and the various difficulties which had attended the experiment, goes on to say: 'Another difficulty occurred. Many of the vagrants refused to work, and the desire to go to prison on their part, together with the unwillingness of the magistrates to convict, rendered the attempt to compel the vagrants to work an entire failure.'

From a general survey of the Reports on Vagrancy, it would appear that what the habitual vagrant dreads more than anything else is detention in the casual ward. If he be offered the alternative of breakfast with work, or discharge without breakfast, he will almost invariably choose the latter.

It may be said that he does so in common with the honest labourer who is on the tramp in search of work. This is, doubtless, true. But I am not concerned with the labourer on tramp. Enough that it is the fact with regard to the vagrant proper, or criminal vagrant. The chief difficulty which is felt by Union officers in dealing with this class of persons appears to be their inability to detain them by law for more than four hours. There is nothing to prevent such persons from coming in and out of the wards as often as they please, and this is a source of very serious disorder and inconvenience. The Guardians of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, in a memorial sent to the Poor Law Board in 1848, with reference to their difficulty, complain: 'That no authority is given to the Guardians of the poor or their officers to detain the vagrants ad-

mitted as casual poor for any period sufficient to test their cases or to deter them from pursuing their habit of seeking, nightly, lodging in one workhouse after another, and levying daily contributions from the public by begging or pilfering.' In the same collection of reports, the Clerk of the Wolverhampton Union, after pointing out the very same evils, concludes his letter with these pertinent remarks: 'As a remedy, no expedient suggests itself, beyond sending the well-proved professional mendicants to some reformatory and industrial hospital, the officials of which are invested with power of detention till better habits are implanted.'

The foregoing remarks will have prepared my readers for the reform in the law which I advocate, and of which I will now proceed to give an outline.

I must premise that my scheme would necessitate a more extensive *employment* of the police, though I do not propose to give them greater *powers* than they now possess.

First, then, I would strike out of the Statute Book all provisions which treat the mere act of begging as a crime, *primâ facie*, not as a criminal, but as what he professes to be, viz. a man in want of the mere necessaries of life.

The act of begging is one which Society cannot tolerate; but I would treat it, primarily, as an indication of want, and not of criminality. Society has provided for want, and has the right to compel the beggar to avail himself of that provision. The various begging offences

which at present constitute the status of an 'idle and disorderly person,' are those with which I propose to deal.

The Statute defines these offenders as follows: 'Every person wandering abroad, or placing himself or herself in any public street, place, etc., to beg or gather alms, or causing or procuring any child or children so to do. A constable becoming cognizant of any such acts should take the offender before the nearest magistrate, who should have authority to direct the constable to see him safe within the walls of the district workhouse, under a power of detention for a limited period—say a week or two—vested in the Master thereof or in the police-officer in charge of the ward, as the case might be. The person thus detained would be of course classed "casual." This would give the power of search, and the subject of it might ultimately be passed into the body of the workhouse or elsewhere, as might be thought proper.'

To illustrate my position, I will refer to the proceedings taken against the City beggars by Sir R. Carden last winter (1867-8). In the course of one week some eighty beggars were brought before that gentleman sitting in his magisterial capacity at Guildhall. The magistrate did not shirk his duty; he sent fifty-one of these beggars to Holloway prison. Of course the newspapers at once raised an outcry; and Sir R. Carden, in self-defence, gave an account of the prisoners' fate. In his letter to the *Times*, he says: 'I gave to the Governor of Holloway

strict injunctions, which he, with his usual humanity, carried out, to make every inquiry as to their circumstances, and to see what could be done to better their condition. Four males and twelve females were physically unable to earn a living; eight males and four females mentally incapacitated from earning a living, being blind, crippled, imbecile, epileptic, etc.; seven males and five females, able-bodied, but unable, from want of character, to find employment; four males and six females incorrigible beggars and impostors. The party had sums varying from 1*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* on their persons.

'They were disposed of as follows:—

'Seven males and five females sent home to their friends, railway fare paid, partly clothed, and with some pecuniary assistance.

'Five females sent to Unions and partly clothed; nine males and fourteen females partly clothed and some money given them; two males refused to be sent home.

'Four males and three females were admonished and discharged.

'All this was effected at a cost of £11.'

Replying to the charge of inhumanity in sending these persons to prison instead of to the workhouse, Sir Robert adds, 'Had they been sent to the Union there would have been little inquiry and a turn-out next morning, clean, indeed, in person, but their clothes filthy as before. At Holloway, however, their persons were not only cleansed,

but their clothes baked in an oven—a very necessary step—since nearly all the fifty beggars were so swarming with vermin that, literally, their clothes were alive.'

Now, the treatment thus described, though not unsuitable to the subjects of it, does strike me as totally inconsistent with the notion of punishment. And it illustrates, to my mind, the absurdity of the present vagrant laws. From Sir Robert's remarks upon the workhouses, it is clear that they would, in his opinion, be the proper receptacles for the beggars, if only their officers were invested with such a power of detention as would permit an investigation into the cases, and a complete cleansing of the garments.

My scheme aims at effecting two objects:—

1. The frequent interruption of the professional mendicant in the prosecution of his trade. He would be liable to be constantly pulled up in the course of his depredations. There would be the summary process before the magistrate, the search, the cleansing, the detention. He could not complain of being hardly dealt with, when his own story was taken as true, and himself treated as one really destitute.

2. Satisfaction of the needs of the *bonâ fide* unfortunate. In his case, also, the law which undertook to supply the wants which he had publicly proclaimed could scarcely be made matter of complaint.

But perhaps the best effect of all would be that produced upon the beggar-supporting public.

The apparent cruelty and harshness of the law would have disappeared.

Justice and mercy would have met together in the Statute Book, which might thenceforward obtain that social ratification without which no law can be of any avail.

What has been said relates to the treatment of those who, by overt act, proclaim themselves destitute, but of whom nothing further can as yet be predicated.

I have pleaded for the establishment of a presumption in favour of the beggar, but of a presumption liable to be rebutted by evidence applied to the particular case.

A repetition of begging acts would be proof of an intent to prey upon society, and upon production of that proof I would hand over the offender to the severity of the law.

I am willing that the offence of professional mendicancy should be even more severely punished than in theory of law it already is.

A strict and careful system of registration, while essential to the working of my scheme, would be productive of many collateral advantages.

It may be objected to these proposals that, after two or three years, matters would have fallen back into just the same position as they are in now. The beggars—who are pronounced to be mainly professionals—would have passed through their probation in the workhouse, and would have *taken their* degrees as criminals.

To this I reply by denying the assumption upon which the objection is based, viz. the assumption that the great majority of those who beg are professional mendicants. Those who take this view rely mainly upon certain statistics whose bearing upon the question has been the subject of considerable misapprehension. These statistics do not show that the great majority of those who solicit alms are professional mendicants. They do show that the majority of those who are found begging on any particular day are professionals. But a moment's consideration will convince any one that the latter does not establish the former conclusion. For, whereas the professional beggar is, *ex hypothesi*, always carrying on his operations from day to day, and year to year, yet the 'personnel' of the non-professional contingent in the beggar army is constantly changing. Pressing want drives a man to beg of you: the want disappears, and he falls out of the ranks of mendicancy. His place is taken by another, and his again by a third, and so on through a long succession of individuals.

The conclusion that the majority of persons who have been found begging in the course of a year are *not* professionals, is at least as probable as that they *are*.

The next point to be insisted on is that the full-blown vagrant has only reached that bad eminence through several intermediate stages, in any one of which his moral disease would have been susceptible of treatment to which it is now probably inaccessible.

The poor wretch who gets a living by persuading you to buy a box of matches which you do not want, and the valiant beggar who enforces his demands by a threat of arson, belong to the same species in different stages of development. Habits of vagrancy are gradually acquired; but, when once they have got a firm hold, things ripen quickly, and soon exert a contagious influence on those who are predisposed to the malady.

If, then, vagrancy be but the ultimate outcome of an evil which in its earlier stages is open to observation and correction, it is clearly our wisdom to deal with it in those earlier stages, and never allow it to ripen.

We can only stop the march of the vagrant army by cutting off its recruits and withholding its supplies. If experience proves that these ends can be attained by the application of certain measures to beggars, we ought to take those measures. It is evident that the object in view is not attained by the present law; and it never will be attained, in my opinion, by any law of extraordinary severity. This will be evident if we examine the nature of past legislation on the subject, though I think it is a mistake to suppose that our early legislators meant to use any exceptional severity with vagrants. For, if we compare their enactments against vagrants with those which they aimed at other offenders, we shall see that the barbarity of the former extends equally to the latter, and pervades all the penal statutes of the period. Flogging

and maiming were gentle corrections in times when the penalty for petty larceny was death.

It will be remembered that Houses of Correction were specially introduced for the purpose of dealing with vagrancy.

Perhaps the distinction between the uses to which such houses were intended to be put, and those to which the common gaols were devoted, will be most clearly traced in the wording of the 18 Elizabeth, which ordered the establishment of the former in every county.

Sect. 3. 'In every county of this realm, one, two, or more abiding houses, or places convenient in some market town, or corporate town, or other place or places, by purchase, lease, building, or otherwise, by the appointment and order of the Justices of the Peace, or the more part of them, in their said general Sessions (of the inhabitants within their several authorities to be taxed, levied, and gathered), shall be provided and called the House or Houses of Correction, and also stock and store implements to be in like sort also provided for setting on work and punishing not only of those which by the Collectors and Governours of the Poor, for causes aforesaid, to the said Houses of Correction shall be brought, but also of such as be, or shall be, taken as rogues, or once punished as rogues.'

It appears that this Statute was never put in force. But the Legislature seems to have considered it important,

since several subsequent Acts were aimed at giving effect to its provisions.

I will now quote the Act of James I., which bears upon the subject :—

James I., Section 2, enacts as follows : 'That before the Feast of St Michael the Archangel, which shall be in the year of our Lord 1611, there shall be erected, built, or otherwise provided within every county of this realm of England and Wales, where there is not one House of Correction already built, purchased, provided, or continued, one or more fit and convenient House or Houses of Correction, with convenient backside thereunto adjoining, together with mills, turns, cards, and such like necessary implements to set the said rogues, or such other idle persons, on work, the same house to be built, erected, or provided in some convenient place or town in every county : which house shall be purchased, conveyed, or assessed unto such person or persons as by the Justices of the Peace, or the more part of them, in their Quarter Sessions of the Peace to be holden within every county of this realm of England and Wales, upon trust to the intent the same shall be used and employed for the keeping, correcting, and setting to work of the said rogues, vagabonds, sturdy beggars, and other idle and disorderly persons.'

Such was the method by which the legislation of those days proposed to deal with vagrancy. The House

of Correction was meant to be a sort of Reformatory or House of Industry. This is a point to which we shall have to recur: but at present I would confine myself to suggestions for the amendment of the existing laws.

And, first, I would observe that in order to deal satisfactorily with vagrants, an improved system of classification is absolutely necessary. No better proof of this can be given than the difficulty there is in attaching an accurate determinate meaning to the word 'vagrancy.' I have hitherto, for the most part, used the term in what I consider to be its proper signification, viz. criminal vagrancy, or vagrancy which the law visits penally. The word 'vagrancy' is, however, commonly used to describe the status of that class of the casual poor who are more accurately designated by the term 'homeless poor.' The law provides for both: punishment for the former, food and shelter and help for the latter. The one species of vagrancy figures in the police reports, the other in those of the Poor Law Board, or ought to do so. But how to distinguish effectually between them? that is the question. The barriers between the two classes of vagrants are practically indeterminate, and it is difficult to discover in the case of many an individual on which side of the line he stands.

Thus it is very generally estimated that about 75 per cent. of the nightly sleepers in the casual wards belong by rights to the class of criminal vagrants who subsist by begging or thieving during the day.

Mr Doyle, in a very able report to the Poor Law Board in 1866, alludes to the subject in the following terms: 'As a general rule, in this district, the casual ward of a workhouse, so far from being the temporary refuge of deserving poor, is a place of rendezvous for thieves, prostitutes, and other vagabonds of the lowest class, gangs of whom "work" their allotted districts, and make their circuits with as much regularity as the Judges.'

Such a state of things will be held, I should hope, to prove conclusively the necessity for some change in the law. Is it not perfectly preposterous that chance alone should determine whether a man is to be punished as a criminal or assisted as an unfortunate? What is wanted is legal recognition of a semi-criminal vagrant class, composed of those whom it is not worth while to send to prison, and who yet ought not to be allowed to wander about the country preying on society. As I showed, in the case of beggars, how both justice and mercy would be satisfied by the application to all of a treatment which would have the property of sifting out in its course the professionals from the unfortunates, so now, with respect to vagrants, I propose an analogous method.

There are homeless poor: there are criminal vagrants. The former must be assisted, the latter punished, and, if possible, reformed. I assert that the conditions of assistance can be made a test of the recipient's character, and *the* casual ward constituted a crucible which will unerr-

ingly sever the dross from the metal. Before the casual wards can be applied effectually to this purpose, several important reforms in their management must be carried out.

These are—

1. Uniformity of treatment in all such wards throughout the country.

2. Charge of cost of vagrancy on county rate.

3. Employment of police at the wards.

4. Compulsory cleansing of vagrant's person.

5. Adoption of silent system in the wards.

6. Peremptory exaction of a task of work.

7. Erection of good, clean, light, airy wards.

8. Certain and unremitting prosecution for all offences committed within the wards.

1. As to uniformity of management. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the present absence of all system. Every Board of Guardians seems to be trying an experiment on its own account. In most workhouses there certainly are casual wards; but these have hardly one single feature in common. The character of the wards and the nature of the regulations vary to an extent which is perfectly marvellous. Some open at one time of day, some at another. Some Unions give supper and breakfast; some supper only; some breakfast only; some neither breakfast nor supper. Some have baths and enforce their use; some have no baths at all. Some employ the police as assistant relieving-officers in connection with the wards,

and some do not. Some Unions exact a task of work in all cases; some only exact it in return for food, and others never exact it at all. But it would be wearisome to enumerate one half of the capricious diversities of treatment which prevail.

The evils resulting from this want of uniform management have been dilated upon, time after time, by the inspectors in their reports to the Poor Law Board.

Mr Cane, in 1866, says: 'The longer experience and the fuller information I have obtained convince me even more strongly of the necessity for uniformity of action, and for uniformity of treatment, in relieving vagrant and casual poor.'

Mr Hawley says: 'Uniformity in the system of dealing with the vagrants appears to be absolutely required to check the evil of mendicity; but it will never be established till the Poor Law Board shall interfere to enforce it by means of stringent regulations and effective vagrant wards.'

There is nothing new in this suggestion. It does but embody the recommendations of a committee of the House of Commons, who, four years ago, came to the conclusion, 'That, with the view of suppressing vagrancy as far as possible, the committee are of opinion that the central authority, when invested with adequate power for that purpose, should direct Boards of Guardians to provide suitable and sufficient wards for the reception of the

wayfaring and wandering poor, and that the regulations for their management and relief should be on a uniform system throughout the country.'

Until uniformity of management be enforced it is useless for any one Union to adopt an improved system; and such single efforts, even when in themselves successful, can never give a real check to vagrancy.

The Poor Law Board should be clothed with adequate powers (if these are yet wanting), and should then issue orders embodying a definite scheme for the management of casual wards. Such questions as those relating to the employment of the police, the times at which food is to be given, and in what quantities; regulations as to the task of work, the baths, the night superintendence, the punishments for offences, &c.—all these and similar matters should be definitively settled by the central authority, and should not be left to the caprice of the several Boards of Guardians or their officers. Nor do I believe that these measures would meet with any considerable opposition from the present local authorities. On the contrary, there are grounds for the belief that many of these would gladly be relieved of the difficulties in which they now find themselves placed when dealing with the perplexing questions which surround the treatment of vagrants.

2. This uniformity of treatment being forced upon the local authorities for the sake of the common weal, it would not be fair that the costs thus incurred should be

thrown upon each particular Union. I should, therefore, following the analogy of the metropolis (Metropolitan Homeless Poor Act), recommend that the expenses incurred in the treatment of the vagrant poor should become a charge upon the county rate. This provision would have the further advantage of removing all difficulty as to the employment of the police.

The last six of the points above enumerated comprise the most important of the details of management which ought to be universally adopted.

Our object is, of course, the prescription of such regulations as tend to generate habits the reverse of those to which vagrants are addicted.

'I believe,' says Mr Cane, 'that vagrant wards may be so constructed and managed that relief may be so carefully but sufficiently given on the one hand, and so fairly counterbalanced by work and proper discipline on the other, as to constitute those wards self-acting tests of destitution, as well as efficient means for its relief. Those who would be willing to accept relief therein on the terms on which it would be extended to them might, with few exceptions, be safely deemed to require it, whilst it might, with equal safety, be held that those who rejected it on the terms offered were not suffering from urgent want, and were not in need of the food, bed, rest, warmth, and shelter held out to them.'

I have already mentioned the regulations which I *believe* would best accomplish the end in view. No set

of rules for the treatment of vagrants can ever be satisfactorily tested unless their application is universal; for the best managed wards will be filled occasionally by the lowest vagabonds kept in existence by the neglect of the surrounding Unions, and compelled now and then, in the course of their circuits, to make use of quarters the decency and discipline of which are hateful to them, and which they would shun if they could.

It will, no doubt, be objected that in country workhouses, where there are sometimes only two or three vagrants a night, the enforcement of these regulations would be productive of more expense and annoyance than the mere housing and feeding of the vagrants themselves.

My answer must be that some local sacrifices are demanded for the good of the whole kingdom; that by charging the cost of vagrants on the county rate I have minimized the sacrifice to be demanded of any single Union; and, finally, that a material diminution of vagrancy would be cheaply purchased by sacrifices ten times as great as those proposed. All experience is in favour of the regulations indicated above. The treatment of the casuals at Marylebone affords a signal instance.

Here are the Poor Law Board returns of the numbers relieved in metropolitan vagrant wards in 1865-6-7 :—

December,	1865	36,161
„	1866	41,089—Increase, 4,928
January,	1866	35,496
„	1867	48,427—Increase, 12,931

No doubt industrial depression was not without its influence on this increase. But it cannot account for the whole of it; and I feel sure that no inconsiderable portion of it is fairly attributable to the imperfection of the regulations affecting the vagrant poor. To return to Marylebone. I find that there are those who are not satisfied with the results obtained there.

They say, 'If such a system were universal, tramps would starve in the streets sooner than enter the casual wards. We should, so far at least as the metropolis is concerned, get back to the old situation, and all would be just as though the Homeless Poor Act had never been passed.'

Now what does this argument amount to? It amounts to this. Society is bound, not merely to make provision for vagrants, but to supply them with exactly that sort of provision for which they have a fancy. So, because their natural temper and disposition is opposed to cleanliness, to order, to virtue, to labour, therefore we must supply filthy wards, we must beware of the cruelty of washing the inmates, we must cast to the winds all considerations of morality, of decency, of discipline, of industry; and, abandoning all *à priori* prejudices on these points, in compliance with the higher law of conformity to the vagrant ideal, we must make the casual ward as like a hell upon earth as the character of the occupants may require. A strange proposition this! and one which

places in an unpleasant light the extreme doctrines of modern humanitarianism. The answer to this monstrous plea is obvious. Society can no more prevent wilful starvation that it can any other form of suicide. All it can undertake to do is to make such provision for life that no one *need* starve. This provision it must in self-defence surround with conditions, and for the consequences of their rejection it is not responsible. To perfect the probationary and sifting character of the casual ward it will be necessary that masters of workhouses should have their discretionary power of detention extended. The period now allowed by law is four hours: this should be lengthened to at least twenty-four hours. I think there is little likelihood of this power being exercised injudiciously or oppressively. In practice, the desire on the part of the Union officers to get rid of the vagrants is so strong that, in my opinion, the difficulty would be to persuade them to make use of it rather than to restrain them from abusing it. On the other hand, the knowledge that such a power existed would have a salutary effect upon the vagrant's behaviour in the ward, even if his noxious activity outside of it were seldom interrupted by its actual exercise. One more step seems necessary to complete the arrangements for repressing metropolitan vagrancy; and this is the establishment of a great adult reformatory, in which all trades should be represented, and to which the criminal vagrants of the metropolitan

district might be committed. Here an attempt might be made at their moralization by compulsory but useful labour, the prisoner being dismissed at the end of two or three months with such a small proportion of his earnings as might suffice to give him a fresh start if he chose to avail himself of the opportunity. If ever the day arrives when an equalized metropolitan rate shall enable the Poor Law Board to grade the London workhouses for purposes of classification, it is to be hoped that one of them will be applied to the object I have named.

Note.—It is hardly necessary to record the fact that more than one suggestion put forward here has since been definitely adopted—such as the detention of vagrants, and the classification of metropolitan workhouses.

LINES WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

It was that early promise and high hope,
That makes our grief so great, our loss so large :—
And what shall staunch that grief?—Oh, clipper sail,
Why did you bear him to that under-world,
To die so soon, away from all he loved,—
In stranger land?—Oh, fervid reckless soul,
That would not rest, how art thou come to cease?
How art thou past beyond disturbancy
And search, to where inquiry is no more?——
But all too soon,—ere thy accomplishment.
Where is his Record found?
Not where cheap Fame is bought, and Truth is nought ;—
Not where the world goes by with shout and sham ;—
But where mute misery sits by dour despair,
Where darkness almost overshadows day,
And brutishness prevents all Law and Love,—
Into that squalid wilderness he went
Among the vilest :—there he made his home,

To minister to poor humanity ;—
He pushed into the thickest of the fight,
A forlorn hope—to lead an escalade ;—
He fought where seemed the battle almost lost,
He fought till night gave way before the dawn :
And counted not the cost of his young life,
Against a great salvation of his kind.

Perhaps some quick presentiment of death,
(Who knows?) of early death, told him too plain
That young life would be brief, and should be full.
For there with fervent love and constancy
He wrought to help poor abject souls to life ;—
Drew back the curtain of their desperate night,
With tender pitying hand, and ductile love :—
Taught them to hope and lifted them to life.
There is his record and his monument !
There is his fame—a living memory !

By the lone wash of Australasian waves
His body rests, but his great spirit lives,
And in the hearts of those who knew him most
That spirit shall remain—it will not die !
His name and fame shall emulation prove,
And his remembered work a history.

When Time shall bring his balm to those that mourn,
Then Faith shall whisper words of life and peace
To them whom memory mocks, and bid them hope :—

'That which thou sowest is not quickened
Except it die!'—
Back into night, ye deadening powers of Dark!
A brighter Dawn is breaking in the sky;—
A better Faith is heralding the morn;—
A larger Light is bringing in the Day!

THE END.

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